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AMERICANA

(AMERICAN HISTORICAL MAGAZINE)



VOLUME XXXI

January, 1937—December, 1937

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COL. JAMES MORRISON

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A M E R I C A N A


January, 1937

Transylvania University's Law Department

BY CHARLES KERR, WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CHAPTER I

CONDITIONS EXISTING IN KENTUCKY AT THE TIME THE LEGAL DEPARTMENT WAS ORGANIZED—POLITICAL INFLUENCES—CHARACTER OF ITS FOUNDERS—GEORGE NICHOLAS CONTROLLING FACTOR.

NY attempt to record the story of Transylvania University would be deficient in historic perspective if some consideration were not given to the political, social and economic conditions existing in Kentucky at the time that institution was established at Lexington. Conditions which not only made possible, but which determined the establishment by its founders of a legal department, in connection with its general scholastic curriculum, are of more than passing importance.

In giving consideration to the Law Department of the main institution, aside from all its other activities, except as they may at times be inextricably interwoven, no better introduction could be presented than that recorded by Charles Warren in his "History of the American Bar":

In the same year as Kent's resignation at Columbia, 1798, there was founded the first collegiate professorship, intended for other than under graduates, which had any permanency. It is certainly striking that this event should have occurred in a little frontier town of about 1700 inhabitants—at the University of Transylvania in Lexington, Kentucky. This institution was chartered in 1798, and the next year the Law Department was organized with George Nicholas as Professor of Law and Politics. On his death, the same year, he was succeeded by James Brown, who held office until 1804. In that year

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Henry Clay, a young man of twenty-seven, who had been admitted to the Bar seven years, was appointed and held the professorship until 1807. Then the office lapsed but was renewed in 1814, when John Pope held it until 1816, and was succeeded by Joseph Cabell Breckinridge in 1817.

The University, though small and local, had by 1802 acquired a library of 1700 volumes, and also a separate law library. In 1814, out of a total attendance of 62, nine were law students, and in 1818, the University had a total of 110 students, a full half the number then in Harvard College.

Accepting the year 1775, as the date when Kentucky history may fairly be said to have begun, the seventeen years intervening between that date and 1792, the beginning of the Statehood, present a study in Anglo-American colonization unlike that to be found not only in any of the states of the Union but among English-speaking peoples. As the most exposed of all the territory over which Virginia exercised the right of sovereignty, its geographical position was such the exigencies through which the Colonies passed in the period of the Revolution did not leave the same impression on the Kentucky pioneers, huddled together in the rude stockades which had been erected as defenses against a cruel and implacable foe, as it did on the inhabitants of the rebellious Colonies. In these stockades there was generated a form of democracy that was somewhat different from that which was passing through the initial stages of formation to the eastward. What the Kentucky product lacked in the graces of refinement, which a scholarly consideration of any subject always produces, was abundantly compensated for in its predominating characteristic of individual self-assertiveness. Being the product of an environment where self-reliance was universal, any form of democracy other than that which was individualistic would have been contrary to the self-preservation laws of nature.

The struggle through which the Kentucky immigrants and Colonists passed prior to Statehood, while it created a status of integral dependence at the same time created a state of personal independence that was so foreign to the situation which existed among the inhabitants of Virginia east of the mountains, that separation, whatever might be the political fate of the people inhabiting the territory designated as Kentucky, was early regarded as inevitable. Isolated, cut off from all connection with the seaboard, facing the problem of

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actual existence, independence, without markets, was an insubstantial shibboleth. The Ohio and Mississippi rivers furnished the only market solution. Control of these rivers, especially the Mississippi, or friendly relations with the sovereigns that did control them, to the Kentucky colonists, seemed absolutely necessary. Through the efforts of George Rogers Clark, a domain of untold wealth had been wrested from unfriendly control. This fact, to a great extent, as the Ohio and Illinois countries began to feel the impulse of the land-covetous spies from Virginia and Pennsylvania, exerted a potential, if not controlling, influence on the final determination of Kentucky to separate from Virginia, and in separating to become an independent State and as such seek admission to the newly-formed Union, much as the Constitution which the Colonies had adopted was held in disfavor by Kentucky generally.

The peril involved in the spirit of unrest which called forth the several Danville conventions was followed by a period of relaxation consequent upon the influence exerted by such men as Samuel McDowell, Isaac Shelby, Robert Todd, James Speed, Robert Patterson, George Nicholas and men of their type. When separation became an accomplished fact, and the question of a Constitution became a matter of immediate importance, in the convention which met for the purpose of framing such an instrument it was apparent from the outset that George Nicholas would be the controlling spirit, not only because of his preëminent ability, but also because of the study which he had made of the Constitution adopted by the Colonies. What Madison had been to the Colonial Convention at Philadelphia Nicholas became to the Kentucky Convention. Not wholly in sympathy with the National Constitution, although its strongest defender in the Virginia Ratification Convention, Nicholas never intended the first adopted instrument for Kentucky Statehood should be more than a temporary expedient, pending the experimental period of the Federal compact. It cannot be said, with historic accuracy, that Kentucky, at the outset, was whole-heartedly in favor of the Federal scheme of Nationality. On the question of adoption the delegates from Kentucky to the Virginia Convention stood three for and eleven against. The three voting in favor were Robert Breckinridge and Rice Bullock, from Jefferson County, and Humphrey Marshall, from Fayette. During the entire administration of Washington and into the admin-

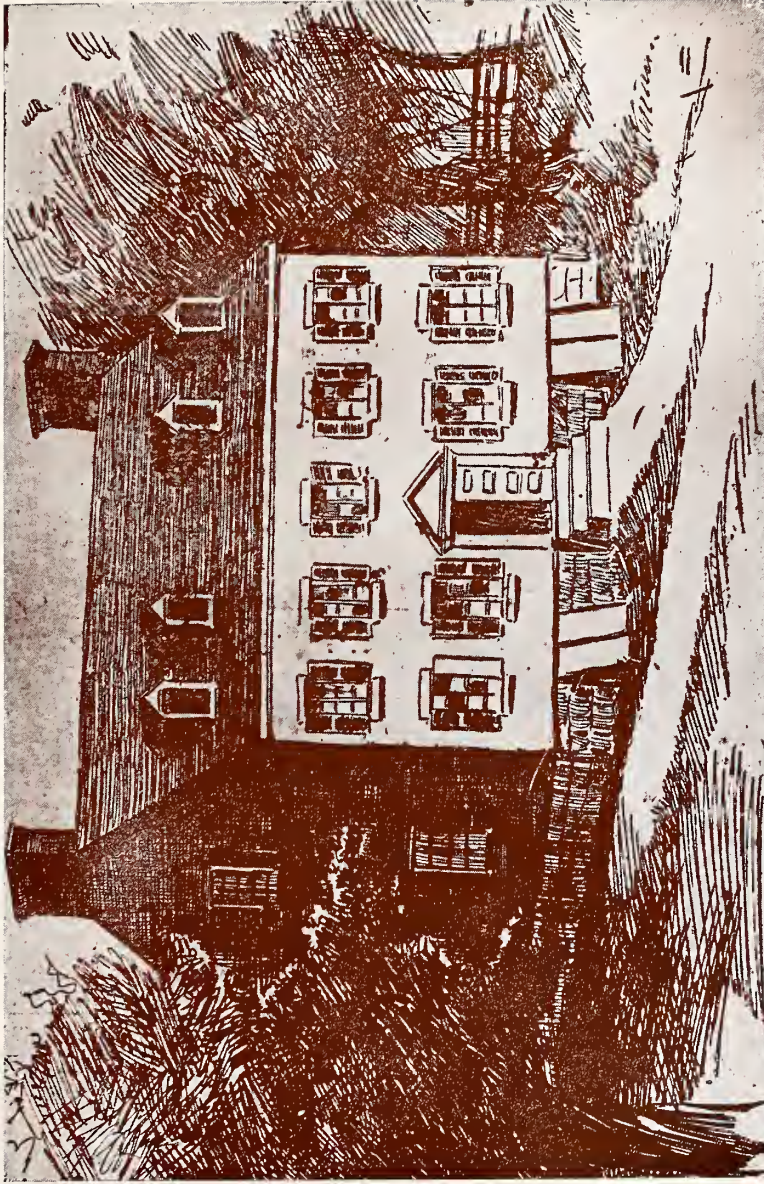
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istration of Adams the schemes of citizen Genet had created a general spirit of unrest. Statehood had not eradicated the old idea of some kind of foreign coalition with the sovereign in control of the Mississippi. Grave censure was visited on Kentucky by the national administration at Philadelphia for what was termed a feeling of sympathy towards France and a certain spirit of indifference towards the government in its defensive preparations. George Nicholas, in a thirty-nine page pamphlet addressed to a "friend in Virginia," in 1798, just before Nicholas' death, not only defended the position of Kentucky, but condemned the Adams administration for what he deemed to be unconstitutional usurpation. In defending Kentucky against disloyalty, among many other things, he said: "We (Kentuckians) have no improper attachments to any foreign nation—we are true Americans, having no political objects in view but the welfare, independence, and liberty of our country."

At another point in his pamphlet, with a touch of genuine sarcasm, he thus referred to President Adams: "We do not place the greatest confidence in our present President, because we think his political and official conduct do not merit it." In line with Nicholas' attitude and in sympathy with George Rogers Clark's movement to raise a volunteer force were John Breckinridge, John Brown, John Bradford, Levi Todd, Robert Patterson, Thomas Todd and Andrew Holmes. The attitude of the Democratic societies at Danville and Lexington towards the National Constitution at the time of its adoption, what such leaders as those named conceived to be a violation of its terms by Adams, coupled with a restless spirit of political aloofness, brought early to issue in Kentucky the attitude which it bore to the national government.

"The laws which we complain of," said Nicholas, "may be divided into two classes—those which we admit to be constitutional, but consider as impolitic; those which we believe to be unconstitutional, and therefore do not trouble ourselves to inquire as to their policy, because we consider them as absolute nullities."

In thus defending the position of Kentucky Nicholas anticipated the spirit and meaning of the Kentucky Resolutions. Coincident with the adoption of these resolutions Transylvania and Henry Clay settled permanently in Lexington. The Law Department of Transylvania was organized in 1799.



MAIN BUILDING OF TRANSYLVANIA, 1799, WHERE FIRST LAW LECTURES WERE DELIVERED

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The foregoing recitals will give a better understanding and a keener appreciation of political conditions as they existed in Kentucky at the time a school of law "intended for other than under graduates" was made an adjunct to the university proper. Anything like an accurate conception of the political influence exercised by the law graduates of Transylvania in the State and Nation is impossible without some knowledge of the political sentiments of those who directed the policy and determined the course of study adopted by the law faculty. "In the selection of our law professor, we must be rigorously attentive to his political principles" was the direction given by Jefferson to Madison in selecting a law faculty for the University of Virginia. Such, also, had been the course pursued at William and Mary, and such was likewise the policy studiously followed in selecting the first law faculty for Transylvania.

Kentucky, in 1798, was more anti-federalistic than any State in the Union, Virginia not excepted. The Transylvania law department was the first institution in the United States to make politics a curriculum study. George Wythe maintained at William and Mary College, a few years before Transylvania was established, a chair which was denominated "Law and Police," but the latter appellation was evidently a study of the science of government rather than the relation of the individual towards the government. As the Federal Constitution had not been adopted at the time Wythe lectured at William and Mary national politics had not developed. A chair similar to that established by Transylvania was adopted when Jefferson founded the University of Virginia, but to Transylvania must be given the distinction of the original conception. George Nicholas, the first head of the legal department, was not only an intense Anti-Federalist or Democrat but was recognized as a leader in the political polemics of his time. He exercised a greater influence over the young men of Kentucky than any man in the State. He was willing to become the head of the law department in order that he might extend that influence. He wanted the forthcoming generation to understand his attitude towards and interpretation of the National Constitution and the relationship which, in his opinion, existed between the State and Nation. His death, which occurred soon after his appointment, prevented the individual accomplishment of his purpose, but it did not change the original design of his associates who participated in the

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organization of the legal department. James Brown, the successor of Nicholas, although he had not prominently participated in the formation of the first Constitution, was in thorough accord with the Nicholas school of thought. To such an extent was the political influence exercised by Transylvania, and so thoroughly were the principles of government which it taught approved by Jefferson, that he advised young Virginians "to repair to the Kentucky fountain of learning as the source of true republicanism."

In perfect harmony with the democratic idea of government, emphasized in the organization of Transylvania, is the fact that in 1802, while Brown was at the head of the law school, the presidency of the college was tendered to James Madison, then Secretary of State in Jefferson's cabinet.

Notwithstanding the fact the Federalist party in Kentucky practically became extinct with the adoption of the Kentucky Resolutions and the subsequent election of Jefferson, it is nevertheless true that the students of Transylvania, and particularly the law students, who subsequently acquired political recognition, with but few exceptions, were strict constructionists. Of the thirty Senators in Congress, largely from the West and South who had graduated from Transylvania, mostly at law, all but five were partisan Democrats. Of the eighty-two Representatives in Congress, representing a varied constituency, sixty were Democrats. From among its professors five, William T. Barry, Jesse Bledsoe, James Brown, Henry Clay and John Pope, became Democratic Senators. Henry Clay is included in the list of Democrats, for such he was until driven from the party by Monroe, Jackson and John C. Calhoun. His introduction to Kentucky was signalized by a speech in opposition to the Alien and Sedition laws, when he spoke from the same platform with Nicholas. Among the trustees who became or had been Democratic members of the Senate were John Adair, George M. Bibb, John Breckinridge, John Brown, John Edwards, Felix Grundy, Thomas Metcalf, and Buckner Thruston. Of these Adair, Breckinridge and Thruston held appointive offices under Jefferson while he was President. Of the twenty-one graduates who became governors of various states, seventeen were Democrats. In the Hall of Fame are the statues of five men associated with Transylvania, Stephen Austin, Henry Clay, U. M. Rose, Francis P. Blair and Jefferson Davis, of whom Austin, Rose and Davis were Democrats.

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The original trustees named in the Act of December 26, 1798, almost without exception, were Democrats, the more prominent among whom were James Garrard, George Nicholas, Alexander Parker, Caleb Wallace, James Trotter, Levi Todd, Thomas Lewis, John Bradford and Buckner Thruston.

Four of its professors, W. T. Barry, Henry Clay, Thomas A. Marshall and John Pope were members of the House of Representatives and all Democrats, except Marshall.

It is a matter of no small historic interest that William and Mary, Transylvania and the University of Virginia should have been the first among the post-Revolution schools of higher learning in the United States to teach politics as a curriculum study. Harvard, it is true, as early as 1642, had established second-year lectures upon "Ethicks and Politicks at convenient distances of time," but these lecture courses were soon abandoned. The first decisive step in the direction of introducing politics as a curriculum study was when the chair of Theology at William and Mary was discontinued under the exerted influence of Jefferson and that of "Law and Police" established in its stead, as above instanced.

The selection of Nicholas as the head of the legal department of Transylvania was significant of the importance which the founders of Transylvania attached to the study of politics. Jefferson in writing to W. C. Nicholas deplored the loss Kentucky had suffered through the death of his distinguished brother at the initial period of Statehood. That Jefferson himself was measurably responsible for the selection of Nicholas is a fair inference. If the memory of Jefferson was not at fault, as his years drew nigh, it was with Breckinridge and probably W. C. Nicholas and not George Nicholas he consulted before the Kentucky Resolutions were formulated. Certainly after they had been drawn they were forwarded through W. C. Nicholas by Jefferson for examination with instructions to hand them to Breckinridge for introduction in the Kentucky Legislature. The fact that George Nicholas addressed his letter to "A Friend in Virginia" several days before the Resolutions were presented to the Legislature and in which he thoroughly reviewed the doctrine set forth in the Resolutions, clearly indicates that he discussed and probably revised the draft introduced by Breckinridge. Nicholas had served in the Virginia Legislature with Madison, Mason, Edmund Randolph and Jefferson. The

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latter knew and appreciated the transcendental qualities of the keen and incisive intellect of the man that was later to become the head of the Transylvania Law School. It was Nicholas, assisted by Marshall, who was later to become Chief Justice and be the implacable foe of Jefferson, that framed the Bill repealing Jefferson's Bill of 1777, establishing the High Court of Chancery, which provided for the trial of equity causes before a jury. On the committee with Marshall and Nicholas which succeeded in abolishing the disastrous experiment of Jefferson in the trial of equity causes before a jury, were Patrick Henry, George Mason and James Monroe, the two former of whom Nicholas was later to encounter in the struggle for the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

It is to Hugh Blair Grigsby, who wrote a history of the Virginia Ratification Convention, that we are indebted for our only reliable pen picture of Nicholas. In physical appearance he is described by Grigsby as "a broad, squat, ungainly man 'deformed with fat'; shaggy of brow, bald of head, gray-eyed, with a nose like the beak of an eagle, and a voice clear and emotionless."

In character this same writer described him as a brave, brilliant soldier, and one of the ablest and best equipped lawyers in the State (Virginia); as utterly fearless, whether in battle in the field or in debate on the floor. In argument and reason as the equal if not the superior of Madison himself, with a personality so grim it made that of Madison seem tenderer in comparison. As one possessing a composure nothing could disconcert and a courage nothing could daunt, and as being "probably the only man in the Convention whom Henry feared."

The Kentucky delegates in the Virginia Ratification Convention carried their Mississippi River grievances with them, and succeeded in enlisting the aid of Patrick Henry in their behalf. "Should we care more for foreigners than our own people," was an appeal that enabled the fiery Henry to carry the convention off its feet. Nicholas alone seems to have been unperturbed by the eloquence of Henry. Against him and Mason he fought throughout the convention almost single handed. Madison, "the father of the Constitution," yielded precedence to the cold, logical Nicholas, whose tenacity and powers of sustained argument won in the end, although between himself and Henry wounds were inflicted that never entirely healed, just as a long and

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intimate friendship between Fox and Burke was disrupted in their parliamentary debates over the French Revolution.

Such was the man who volunteered to become the head of the legal department of an institution whose influence was to be exerted on public affairs throughout the Nation for more than a half century, the extent of which may partially be measured by the success achieved and the positions of prominence held by those who passed from its walls into the world of action.



CHAPTER II

THOMAS JEFFERSON, FATHER OF AMERICAN LAW SCHOOLS—TRAN-
SYLVANIA THE DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM AND MARY—YALE AND
HARVARD AS RIVALS OF TRANSYLVANIA—COURSE OF STUDY—
COMPLICATED COURT CONDITIONS—POLITICS TAUGHT IN THE
EARLY LAW SCHOOLS—INFLUENCE OF BLACKSTONE.

Thomas Jefferson, more than any other one individual, must be accredited with the distinction of having introduced the study of law into the curriculum of the higher institutions of learning in America. It would not be an extravagant assertion or one entirely without the bounds of historic support, if one should bestow upon that many-sided genius the credit of having been a pioneer in the establishment of law schools among English-speaking peoples. Had not his democratic ideas of universal, individualistic privileges carried him to the extent of discarding all academic requirements for admission to the bar, to him rather than to Judge Story must have been assigned the credit of having elevated the law to its place among the learned professions. It was the early conviction of the Colonists that all legislation should be in the hands and under the control of the lawyers. This attitude of mind is reflected in Edmund Burke's great speech on "Conciliation" in which he said there was no country in the world where the law was so general a study as in the English Colonies in America. It was the theory of Jefferson that practical legislation should be taught in connection with a legal preparation. This theory was put to the test at William and Mary and continued for several years at Transylvania, particularly through the incumbency of James Brown.

Beginning with the year 1758, Blackstone's lectures delivered at Oxford was the first approach made by England towards the introduction of the study of law as a part of the college curriculum, but these lectures were abandoned eight years later, 1766, for want of support by the Oxford authorities. The substance of these lectures, however, became the basis of his famous "Commentaries," the first edition of which appeared in the United States in 1771-72. While out of harmony with Blackstone's theory of the law, as applied to condi-

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tions existing in the Colonies, his "Commentaries" were nevertheless the inspiration for Jefferson's efforts to have the law made an optional college course. The extent of his prejudices against Blackstone was voiced in a letter written to Madison in 1826, just before his death, in which he said he observed that lawyers had originally been Whigs, but that "after the honied Mansfieldism of Blackstone became the students' hornbook, from that moment that profession (the nursery of our Congress) began to slide into toryism, and nearly all the young brood of lawyers now are of that hue. They suppose themselves indeed to be Whigs, because they no longer know what whigism or republicanism means. It is in our seminary (University of Virginia) that that vestal flame is to be kept; it is thence to spread anew over our own and the sister states." Believing the law to be "the nursery of Congress," the influence which he observed she was exercising over her graduates, prompted the observation that Transylvania was the "fountainhead of true republicanism."

Not quite adopting his conclusions concerning the influence exerted by Blackstone over the political views of the members of the bar in the Colonies, the fact remains that it was the daring and constructive mind of Jefferson that forced the abolition of theology as a college course at William and Mary and substituted that of political government in its stead. In the reorganizing processes to which he subjected his *alma mater*, in order to make it a real university, he created six separate schools with a separate and distinct head for each. This division was the origin of making the law school a separate entity, wholly independent of the college or university to which it was attached. It was this precedent which influenced the trustees of Transylvania in making the Medical and Law departments separate and distinct adjuncts. Other universities followed the same course.

That branch of William and Mary which Jefferson in his reorganization scheme denominated "Law and Police" was presided over by the distinguished Chancellor, George Wythe, his legal preceptor and fellow-revisor of the Virginia statutes. While this division contemplated lectures on municipal law, with Blackstone as the basis, practical law and practical politics, somewhat, though not perfectly, differentiated, were recognized as proper subjects of instruction for the student who contemplated pursuing the law as a profession.

Transylvania Law School was as much the daughter of William and Mary as Kentucky was the daughter of Virginia. The general

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plan of organization of the one followed that of the other. George Nicholas, John Breckinridge, James Brown, John Brown, George M. Bibb, William Fleming and Buckner Thruston, chief projectors of Transylvania, were each graduates of William and Mary. That they should have followed the general plan of the institution of which they were graduates would be a natural conclusion. Nicholas had left behind him in Virginia the reputation of being the outstanding lawyer of that State. That same eminence was accorded him in Kentucky from the day of his arrival. The differences which had at one time existed between him and Jefferson had been healed, and their political views were of a kind. Breckinridge, Brown and Thruston were his intimate friends and confidential advisers. By reason of associations like these Transylvania became the western prototype of the institution of which its founders were the sons.

Maintaining the first law schools in America was not an easy task. When Transylvania was established, William and Mary was the only other law school in America having a law curriculum. A few unsuccessful attempts had been made by a number of other institutions to attach private law classes to their courses of study, but none of them went to the extent of publishing the teaching of law as a permanent, recognized feature. The most successful of all the private law schools was located at and known as the Litchfield (Connecticut) Law School. Not a few men of national reputation were graduated from this school, among whom were Horace Mann, George Y. Mason and John C. Calhoun. William and Mary and Transylvania, however, held the field from 1798 to 1820, at which latter date the Harvard Law School may be said to have been permanently established. The University of Pennsylvania established a quasi law department in 1790, but it failed in 1792 and was not reopened until 1817. Columbia University, New York, also added a law course in 1792, but it failed in 1798, and was not resumed until 1824.

Yale Law School, next in succession, was established in 1824. The set-up of Yale was as strongly anti-Republican as Transylvania was Republican. The reputation and influence of the western institution had reached the extreme Eastern States with an impressiveness sufficient to suggest the necessity of establishing a school of counter political inclinations. With such a purpose in contemplation, Senator David Daggett, one of the outstanding Federalists of the State,



MAIN BUILDING OF TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY ERECTED 1818. BURNED 1829



BOOK PLATE



GEORGE NICHOLAS, 1755-1799, FOUNDER
OF TRANSYLVANIA LAW SCHOOL

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was selected as its first head, much for the same reason that Nicholas was selected as first head of Transylvania. Indeed, such a recognized political force was Transylvania in 1824, especially in the influence which it exercised through its graduates in the growing Western States, and to no small extent in the Southern States, that Yale, and to some extent Harvard, became alive to the necessity of establishing a policy of instruction counter to that of Transylvania. Soon after his election as Senator, Daggett was made Chief Justice of the State, and for many years thereafter delivered a series of lectures each year to the law class. Politically these lectures were emphatically anti-Republican. Following the action of Yale, Jefferson carried to a conclusion his long-cherished desire of establishing a university at Charlottesville, to be known as the University of Virginia. Having held the field for nearly a quarter of a century within a short span of years William and Mary and Transylvania, the pioneers, were suddenly confronted by at least five determined centers of competition, to which, in time, they would be forced to yield the field.

The Harvard Law School for a number of years had a precarious existence. The vision of its founders was purely local. A handsome endowment reinforced by the selection of Judge Story for its head and chief lecturer gave it a wider range and more commanding influence, so much so that it soon became the rival of all existing law schools. From the outset its sponsors stood in opposition to what they termed the Calhoun heresies. While adopting many of Jefferson's theories of organization, a liberal academic education was urged for law students in opposition to Jefferson's theory that no educational barriers should be erected. This stand by Harvard had much to do with the success it attained and the reputation it acquired for elevating the tone of the profession.

There were reasons, however, why the theory of non-scholastic requirements should have prevailed at William and Mary and Transylvania, and why only a year was the approximate period of instruction which prevailed at each institution. The fact that the states fixed no requirements for admission to the bar, materially influenced the law schools in pursuing a like course. One professor, no financial support, except the fees received from a meagre tuition, no common school system, made a fixed standard almost prohibitive. Transylvania continued to maintain its lead for a number of years after Har-

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vard and Yale, and was the only school in 1840 having three professors. Harvard had only two professors in 1848 and three in 1850. Transylvania, like all contemporary law schools, suffered from the old English custom of training lawyers in the office of established practitioners. In this way more students were trained in the office of George Nicholas than in that of any lawyer in Kentucky. Jefferson thought such a training absolutely necessary. This theory of training was somewhat graphically described by old Thomas Wood, of London, in his "Institutes." "By a long attendance on the highest courts of Justice and by tedious wandering about," he said, students might obtain "a heap of good learning," which he hoped it "would not be impossible to assort and to put into some order."

Notwithstanding the handicaps encountered by Transylvania because of its remoteness from the more populous centers, with only the elements composing a pioneer population from which to draw support, for nearly half a century it led all its contemporaries. The difficulties overcome in this accomplishment are not without interest. When Transylvania was established there was not in the United States a single authentic volume of reported cases of any of the State or Federal courts, unless some miscellaneous reports of Dallas may be excepted. Although the Constitution of 1792 required appellate judges in Kentucky to state in their opinions such facts and authorities as should be necessary to expose the principles of each decision, no method of reporting was devised until 1815, when the Legislature authorized the Governor to appoint a permanent court reporter. James Hughes, a friend and supporter of Transylvania and man of large landed wealth, at his own expense, published a volume of decisions of the old District Court of Kentucky, commencing in 1785 and ending in 1801, but these decisions contained few, if any, discussions of legal principles, of a nature helpful to a law student. Sneed and Hardin published a few volumes of miscellaneous decisions between 1805 and 1808, but until the appearance of the reports of George M. Bibb, the first reporter appointed by the Governor, began to make their appearance in 1808, there were no authentic volumes of reported decisions by the Appellate Court. With the exception of the famous Marbury case, no decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was published prior to 1804, when Judge William Cranch issued his first volume of reported cases.

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It will thus be seen that James Brown was not assisted in his course of lectures, prior to 1804, by any State or Federal decisions. The nature of his lectures and his method of teaching are largely a matter of conjecture. The annals of the school give no assistance in determining this important subject of inquiry. From certain collateral sources it may be conjectured that Political Economy, which was first taught in America in 1784 by President Madison, of William and Mary, a cousin of James Madison, and that Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" furnished the basis of his lectures on this subject. The fact that Smith and Vattells' "Law of Nations" were text-books at William and Mary when Brown was a student lend support to the inference that they were used by him at Transylvania. The first text-book printed in America was St. George Tucker's edition of "Blackstone," which appeared in 1803. The library of George Nicholas, which was subsequently owned almost in its entirety by Robert Wickliffe, who had read law in his office, and later by Aaron K. Woolley, his son-in-law, and after him by his son Colonel Robert W. Woolley, of Louisville, was composed almost entirely of English common law and chancery reports, with, perhaps, a few volumes of such texts as "Mitford on Pleading," "Powell on Contracts," Bacon's "Abridgement," "Vattells' "Law of Nations," Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Comyns' "Digest," Lord Kaimes' "Principles of Equity," and Coke-Lyttleton. Possessing books of this character it may be presumed they supplied the material for Nicholas' lectures on municipal law and equity, and that the same line of instruction was continued by Brown.

The second Constitution in Kentucky and Transylvania Law School came into being the same year. Inasmuch as practice as well as theory was to be taught in this newly-founded law school, some knowledge of the complicated administration of law through the courts as then established is necessary, if anything like a fair conception of the difficulties encountered by the early instructors at Transylvania in practical court practice and procedure are to be conveyed.

The only permanent court established by the first and second constitutions was the Court of Appeals, which had original jurisdiction in all matters involving the titles to land derived from Virginia, and in certain fiscal matters in which the interest of the State was involved. Under these constitutions the establishment of inferior

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courts was left solely to the discretion of the Legislature. Between 1792 and 1796 the Quarter Sessions Court, County Court and Justices' Court were the only inferior courts of original jurisdiction. By an act of the Legislature, passed in 1795, the original jurisdiction of the Court of Appeals was taken away, and by the second Constitution, which went into effect June 1, 1800, this court was given appellate jurisdiction only, except in a few specified cases. In addition to the inferior courts above enumerated, there was also established by the Legislature a Court of Oyer and Terminer, for the trial of criminal cases only. The courts of quarter session were established in each county and had general jurisdiction to hear and determine all matters at common law, or in chancery, within their respective counties, except where the other inferior courts had exclusive jurisdiction. In 1795 the Legislature established what were called district courts. By the act creating these courts Kentucky was divided into six districts, for the holding of courts in which six judges were to be appointed by the Governor. These six judges met annually in Frankfort and mutually assigned among themselves the districts where they would respectively hold court during the ensuing year, two being assigned to each district. These courts had almost unlimited jurisdiction in all matters, both at common law and in equity, where the amount in controversy was not of less value than fifty pounds. In 1802, after the adoption of the second Constitution, circuit courts were established in the place of the old quarter sessions and district courts, with jurisdiction in all matters, both at common law and in chancery, within their respective circuits, where the amount in controversy was not of less value than five pounds, or one thousand pounds of tobacco. The Act creating the circuit courts divided the State into nine circuits, with a separate presiding judge for each circuit, who should hold court in each county at certain stated periods. The act also provided that from each county there should be appointed two assistant judges, who were not even required to be lawyers. Under this complicated system the circuit judge, or the two assistants, or the circuit judge and one assistant, were sufficient to constitute the court, except that the presiding judge alone could not try criminal cases of a felonious character, where the penalty was death or confinement in the penitentiary.

Federal courts, at the outset were not popular in Kentucky. John Brown, one of the first Senators, accepted with reluctance the first

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Federal Judiciary Bill. It was argued by Kentucky lawyers that there must develop at some time an irreconcilable jurisdictional conflict between the State and Federal courts, particularly with reference to the land laws of Kentucky. Nicholas had contended in his explanatory letter to his "friend in Virginia," that he did not deny the right of the courts to declare unconstitutional an Act of Congress. James Brown, the successor of Nicholas as head of Transylvania, held the same views. An embarrassing situation naturally arose, however, when John Breckinridge, then Senator (1802), urged the passage of the Judiciary Repeal Act, and in so doing declared in the Senate that "To make the Constitution a practical system, this pretended powers of the courts to annul the laws of Congress cannot possibly exist. The Legislature have the exclusive right to interpret the Constitution in what regards the law-making power, and the Judges are bound to execute the laws they make." This position was the reverse of position asserted and the doctrine maintained by Breckinridge in introducing the Resolutions of 1798 in the Kentucky Legislature, at which time he denied that Congress was the final authority on the constitutionality of a law enacted by it. James Morison, one of the Transylvania trustees at the time, congratulated Breckinridge on the stand he had taken. There is reason to believe, however, that Brown did not follow Breckinridge in his views, and that he also lacked the support of Jefferson and Madison in the extreme position he had taken. The views subsequently manifested by the greater part of the students of Transylvania when they came into public life, with a few such exceptions as Richard M. Johnson, later Vice-President of the United States, would indicate that the instructions which they received from their law preceptors were in harmony with those of Jefferson, Madison and Nicholas, rather than Breckinridge, who was not an instructor but only a trustee. Henry Clay, as is well known, was a staunch supporter of the Supreme Court, and a great personal admirer of Chief Justice Marshall. As the successor of Brown it may be assumed the extreme position of Breckinridge was not supported by Clay.

The foregoing résumé clearly indicates that early law schools had a very strong political slant. With the subsidence of the early controversial issues, however, politics gradually yielded place to the more definite and practical essentials of a thorough legal training. Modified political differences appeared in many of the schools, including

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Transylvania, even prior to the Civil War. Under Judge George Robertson, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, it may be instanced, republicanism became less aggressive. Robertson was as irreconcilably opposed to the Kentucky Resolutions as Nicholas had been in favor of them. The most logical, the most unanswerable argument against these Resolutions ever delivered was made by Robertson in his valedictory address to the graduating class of 1852. In these Resolutions, he argued, were the germs of national disaster; from them emanated the growing sentiment in favor of disunion; out of them had grown illogical and indefensible constitutional interpretations. With prophetic vision he forecast the great civil strife as the inevitable result of the indoctrinated idea of nullification. So profound was the impression made on the student body by this address, two members of the class, John Marshall Harlan and George Graham Vest, joined in a petition to the authorities of the university asking that it be published.

It is interesting to recall that Harlan became an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and a follower of the great Chief Justice, for whom he was named, and that Vest became an officer in the Confederate Army, a Senator in the Confederate Congress and for many years a Democratic Senator in the Congress of the United States from Missouri. Not without its counterpart is that of Chancellor Wythe, who was the instructor of both Marshall and Jefferson.

Such were the conditions existing at the beginning of Transylvania, such the commanding position it held in the years of its ascendancy.



CHAPTER III

LEXINGTON ONLY A VILLAGE WHEN TRANSYLVANIA LAW SCHOOL WAS ORGANIZED—SOME OF THE ACTIVE TRUSTEES—DEATH OF NICHOLAS A BLOW TO THE UNIVERSITY.

Lexington was a village of scarcely 2,000 inhabitants in 1799, when Transylvania Law School was organized. Already among those who had made permanent settlement were men who had acquired distinction in the newly-established order. Prominent amongst these were those who participated in the establishment of the first seat of learning to the westward. Lexington had been platted and subdivided into what was called in-lots and out-lots. Prominent citizens had begun to acquire home sites and erect substantial residences. Others had acquired landed estates near by. Of those who were actively interested in the organization of Transylvania a few may be mentioned.

George Nicholas, who had actively participated in organizing the Slate Creek Furnace Company in Bath County, had moved to Lexington, and was living on Mulberry, now Limestone Street, on the site of what is now Sayre College. Joseph Hamilton Davies, brother-in-law of the recently appointed Chief Justice Marshall, and soon to become prominent as the prosecutor of Aaron Burr, lived on Main Street, near to or on the present site of the Strand Theatre. James Trotter had a warehouse on the southwest corner of Mill and Main streets, and owned a large tract of land beyond what is now Woodland Park. Levi Todd lived at Ellerslie, where was located the first clerk's office. Henry Clay had opened an office at what is now 181 North Mill Street, near to or adjoining the present First Presbyterian Church. It was in this office he is reputed to have had his now famous interview with Aaron Burr. Buckner Thruston lived at the corner of Mill and Market, where Mrs. Samuel J. Roberts now lives. John Howard, father of Benjamin Howard, first Governor of Missouri Territory, a friend and patron of Transylvania, lived on this site after Judge Thruston removed from Lexington. It was here, also, Judge A. K. Woolley, a professor in Transylvania Law School, lived

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at the time of his death in 1849. John Brown, first United States Senator from Kentucky, had an office at the northwest corner of Mill and Short streets, upstairs, in the building which now stands on this site. John Pope lived immediately across the street at the northeast corner of Mill and Short streets, where was later located the banking house of David A. Sayre & Company, and where is now located the Security Trust Company. Thomas Hart lived at the northwest corner of Mill and Second streets. In the house which now stands on this site Henry Clay was married to Lucretia Hart in 1799 and there John Bradford died in 1830. John Breckinridge, Attorney-General under Jefferson, lived about five miles from Lexington, on North Elkhorn Creek, where he possessed a beautiful estate known as "Cabell's Dale." His law office, which stood near the residence, was long a landmark. John Brown lived on Market Street, in the rear of Buckner Thruston, on the site of the present Presbyterian parsonage. Robert Patterson lived at the corner of what is now Patterson and High streets. William Morton, commonly known as "Lord" Morton, lived on North Limestone, where the late H. T. Duncan resided for so many years. Morton was a man of large means and broad philanthropic views. He was particularly interested in the advancement of education, and devoted a large part of his time and means in educational work. Morton School, on Walnut Street, is named for him.

James Morrison, chairman of the Board of Trustees of Transylvania, lived at the northeast corner of Upper and Short streets, where the Guaranty Bank & Trust Company is located. Morrison came to Lexington from Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, and established one of the first, if not the first, hemp factory in Lexington. He was already a man of distinction, having fought with General Morgan at the battle of Cowpens and earlier at Saratoga. His son, James, Jr., killed at the battle of Dudley's Defeat, was the first native citizen of Lexington. Morrison Hall (improperly changed to Morrison Chapel) is the product of his munificence. Morrison was Federal Revenue Collector, then a very unpopular position, and president of the old United States Bank (an equally unpopular position), which was located on North Mill Street, on the present site of the Young Men's Christian Association. Morrison is reputed to have possessed a rather stern exterior, but a kind and generous disposition notwithstanding. His motto was: "The most excellent reputation is that

L E S
REPORTS

Dés Tres Honorable

Edw. Seigneur Littleton,

B A R O N

D E

MOUNSLow,

Custos de le

Grand Seale

D'ANGLITEUR,

Et de ses Majefty plus Honourable Privy Council,

E N L E

C O U R T S

Del COMMON BANCK & EXCHEQUER,

En le 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 ans del REIGN

De Roy Charles le I.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *W. Rawlins, S. Roycroft, and H. Sawbridge,*
Assigns of *Richard and Edward Atkins* Esquires.

For *Tho. Dring and Charles Harper,* at the Corner of
Chancery-Lane and the Flower-de-Luce in Fleet-
street. MDCLXXXIII.

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which arises from the dispensation of happiness to our fellow creatures, and that conduct is most acceptable to God which is most beneficial to man." Frederick Ridgely, one of the first trustees, lived at Southeast corner of Market and Second, now, and for many years, known as the Berryman residence. Ridgely delivered medical lectures in the Trotter Warehouse, southwest corner of Main and Mill streets.

In 1799 an unpretentious school building had been erected on the lot which extended from Second to Third Street, in parallel lines with Market Street on the east and Mill Street on the west, now locally known as Gratz Park. On the eighth day of January, 1799, in a room in this building, there met the following trustees, most of whom are named above: Cornelius Beatty, Frederick Ridgely, George Nicholas, Andrew McCalla, William Morton, Robert Steele, John McDowell, Alexander Parker, Caleb Wallace, James Trotter, Levi Todd, James Blythe, Thomas Lewis, John Bradford, Bartlet Collins and Buckner Thruston. From among these John Bradford was elected temporary chairman.

The principal business for which the board had been called in session was to engage in a general discussion of the question of establishing a law department in connection with the newly-organized university. After a general consideration of the subject in all its bearings, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a professorship of Medicine, and another of Law and Politics be established; and that the committee hereafter named be empowered to make such rules for their regulation and provision for the carrying them into effect, as to them shall seem proper; the rules so to be made, to continue in force until the end of the next stated meeting of the Board and no longer.

On the 16th of April, 1799, the board again met and appointed Messrs. Beatty, Thruston, Morton and Patterson, or any three of them, a committee to draft an advertisement stating the situation of the university, and the studies that would be adopted by the Law and Medical departments. It was further determined by resolution that the law students should pay \$4 for the use of the law books and \$20 per annum for tuition, half yearly in advance. Messrs. Morton, Parker and Beatty were selected to purchase a law library, and \$600 was appropriated for that purpose.

The death of George Nicholas, a few months after his election, was a severe blow to the institution. It was determined, however, to

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continue the law department as originally designed, and the following advertisement was authorized to be published as the course of study and terms of tuition for the scholastic year 1799-1800:

"Those who wish to study Law and Politics may do it to advantage, under a Professor appointed for that purpose. An extensive Law Library is provided for the use of the Students.

The terms of tuition are four pounds a year, to be paid quarterly in advance, for those who are taught the Languages, Geography, etc. Twenty Dollars a year for the Students at Law, with an addition of five dollars a year, for those who make use of the Law Library, to be paid half yearly in advance."

On the 18th of October, 1799, the board met for the purpose of securing a successor to Colonel Nicholas. Many names passed under discussion, and after due consideration James Brown, one of the trustees, was selected, his compensation being the tuition paid by the students in attendance. A stringent order was passed with respect to advance payments, the professors themselves being made individually liable for the tuition of any student who did not produce a certificate from the treasurer to the effect that all fees had been paid.

Brown, at the outset, was confronted by two broad, distinct principles which Nicholas had laid down in his first lectures on the Constitution: These were:

- (1) The power to abridge is the power to destroy.
- (2) The most effective guard against the abuse of power is the division of it.

These propositions as developed by Chief Justice Marshall after Nicholas' death were more or less antagonistic. One was decidedly Federalistic, the other equally anti-Federalistic. In what was probably the greatest of all his opinions, *McCulloch v. Maryland*, Marshall appropriated the words and legal intent of Nicholas in the first proposition absolutely, except he used the word "tax" instead of "abridge." When, therefore, Marshall declared that "the power to tax is the power to destroy," he was giving immortality to a phrase which Nicholas had used in his exposition of the powers of the Constitution in teaching his Kentucky students.

The second proposition was the position of Jefferson in his criticism of the decision of Marshall in *Marbury v. Madison*. Jefferson expressed the opinion that Marshall was permitting the judicial to

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encroach on the executive, without proper consideration for the three distinct branches of Government, thus centralizing power in the judiciary to the impairment of the other coördinate powers. Brown shared Jefferson's opinion, so that it may be assumed, in his class lectures, he supported the position taken by Jefferson, previously enunciated by Nicholas in his second proposition.

Brown resigned as professor in 1805 and removed to the then Territory of Louisiana, from which he was elected a Senator in Congress the year after its admission as a State. It is worthy of note that one of the first graduates of Transylvania after Brown was elected professor, was Josiah Stoddard Johnston, who succeeded Brown as Senator from Louisiana, was Clay's second in the Randolph-Clay duel, and was the elder brother of General Albert Sidney Johnston, who was killed at Shiloh. Another student under Brown who became a national character was Richard M. Johnston, Vice-President and for many years Senator. As Senator he will be remembered for his uncompromising opposition to the Federal Court system, and particularly to the Supreme Court in what he regarded as its encroachments on the legislative.

Following the resignation of Brown and his removal from the State in 1805, the board met on October 10 following, and by unanimous vote elected Henry Clay to fill the vacancy thus created. This position was held by Clay for a period of two years, when the exactions of public life necessitated his resignation.

On October 16, 1807, the board met for the purpose of selecting a successor to Henry Clay. After mature consideration the choice fell on John Monroe. At this same meeting James Moore, Robert Stewart (or Stuart), Henry Purviance, Henry Clay and W. T. Barry were appointed to examine the graduating law class, and to make report of the trustees respecting the general standing of the class, the method of teaching and the progress made by the students. No copy of this report has survived.

John Monroe was a son of Judge Thomas B. Monroe, compiler of Monroe's "Reports," and was for a brief period judge of the Fayette Circuit Court. With the installation of Monroe the tuition was increased to \$30 per annum, payable half yearly in advance, all tuition fees, according to custom, being the compensation of the head.

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Monroe remained at the head for only one year, after which he resumed the practice of law, and died in Frankfort in 1873.

Between the years 1807 and 1814 there was practically a hiatus in the head of the law department, the law lectures being delivered by volunteers and the general faculty. At a meeting of the board of trustees in March, 1814, it was determined to make a more vigorous effort to place the law department on a permanent basis, and to that end John Pope, a member of the board, was unanimously chosen as professor. The tuition was fixed at \$25, payable to the dean as formerly. At the regular monthly meeting of the board in April, 1814, following the election of Pope, an additional appropriation of \$200 was made for the purchase of law books for the use of the school.

Pope, who was possessed of a discontented and roving disposition, resigned in March, 1816, having held the position of professor for a period of two years. Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, son of John Breckinridge and father of General John C. Breckinridge, was designated as successor to Pope. It was to Joseph C. Breckinridge Jefferson addressed his famous letter in which he acknowledged himself to have been the author of the famous Kentucky Resolutions. Breckinridge served until 1820, when his position as Secretary of State at Frankfort, necessitated his resignation, thus again creating a vacancy in the office of dean. This vacancy was filled by selecting William Taylor Barry. With the introduction of Barry the Law Department may be said to have entered upon its greatest period of success. Already the influence of Dr. Holley, president of the university, and one of America's outstanding educators, had begun to be felt in every department. The law no less than the academic branches of the main institution received an impulse of such tremendous force that the whole moved irresistibly forward. It was not so much the personality of Barry, great as that was, which gave new life to the Law Department, as it was the general spirit of progress which the new president gave every activity connected with the institution. Almost at a bound the university attendance had reached the enormous total of nearly four hundred in the academic, legal, medical and scientific departments. Harvard, with an enrollment of two hundred and eighty-six, and Yale with three hundred and nineteen, were the only institutions of learning in the United States which approached it. Such was the commanding position held by Transylvania in all its

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departments, the "National Intelligencer," at this period, referred to its wonderful growth in terms worthy of perpetuation. It said:

"Less than fifty years ago the new populous and flourishing State of Kentucky had not a white inhabitant. Where the Transylvania University now stands, or near it, there ranged in 1775 herds of thousands of buffaloes. We mention this fact at the present moment, because it makes more striking the present extent of that flourishing Institution. . . . The whole number of students, in all the Languages and Sciences, is three hundred and eighty-six, on a spot where, we repeat, less than fifty years ago, Hunting and War were the only studies of the aboriginal race."

At this period a catalogue of the university was printed in Latin. In it there appeared the following curious and interesting recitation concerning the Legal Department:

1799	Georgius Nicholas, leg.: et Pol:.....	1799
1799	Jacobus Brown, LL. D., Leg: et Pol: Perumpub: Foed	
	Sen:	1804
1805	Henricus Clay, LL. D., Leg. et Pol:.....	1807
1807	Johannes Monroe, Cur. Jurid: Kent: Leg: et Pol:....	1807
1814	Johannes Pope, Leg: et Pol:.....	1816
1817	Josephus Cabell Breckenridge, A. M., Leg: et Pol:..	1820
1820	Gulielmus Taylor Barry, LL. D., Leg: et Pol: Reip:	
	Kent: Vicegub:	
1822	Jesse Bledsoe, LL. D., Municip: Cur: Jurid: Kent:	

The valedictory subjects of the law students and the names of the graduates were likewise printed in Latin. Yale and Harvard imitated Transylvania by printing catalogues in Latin also. Embracing the foregoing period "The Transylvian" in its June issue, 1910, contained the following résumé prepared by John Wilson Townsend:

"After Nicholas' (George) death, the Law School was looked after for a short time by Buckner Thruston, James Hughes and James Brown (trustees), but on October 18, 1799, Brown was elected professor of Law and Politics and served until October 16, 1805, when Henry Clay was elected. Clay was dean of the school until October 16, 1807, when he resigned to become a trustee of the University. He was succeeded by a Lexington lawyer, John Monroe, whom at least one historian claims as a relative of our fifth President. John Pope, afterwards Governor of Arkansas, was elected professor of law in 1814 and served for two years when he, like Clay, resigned to become a trustee. In April, 1817, Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, some-

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time Kentucky's Secretary of State, and the father of the youngest vice president the United States has ever had, was elected dean of the school. Breckinridge served but a short time when Pope again accepted the professorship. John Boyle followed Pope."

At the conclusion of the 1822-23 term the first public graduation services were held, on February 28. The exercises had on this occasion are a fair indication of the progress that had been made with respect to scholastic requirements for the law graduates. The graduating class was publicly examined in the presence of the president and trustees. Judge Bledsoe delivered a valedictory address on behalf of the faculty, and Mason Brown a like address on behalf of the graduates.

The Lexington "Observer," in its issue of March 3, 1823, gave the following account of the exercises which were held in the chapel of the old building at the north end of the college grounds, Morrison Hall not then having been built:

"The session of the Law Department in Transylvania University closed on Friday the 28th of February. On the day preceding, a public examination of the candidates for degrees was held before the President and Trustees, to which the citizens were invited. Prof. Barry conducted the examination upon the *Federal Constitution*, the *Civil Law*, and the *Law of Nations*. Prof. Bledsoe followed upon *Municipal Law*. The appearance of the class was highly honourable to themselves and their instructors. Their answers were prompt and clear, and a familiar acquaintance with the subject was rendered perfectly evident. There was but one voice among the spectators, and that was a voice of entire satisfaction, expressed with lively pleasure. On the day of the Commencement, which was held in the Chapel of the University, the services were opened with prayer by the President. Professor Barry then presented the candidates to the governors of the institution calling their names in alphabetical order. The President pronounced a Latin address to the Trustees and to the candidates and while handing to each a diploma conferred the degree of Bachelor of Law upon the *seventeen* gentlemen who had been examined and recommended. Professor Bledsoe took a public leave of them in an affectionate and interesting manner, and was followed by Mr. Mason Brown, one of the class appointed for the purpose, who closed the exercises in a beautiful and feeling Valedictory Oration. This address was one of the most judicious, tasteful, elegant and appropriate that we recollect ever to have heard. The sentiments were generous and manly, the style neat and flowing, the figures happy, the elocution

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chaste and forcible, and the affections and sympathies of a high and sacred order.

This department of our University may receive our congratulations upon its successful establishment, and the brilliancy of its first public services and honors. Extensive good will be done to the community by the graduates of this Law School. The character of the Bar will be elevated, and the halls of Legislation will soon feel the salutary influence of a regular course of instruction in the improved principles of political economy."

The following are the gentlemen who received the degree of Bachelor of Laws on this occasion: Aylett Buckner, Theodore Wythe Clay, Charles Jacob Cummins, Richard Allen Curd, Albert Gallatin Harrison, John Walloston Tibbotts, Simeon Hopkins Anderson, Elihu Barclay, Richard Mathews Gaines, Elijah Hise, James Franklin Dougherty Lanier, Samuel McRoberts, John James Mercier, Thomas Bell Monroe, Andrew William Parker, Gwynn Reed Tompkins and Stephen Whicher.

At the same time the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Jesse Bledsoe, Jacob Burnett, John Rowan and Hugh Lawson White. At the previous commencement the degree of Doctor of Laws had been conferred on James Brown, Minister to France; Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and John Boyle, Chief Justice of the Old Court.



CHAPTER IV

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW SPIRIT OF PROGRESS AND EMULATION—

THE INFLUENCE OF PRESIDENT HOLLEY, JUDGE BARRY, JUDGE BLEDSOE, JUDGE ROBERTSON AND JUDGE WOOLLEY RECOGNIZED.

The scholastic year 1822-23 marked the beginning of the law school's greatest activity. Its influence had become recognized throughout the whole country. The university under the broad, progressive management of Dr. Holley gave the law department just that recognition which was necessary to its advancement. In a recent life of Jefferson Davis the author refers to Transylvania University at the period of Davis' attendance, 1821-24, as "the most popular college in America." Institutions, like individuals, attract by the force of some intangible personality. An equipment in its academic, medical and law departments, exceeding that of any educational institution in the entire country, supported by a faculty in all its departments that was unexcelled, located amid surroundings whose surpassing natural beauty and charm had attracted hitherward a race of unsurpassed mental and physical vigor, it might well have been "the most popular college in America."

The municipal authorities of Lexington were always in hearty accord with the aims and ambitions of the university in all its endeavors. At or about the time Holley assumed the position of president, the city council passed an ordinance donating the tax paid by auctioneers to the law department, which, at the time of the administration of Barry, amounted to the munificent sum of approximately \$2,000 per annum. This income was donated largely to the purchase of books for the law library, and such other purposes in connection with the law school as the trustees deemed proper.

In 1823 an additional professorship was added and Judge Bledsoe, judge of the Circuit Court, and later United States Senator, was selected to fill the newly-created position. The work was then divided between Barry and Bledsoe. To the former was assigned National and Civil Law and Political Economy, and to the latter Common and Statute Law. In the winter of 1823, Barry being speaker of the State Senate, his work was performed by President Holley. As an



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indication of the extent of the curriculum which prevailed at the beginning of the 1823 scholastic term, the following extract from the catalogue of that year furnishes a fair conception:

Textbooks will be recited and lectures delivered on the Law of Nations, Civil Law, Common and Statute Law. Besides the usual course of study, a Moot Court will be attached to the school, to be held at stated periods for the instruction of students in the practice of the law. An assembly will be likewise instituted and the students instructed in the course of legislative business agreeably to parliamentary usage and the established rules of legislative bodies. The charge for admission into the school will be \$60 for the season payable in the currency of the state.

An advertisement reciting the above facts was inserted in the leading Kentucky papers, and also in the more prominent papers of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois and Indiana.

Transylvania Law School from the outset had to meet and overcome the popular prejudice which existed against teaching law through a course of lectures. Discussing this difficulty under which the law school labored Dr. Holley made the following timely observation:

The great object of a course of public lectures is to produce excitement in the teacher and the pupils, to furnish all the well known benefits of competition, to call up the most important subjects of inquiry, to point out and to solve difficulties, to increase the appreciation of the mind for knowledge and its power of digestion, to lead the student to a proper method of investigation, and thus enable him to conduct his own studies with success. As soon as the uses of public lectures are clearly understood, opposition to them will cease. All Europe has tried their efficacy, and found them worthy of the greatest patronage. The example and success of our Medical Schools are perfectly applicable to a Law Establishment. The difference is not great between the number of physicians and of lawyers wanted in a community. The great reason why Law Classes have not been as numerous as Medical Classes must be that as many attractions have never been furnished. Prejudices against teaching law by lectures are as ill founded as those were which formerly existed against Medical instruction in this manner.

In acknowledging the compliment paid to him by the graduating class of 1823, President Holley spoke of the law as one of the most attractive of all professions. "The profession, to which you are devoted," he said, "is of the highest importance to the community, and

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is eminently fitted to call out the best talents and to form the most powerful minds. My earliest partiality was for the law, and I am indebted to a course of studies in it for some of my best intellectual habits, though they are too humble to do much credit to their origin."

Because of his general knowledge of law President Holley assisted Barry and Bledsoe as law professors. Between him and Barry a very decided difference arose in their interpretation of the Constitution. President Holley did not follow the Jefferson school of thought. Barry possessed, to no small degree, the characteristic combativeness of his race. In commenting on the matter in a letter addressed to the graduating class Dr. Holley good naturedly referred to the differences between himself and Barry. "The differences of opinion between one of the professors and myself," he said, "in the explanation we give of our Federal Constitution, has led to discussions which you are pleased to consider as beneficial to yourselves, and which, I have no doubt, are so in reality. Accept of my thanks for the manner in which you have received my part of the controversy. The ability and eloquence on the other side have long been known and acknowledged. It is happy that a perfectly good understanding has prevailed among all of us in this particular, and that kind feelings have not been interrupted by the course of the argument."

Under Barry, Bledsoe and Holley there was inaugurated a spirit of progress the law department had not hitherto felt, much as had been accomplished. In a communication to the student body Judge Barry and Judge Bledsoe voiced the progress that had been made through a cordial spirit of emulation which had made itself manifest among the students. They said: "We have to congratulate you on the signal success which has attended our exertions to render the class distinguished and honorable to the University. Without your zeal, ability and attention to second us we could have accomplished nothing."

The year 1824 may be characterized as one of the most interesting the school had thus far enjoyed. John J. Crittenden, for many years a Senator in Congress, and once Governor of the State, received the degree of Doctor of Laws, and Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, graduated from the academical department. It was one of those occasions when Jesse Bledsoe, one of the most eloquent Kentuckians of his generation, gave vent to his feelings in

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a valedictory address that surpassed anything of its kind ever delivered in Kentucky. Those who heard it carried the effects of it through life. On the same occasion James O. Harrison, who held the class honors among the graduates, delivered an address of such beauty and force in laudation of a well directed ambition, that the great character and ability he subsequently developed could easily have been foretold from his efforts on that day.

At the conclusion of the 1825 scholastic year the department showed marked improvement over any previous year, so much so a general plan of reorganization was contemplated and additional professors sought. In addition to those already engaged new professorships were tendered to Chief Justice Boyle, Judge Trimble, Justice of the Supreme Court, and Judge Jacob Burnet, of Cincinnati. Some lawyer, versed in the Civil Law, was sought for a specialist on that subject. All of these distinguished jurists found their engagements such they could not accept.

Among the graduates of 1825 were James O. Harrison, Madison C. Johnson, and Robert Wickliffe, Jr. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Justice Thomas Todd of the Supreme Court.

In taking final leave of the graduating class President Holley and Judge Bledsoe, in a feeling communication, took occasion to say:

You and your fellow members must form a portion of the columns which are to support and adorn this edifice, by which its usefulness and permanence must be indicated.

Judge Bledsoe, like Judge Barry, was an intense "New Court" advocate at a time when the "Old Court" and the "New Court" controversy became so animated civil strife seemed almost inevitable. Bledsoe was appointed judge of the Circuit Court in 1822, while professor at Transylvania, and Judge Barry was appointed Chief Justice of the "New Court" by Governor Desha at the same time. So intense was the feeling created by this controversy that on one occasion when Bledsoe was holding court at Georgetown he refused to permit Madison C. Johnson to be sworn as an attorney because his license had been issued by the judges of the "Old Court." Henry Clay once referred to Judge Bledsoe as the ablest advocate he ever opposed.

In 1829 John Pope was again elected dean of the law school to succeed Judge Bledsoe, which position he soon thereafter declined to

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become Territorial Governor of Arkansas by appointment of President Jackson.

At about this time a general reorganization of the law department was had, and John Boyle, one of the most noted lawyers in the State, was elected dean. Henry Clay, Robert J. Breckinridge and R. H. Chinn were appointed a committee to prepare and publish an advertisement setting forth the advantages of the law department. Boyle held the position of dean for one year only. The use of his name for appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States to succeed Justice Todd was refused, but he accepted appointment as United States District Judge for Kentucky, and held that position until his death, which occurred in 1834.

Daniel Mayes, a judge of the Circuit Court, was elected to succeed Boyle at a meeting of the board of trustees held on the 13th of September, 1830. In 1834 an additional professorship was added, and Judge George Robertson was elected thereto. The subjects assigned to Judge Robertson were Common Law, Equity and International Law. At the time of his appointment Judge Robertson resided in Lancaster, but on July 4, 1835, he removed to and settled permanently in Lexington.

From the selection of Judge Robertson as a member of the law faculty a decided change was manifest. A longer period of study, better scholastic attainments, and greater class efficiency were made requisites. To entitle a student to the degree of Bachelor of Laws a rigid examination in the entire prescribed course was absolutely necessary. Graduates of the Transylvania Law School were recognized as being thoroughly equipped in every essential branch of the law. The practice at first indulged with respect to educational requirements no longer prevailed. A comprehensive reorganization plan was prepared by Mayes and Robertson and submitted to the board for its approval. That plan, with a few minor exceptions, was unanimously adopted. Its provisions were so comprehensive and so far in advance of those prevailing in contemporary law schools, it is worthy of preservation as a tribute to the genius of the men who devised it. Its more important provisions were as follows:

I—First. There shall be three professorships in which shall be taught the Civil Law, the Laws of Nature and of Nations, Constitutional Law and Equity.

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Second. A Professorship in which shall be taught the various Branches of the Common Law and Statute Law.

Third. A Professorship in which shall be taught Medical Jurisprudence.

II—The mode of Instruction and the Text Books to be used shall be exclusively submitted to the discretion of the Professors and Law Committee, until otherwise directed by the Board of Trustees.

III—There shall be two sessions in each year, one commencing the 1st Monday in May and continuing six months, the 2nd commencing on the 1st Monday in November and continuing four months. But no professor to be required to devote to instruction more than four months in one session, yet one or the other professor to be at all times engaged in instructing the class.

IV—A commencement to be held at the end of each session, and the degree of Bachelor of Laws conferred on such students as having attended diligently to study during two sessions or who having been two years engaged in the practice of law, shall have (a) so attended one session, provided a full examination of the candidate shall be found worthy of the degree.

V—Each student shall at the commencement of each session matriculate with the Treasurer.

VI—The matriculation fee to be appropriated in the first place to defraying the necessary expenses of the Lecture Room, and the Residue to the increase of the Law Library.

VII—The price of the ticket of the Professors of Law to be fixed twenty dollars each, Medical Jurisprudence at ten dollars.

VIII—It shall not be necessary to graduation that the ticket of the Professor of Medical Jurisprudence be taken.

IX—The Graduates of the Academical Department to be entitled to the tickets of the Professors of Law gratuitously.

X—The fee for graduation to be fixed at five dollars, to be paid before the delivery of the diploma and equally divided between the Professors of Law.

XII—Each Student to furnish his own text books, and to be at liberty to draw from the Law Library not exceeding two volumes at any one time and have access to the College Library on the same terms with the students of College Proper.

The foregoing plan was conducted for a period of four years by Judge Mayes and Robertson, when Judge Mayes resigned and moved from Lexington to Jackson, Mississippi. In July, 1838, the course of study was enlarged to such an extent that it became the most comprehensive of any law school in the United States, Harvard and

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Yale not excepted. The three professors selected at that time were Judge Robertson, Thomas A. Marshall and Major A. K. Woolley. Constitutional Law and Equity were assigned to Judge Robertson, Equity and Pleading to Marshall, and Common Law and National Law to Major Woolley.

It was decided that the law library, which had already grown to large proportions through the city auctioneer fees, should be increased, and for that purpose \$5,000 was appropriated in March, 1839, by the city for the purchase of books for the law department. The city of Lexington, alive to the interest of the university, appropriated \$17,000 to the Medical School for books and equipment and \$5,000 to the Law School, and in order that the money might be made immediately available issued negotiable bonds and delivered them to the treasurer of the university. Through this generous donation the Medical and Law Schools were the best equipped in the United States. The finance committee of the university recommended that the appropriation thus made be expended in the purchase of a complete Common Law Library, a complete set of English Reports, both Common Law and Chancery, the reports of the Supreme Court of the United States and the principal State Reports. The remaining funds, if any, it was recommended should be spent in the purchase of standard American and English text-books, embracing treaties on Civil, National and Constitutional Law, and also Continental Jurisprudence.

As an indication of the thoroughness with which the whole transaction was conducted \$4,500 was deposited in bank to be drawn on by the agent as purchases were made; \$150 was appropriated for traveling expenses, and a bond of \$6,000, to be approved by the finance committee, for the faithful discharge of his duties was required from the purchasing agent. Major Woolley was selected as the board's agent, and given instructions to proceed East and make purchases designated in a list with which he was furnished, purchasing first those books that were deemed most essential.

As an acknowledgment of the munificent donation which the city had made, a resolution was adopted by the trustees granting to it the perpetual right to annually send five students to the law department free of charge.

In his report to the finance committee it was shown by Major Woolley that he had expended \$4,634 and had remaining \$366. This

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purchase gave to Transylvania one of the largest, if not the largest and best selected, law libraries then assembled in the United States.

It is interesting to note that amongst the books at present to be seen on the shelves of the old law library of Transylvania are some of the rarest and most interesting publications to be found in the whole range of jurisprudence. So rare, indeed, are many of them it may well be doubted if they can be duplicated in any library in the United States.

This library, built up by gifts and purchases, has interests as varied as its sources; the texts, the dedications and forewords, the buildings, the publishers, the printers' marks, and lastly the inscriptions written by the donors.

In 1834 "His Britannic Majesty, William IV," presented eighty-one folios, in each of which is bound a slip which states that the volume "is to be perpetually preserved in the library of Transylvania University." Among these works are four volumes of the *Doomsday Book*; catalogues of the *Harleian*, *Cottonian*, and *Lansdowne* manuscripts in the British Museum; *Calendars of the Proceedings in Chancery*, and the *Pleadings in the reign of Queen Elizabeth*; the *Itinerary of King John*; statutes of the realm under the various kings; and books of facsimiles of the historic charters of England.

In the Hargrave collection of state trials in England are found the proceedings of the trial of "Capt. William Kidd, at the Old Bailey, for Murder and Piracy on the High Seas"; the trial of Anne Boleyn in which is given her last letter to King Henry; the trial of Charles I; the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh; of Lord Cobham who was the original of Shakespeare's "Falstaff"; of Mary, Queen of Scots; of the members of the Gunpowder Plot; of an archbishop of Canterbury who is tried for heresy—twelve folios in all.

Among the contemporaneous publications still to be found among the law publications, are the *American Archives*, the early state papers of Kentucky, files of the "Portfolio," 1812-20, and Niles' "Baltimore Register," 1811-23.

Many of the donated volumes have quaint and attractive book plates, among which are some of genuine artistic taste, as shown by Gabriel Jones (page —). Jones was a backwoodsman, an Indian fighter, eventually killed by the Indians in giving aid to the Kentucky pioneers, yet withal a gentleman of many scholarly attainments.

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It may be assumed it was on this trip that Judge Woolley, as he was subsequently known by reason of having been appointed circuit judge, gave a striking evidence of those conversational and argumentative powers which are said to have excelled those of any of his contemporaries, in relieving a distressed minister of the gospel from a serious predicament with which he had fallen. Traveling from New York to Philadelphia in one of the stagecoaches of that period, a disputatious member of the cloth fell into heated argument with a disciple of Tom Paine. In the course of the argument it became apparent to Judge Woolley the minister was getting the worst of the argument, whereupon he proceeded to take the side of the cleric and so ably and brilliantly did he overwhelm the minister's adversary the infidel left the coach at the first convenient stage halt. In gratitude for his timely assistance the minister besought Woolley to remain in Philadelphia over Sunday and preach to his congregation. Whereupon Woolley confessed he was not a minister, and that he could not even class himself as a believer. In parting his advice to the minister was to never venture into water over his head until he learned how to swim. No law school in the United States, then or since, had or has had, an abler faculty than Transylvania had during the incumbency of Judge Robertson, Judge Marshall and Judge Woolley. Senator Beck said of the latter that he was the greatest interpreter of the common law he had ever known, or, in his opinion, of any English jurist.

At a meeting of the board of trustees held on the 12th day of March, 1841, Benjamin Gratz offered the following resolution:

The Trustees of Transylvania University most deeply lament the loss of the late Rich. H. Menifee, Esq., an alumnus of this Institution, whose genius and pure morals reflected honor on Kentucky and presented a noble example for imitation to her Sons. Resolved that the Son of the late R. H. Menifee, Esq., has the privilege of being educated free of charge in all the departments of Transylvania and the chairman be requested to communicate to his widow this act of the Trustees and the unfeigned sympathy they feel for her bereavement.

Menifee graduated in the class of 1832, and was one of the most brilliant products of Transylvania. Justice Harlan, a graduate of the class of 1852, visited his *alma mater* in 1908, and from the ros-

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trum at Morrison Hall on November 23, thus referred to his college days:

I remember, when here, of sitting at the feet of some of the greatest judges and lawyers that ever appeared in this or, I believe, any other country. George Robertson, Thomas A. Marshall, A. K. Woolley and Madison C. Johnson were the professors or teachers in the law school when I had the honor to be a member of it, and I undertake to say that no law school that has ever existed in this country or, in my judgment, in any other country, has had at the same time as professors and teachers of the science of law four greater lawyers than those four that I have named. If George Robertson and Thomas A. Marshall had been placed upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States in their early years, they would have left a reputation as great as that of Chief Justice Marshall. No greater lawyer, in the largest sense of the word, ever lived in this country, in my judgment, than Madison C. Johnson. He deserves to be ranked by the side of Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate and lawyers of that kind.

This institution, I believe, trained the greatest orator of his day in America—Thomas F. Marshall. There was connected with it that marvelous young man, taken away from this life when he was very young, of whom it has been said—and probably it is true—that he was the most extraordinary man ever born in the State of Kentucky, and that was Richard Hickman Menefee.

With the approach of the Civil War such was the state of feeling that prevailed between the sections no effort was made to continue the law department after the retirement of Judge Robertson in 1858. During the more than twenty years he had been professor at Transylvania it is said he instructed in their profession no fewer than three thousand lawyers, two thousand of whom graduated under his instruction. As Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals he will be remembered as the greatest judge that ever sat in that court, able as have been many of its members. It is said of him that he was the only American State judge whose opinions were quoted in the House of Lords.

When he associated himself with the work of the law school Judge Robertson used these prophetic words to the class:

Her fate (Transylvania) depends in no inconsiderable degree on the conduct of her sons. They may reflect honor, and raise her, or bring shame and sink her in the opinion of a scrutinizing public; and

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none of those who will be nourished at her breast will have more influence on her destinies than the pupils of her law department.

Judge Robertson instilled into every class he taught two distinct admonitions. The first was: "Meditation is necessary to a full knowledge of the law." Second: "Talents however bright, knowledge however great, will be unavailing or pernicious without habitual industry, systematic prudence and perfect honor."

These admonitions should be instilled into every student of the law from the outset, and so impressed upon him that they would govern his entire professional career.

In his reminiscences after retirement this distinguished jurist thus referred to his connection with the institution and the twenty years spent by him in its service:

In 1834 I accepted the professorship of Common Law, Equity and International Law, public and private, and on July 4, 1835, I settled in Lexington, where I still reside. The professorship I retained until 1858, where I helped to make more than twelve hundred lawyers, scattered over the United States, but principally over the Western, Southern and Northwestern States and Territories. They left me all right in fundamental politics, and many of them have become distinguished jurists and Statesmen, occupying high places at the bar, on the bench and in the legislative councils State and National. For the labor and privation encountered in their tutelage, I feel more than compensated by the assuring hope that the seed I sowed will, by its wholesome fructification, help to save our institutions and bless our posterity.

With the retirement of Judge Robertson the activities of the law department practically ceased. Some fugitive attempts in the way of reorganization were made from time to time, following the Civil War, but they all failed for want of support. The names of Nicholas, Brown, Clay, Pope, Breckinridge, Barry, Boyle, Robertson, Mayes, Marshall, Bledsoe, Woolley and Madison C. Johnson, instructors at what was once the leading law school in the United States, may not be as familiar to the present generation as they were to those who laid the foundation of the Nation and State, but in the words of Jesus-ben-Sirach, "they were honored in their generation and were the glory of their time, and their seed shall remain forever."

Democratizing Aspects of the American Revolution

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I



F the vast amount of attention which historians have given to the American Revolution by far the greater portion has been devoted to what we may call its more external aspects. Those, broadly, may be said to include numerous dramatic incidents preceding the declaration of independence, the formal severing of political bonds connecting the American Colonies with England, and the subsequent confused armed conflict eventuating in a definitive treaty of peace.

Indubitably a knowledge of these developments is essential to an understanding of what we term the American Revolution. It is possible, however, that the emphasis placed upon them has tended to minimize the importance of equally revolutionary and significant if less obtrusive internal readjustments which that conflict immediately entailed. The actual winning of independence was an important part, but only a part, of the exceedingly varied revolutionary activity particularly in evidence from 1776 until 1783. More specifically, while the leaders in the independence movement were striving to destroy a highly complex edifice, they were compelled, simultaneously, to build another to take its place. They must, to quote the Declaration of Independence, "institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its power in such form, as shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

The attempt to achieve both independence and a new governmental system carried with it powerful political and social implications. To exactly what extent the Revolution was in its origins, course, and net results a democratic movement it may be impossible to state because of numerous more or less imponderable elements involved. Certainly it is not the purpose of the present writer to

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attempt in this limited essay a precise evaluation. Rather, it is to select various internal aspects of the Revolution which in themselves, and within certain limits, reveal a fostering of the spirit of equality, wider participation in government, more untrammelled activity in economic matters, and greater freedom with respect to religion.

II

It would be false to assert that the American Revolution obliterated class distinctions in America, or that when the men who framed and adopted the Declaration of Independence asserted as a self-evident fact that "all men are created equal," they with one accord proposed as a part of their revolutionary program to abolish negro slavery. Contemporary evidence, however, can be cited to show that in Philadelphia as in many other communities the words of the Declaration and the emphasis currently placed upon natural rights were recognized as contradictory to the holding of negroes in bondage. Jefferson, for example, was so deeply moved by this glaring inconsistency that he wrote: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever." Luther Martin, of Maryland, asserted that the slave trade was "inconsistent to the principles of the Revolution and dishonorable to the American character." Patrick Henry, who had once shouted, "Give me liberty or give me death," freely admitted the contradiction between his own professions and practice. "Is it," he wrote to a friend, "not amazing, that at a time when the rights of Humanity are defined and understood with precision in a Country above all others fond of Liberty: that in such an Age and such a Country, we find men professing a Religion the most humane, mild, meek, gentle and generous, adopting a Principle as repugnant to humanity as it is inconsistent with the Bible and destructive to Liberty. . . . Would anyone believe that I am Master of Slaves of my own purchase! I am drawn along by the general Inconvenience of living without them; I will not, I cannot justify it."

Evidences of an attempt to make practice coincide with profession are abundant for the period. First, the slave trade was vigorously attacked in both North and South. Even before independence had been declared Rhode Island, Connecticut, and the Continental Congress had shown the way. In 1774 Rhode Island passed a law which

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provided that slaves brought into the Colony thereafter should be free. A similar law was enacted in Connecticut the same year; and the Continental Congress through the "Association" forbade the importation of slaves after December 1, 1775. In 1776 Delaware prohibited the further importation of slaves into that State from Africa. Virginia, under the leadership of Jefferson, followed suit in 1778, as did Pennsylvania in 1780, and Maryland in 1783. During the latter year the Constitution of New Hampshire forbade all importation of slaves; and in 1784 and 1785, respectively, Connecticut and Rhode Island renewed their laws against the traffic. Indeed, the decade following the declaration of independence witnessed the erection of a barrier against slave importation in almost all the states—although a considerable number of northern vessels succeeded in breaking through at various points.

Meanwhile the emancipation movement was in progress—particularly in the North, where slave-holding was less profitable, hence less firmly entrenched. Here manumission societies were formed and a fairly concerted effort was made to rid the land of slavery. Rhode Island had, in 1774, prohibited the holding of slaves within the Colony, if brought in after that date. Vermont's Constitution of July 8, 1777, provided for outright abolition. Pennsylvania outlawed slavery in 1780; Massachusetts, the following year. Notable gains during the Revolution and soon thereafter were also made in New Hampshire, New York, and New Jersey. In the South the emancipation movement was chiefly restricted to manumission of slaves by individuals. In that region the amount of slave property was too great to make possible the eradication of what most Southerners at that time agreed to be a necessary evil. Changing conditions, and particularly the extension of the Industrial Revolution, would in time cause Southerners generally to regard slavery as no evil at all. Some of their ablest leaders, indeed, would eventually insist that both economically and morally slavery was "a positive good." But in the North, where the Revolution tended to raise the status of the negro, the effects of that elevation remained more constant.

III

After the formal severing of political relations with Great Britain, and while Washington was being driven from New York in the dis-

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couraging campaign of 1776, the people of the several states were busily engaged in what John Adams called the "manufacture of governments." This task, which had to be performed in the face of invasion and of loyalist opposition, was a staggering one. Not only did it necessitate the overcoming of great physical odds; it involved the creation of republics which while retaining certain features of the old colonial governments, must be shaped to conform to dominant political ideals underlying the struggle for independence. Experience and theory, the tried and the untried, must be made to go hand in hand.

In the Declaration of Independence was an admirable summary of theory and practice which might be useful to the organizers of new State governments. The Declaration, at the outset, presented a theory regarding the origin and nature of civil government, and in its later paragraphs inveighed against British governmental misdeeds. To realize in actual practice, to place in institutional form, this theory of popular government, and to create machinery designed to prevent a recurrence of the numerous abuses listed in the Declaration would, obviously, be an objective of the Founding Fathers. That it was, there can be no doubt.

The work of the government makers of Massachusetts conformed perhaps more closely to the ideas set forth in the Declaration than did that of the framers of the government in the other states. Throughout the several commonwealths haste, confusion, and other circumstances prevented the setting up of a government in what is now considered the normal way. Even in Massachusetts the first draught (1779) of a State Constitution was rejected, in part because it was thought to be too "high-toned," and in part because the procedure involved in its preparation was deemed to be capricious. The next attempt was more carefully made. Steps were taken to have a constitutional convention called for the sole and express purpose of preparing a State Constitution. This convention then draughted a Constitution which was submitted to town meetings for approval or rejection. Here it was discussed at great length, and many amendments were suggested. Finally, it was returned to the reassembled convention, which declared the Constitution "established by and for the inhabitants of Massachusetts." Thus eventually was approved the organic law of the State. In accordance with it, and under it, the

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government should operate. That government's powers were purely derivative; they were based upon the "consent of the governed"; and not with impunity could the magistrates of Massachusetts exceed this purely delegated authority.

Other features of State Constitution-making which tended to safeguard old rights or to establish new principles are to be found in the numerous bills of rights; in the curtailment of executive powers which had been so grossly abused during the colonial period; and in a very considerable extension of the suffrage. It has often been pointed out that much was left to be desired in the last-named respect inasmuch as property qualifications for voting and officeholding continued to be almost universal. Democratizing forces had, however, been unleashed, and with the westward march of population immediately after the Revolution, many of the remaining property barriers were to be swept away.

IV

Turning to the broad field of economic enterprise, we find that within certain limits the Revolution was, here, too, a democratizing force. Land ownership, manufacturing, and commerce, particularly, underwent a marked transformation; and in that transforming process great numbers of individuals obtained wider economic opportunity.

Of primary concern in a country which was chiefly agrarian at the outbreak of the Revolution were the changes which that movement wrought with respect to land. It will be recalled that the royal proclamation of 1763 and the Quebec Act of 1774 had restrained large scale western colonization and had consequently rankled as serious grievances in the minds of frontiersmen and land speculators. The Revolution swept away these obstacles to expansion. It reasserted immediately the claims of the erstwhile colonies, now states, and of the Union as a whole. Moreover, it made possible within a brief span of years after hostilities had ended the formation and adoption of a new colonial system which in the breadth of its opportunities to individuals and corporate communities was completely at variance with the old British system of territorial management. Room for expansion, exclusion of slavery, emphasis on educational facilities, more generous provisions regarding inheritance, opportunities for populous communities to enter the Union on terms

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of equality with the original states—these were developments set in motion by and inseparably linked with the struggle for independence.

Another circumstance in the creation of a new landholding régime was the confiscation of hundreds of loyalist estates, which were ultimately divided into small holdings. The estate of Roger Morris, of New York, was distributed among two hundred and fifty persons; that of the De Lanceys among two hundred and seventy-five. Other splendid properties which were seized by the states and redistributed among small holders (including many Revolutionary veterans) were those of Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, Sir William Johnson of New York, the Penn family of Pennsylvania, Henry Harford of Maryland, Lord Fairfax of Virginia, and James Wright of Georgia. The State of New York alone had by 1782 confiscated loyalist lands to the value of \$2,500,000 in specie. Particularly significant in New York's disposal of the lands thus acquired is the fact that the State by legislative enactment sought to prevent the redistribution of these lands in tracts of more than five hundred acres.

Intimately associated with the breaking up of loyalist estates, and illustrating the leveling tendencies of the period, was a concerted attempt to abolish primogeniture and entails. These were two effective legal devices by means of which the landed gentry in America prior to the Revolution had succeeded in transmitting their estates intact to their eldest sons, or, by will, preventing heirs from alienating family property acquired through inheritances. In five states (New York, New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia) primogeniture and entails were particularly well rooted in 1776. Within ten years, however, these states had abolished those devices; and by 1791 every State in the Union had liberalized its land laws with respect to inheritances.

Perhaps of less immediate importance to the country as a whole, but of prime concern to New England, was the democratizing influence of the Revolution upon manufacturing and shipping. Prior to 1776 each of these fields of activity had been restricted by British mercantilist legislation. Laws designed to prevent the development of American manufactures which would compete with those of England, navigation acts which would exclude American merchantmen from numerous lucrative markets had accumulated on the statute books from the middle of the seventeenth century. These laws were not

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ordinarily very troublesome to the colonists—at least when not rigorously enforced, and virtually unenforced they remained until near the close of the Seven Years' War. But for more than a decade thereafter the central authorities with an hitherto unknown persistence sought to make this largely illiberal legislation really effective. Grenville, Townshend, Lord North—these three ministers loomed particularly large in the imperial muddling which led eventually to Revolution. Meanwhile American non-importation agreements occasioned by British enforcement measures foreshadowed the rise of American manufactures and, coupled with other forms of protest, made clear the viciousness of England's mercantilist policy. At the outbreak of the Revolution the British devices for restraining manufacturing and commerce were rejected by the Americans. The latter might thereafter, theoretically at least, manufacture whatever they wished and seek markets on any portion of the globe. In actual practice, of course, there were numerous limitations imposed by the exigencies of war, the weakness of the Confederation Congress, the unwillingness of some manufacturing and commercial nations to coöperate with the New American Republic. But the potentialities were there; and extensive use was made of them during and following the period of hostilities, with ultimately satisfying results.

V

Prior to the Revolution there existed in the Thirteen Colonies a close relationship between church and State. In the South the Anglican Church was the established religious institution, and for its support all inhabitants were required to pay taxes. Dissenting churches, such as the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist existed only by sufferance, although they had gradually gained strength through the tireless labors of their clergy. These persons, Edmund Randolph wrote, placed their reliance not "upon the dead letter of written sermons; they understood the mechanism of haranguing." Such progress did they make in recruiting membership that, according to Jefferson, by 1776 two-thirds of the people of Virginia were dissenters. Deeply resenting the intimate connection between church and government they found in the Revolution a means of serving it.

In the Virginia Bill of Rights of 1776 the convention declared that "all men are entitled to freedom of conscience." Here was

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stated a guiding principle which was immediately applied by permitting certain regiments to have dissenting chaplains. In 1779 Jefferson prepared a bill which, had it passed, would have brought about a complete separation of church and State. It failed temporarily, but a short time later legislation was enacted to relieve all citizens from paying taxes to the Established Church. This practically ended the Establishment; and complete separation of church and government was finally achieved in 1786 with the passage of Jefferson's bill of 1779. This measure, of which Jefferson was exceedingly proud, prohibited all governmental interference in church affairs, and granted complete freedom of religious opinion.

In other states a trend similar to that in Virginia was pronounced during the Revolution. The Anglican Church in thinly settled North Carolina had been greatly weakened by the growth of dissenting bodies by 1776; hence it was with comparatively little difficulty that in the autumn of that year the foes of Anglicanism won a smashing victory, the North Carolina Constitution and Bill of Rights guaranteeing complete religious freedom in the matter of church attendance and maintenance. In South Carolina the disestablishment occurred in 1778 with the adoption of a Constitution which provided for the placing of all Protestant denominations on an equal basis with respect to religious and civil liberties. The Georgia Constitution of 1777 also declared for the exercise of religious freedom. In Maryland, where taxes were heavy for the maintenance of the Anglican Church, the Establishment was ended in 1776 by the Bill of Rights, forbidding further taxation to support the ministers, and granting complete freedom of choice in the matter of church attendance. In New York, where the connection between the Anglican Church and the government was only nominal, a separation was automatically effected at the outbreak of the Revolution. Elsewhere in the Middle States the Revolution had less relation to religious establishments and freedom of conscience than in the commonwealths already mentioned. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware maintained no Established Church, and except for occasional harsh treatment of Catholics were hospitable to a multitude of religious groups.

Turning to New England, we find that here the Congregational Church, except in Rhode Island, was supported by the State, hence at the outbreak of the Revolution possessed a distinct advantage over

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other religious denominations. In Massachusetts, for example, Congregational churches were maintained by public taxation, and the selection of ministers was largely political in character. Baptists, Quakers, and Episcopalians were in some instances exempt from rendering financial support to the Established Church, but members of the less prominent religious groups were not so fortunate. The Massachusetts Constitution of 1780 inveighed against the "subordination of any one sect or denomination to another," but some of its religious features were capable of a very narrow interpretation and resulted in hardships for persons who were not members of the Congregational group. It nevertheless served to some extent as a foundation upon which church equality might ultimately be built. In New Hampshire the ecclesiastical situation was essentially like that in Massachusetts during the Revolution, and remained similar after the adoption of the Constitution of 1784. Indeed, the liberalizing process was perhaps even slower in New Hampshire than in Massachusetts. Connecticut, too, vigorously rejected the granting of church equality—although in 1777 dissenters known as "Separates" were under certain conditions exempted from paying taxes to support the Established Church. Some further gains were made here by the dissenters in 1784; but as in the greater portion of New England they were comparatively slight. This was due, in part at least, to widespread fear that the separation of church and government would result in impairment of morals.

In retrospect we may repeat that the American Revolution involved far more than the obtaining of political independence from England. It was also, within certain limits, a social revolution whereby the firm grip of privilege was in numerous instances loosened, and greater opportunity was acquired for populous groups which had hitherto been sharply discriminated against. The leveling tendencies did not, to be sure, result in universal emancipation of slaves, in a removal of all property qualifications for voting and office holding, in complete equality with reference to economic opportunity, or in Nation-wide separation of church and State. But considerable progress had been made in that direction—at least enough to compel a recognition of the fact that the Revolution was in certain respects an important step in the development of American democracy.

The Americanization of the Peoples of Hawaii

BY DR. ROMANZO ADAMS,

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NOW that the Territory of Hawaii is seeking admission into the American Union as a State, a question is being raised as to the present and prospective Americanization of its people. Are the people in general so far Americanized that, as citizens of a State, they could be expected to govern themselves successfully and to discharge their obligations to the Nation, or may it be supposed that they will be so Americanized in the reasonably near future? This question has especial reference to the large section of the population that has no experience or family tradition of residence in the mainland of the United States.

The civilian population of Hawaii is (1935) about 360,000. About two-thirds of this number are of Oriental birth or ancestry—Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Filipino. About one-seventh are of European birth, or of Hawaiian birth and European ancestry. About one-sixth, including mixed blood descendants, are of the old native Polynesian stock. The Americans of mainland birth or ancestry contribute a scant three per cent. of the total civilian population. Because of the smallness of this group it has been held that the Americanization of the various immigrant peoples is doubtful or improbable. Indeed, some have predicted the Orientalization of the population and this is what might be expected if the issue were to be determined by numbers merely and according to ancestry or race.

Experience, however, shows that there may be other factors of greater importance than numerical preponderance. The early seventeenth century English colonists in Virginia and Massachusetts were not Indianized although they learned certain things, such as the use of corn and tobacco, from the Indians. What is distinctive in American life is not a thing that was taken over from the earlier residents, but something that has been developed from within. Under the conditions of life in America there have been special problems of social adjustment. The people have, in practical ways, tried to solve these

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problems and the outcome expressed in terms of habits, manners, laws, customs, ideas, ideals, standards and sentiment is what we mean when we talk about Americanism.

Doubtless the Americanism of the future will develop in a similar way and in response to conditions as they shall be. Moreover, in the future development of Americanism, the descendants of the newer immigrants will have a part.

The experience of the Pennsylvania Germans and their descendants is instructive. When Washington was inaugurated as the first President of the United States the German-speaking people—the so-called “Pennsylvania Dutch”—lived apart from the English-speaking, mainly in farm neighborhoods and villages. Since the families were largely self-sufficient in the economic sense there were few business transactions, and only in part did such transactions involve contact with the English-speaking. Intimate social contacts were almost wholly lacking. The “Dutch” had their own churches which served as centers of a neighborhood social life and rarely, if at all, was there a marriage between the “Dutch” and the English-speaking people. The English-speaking tended to look down on the “Dutch” and, to the extent that the “Dutch” were aware of this, there was humiliation or resentment.

But early in the nineteenth century many Pennsylvanians moved into southeastern Ohio—both English-speaking and German-speaking. In the Ohio neighborhoods the Dutch were not segregated. Their children and the children of the English-speaking parentage attended schools together. Dutch names that were hard for Americans to spell or pronounce were Americanized. Kohler became Coler, Schmid became Smith. After two generations “Pennsylvania Dutch” was a lost language save for a few old people. In Ohio social relations across ancestral lines became more intimate. More or less the whole neighborhood attended the same church. Inter-marriage between the Dutch and the English, Irish and Scotch became somewhat common. Nevertheless the people with German names knew of their German ancestry and so did their neighbors. There was the memory of a German-speaking grandfather who came from Pennsylvania.

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A little after the middle of the century many of these Ohio people with English, Irish, Scotch and Americanized German names, moved to a county in Wisconsin, where many of their descendants still reside. For the most part the present generation of young people are quite ignorant as to their European origins. They do not recognize Coler as a German name, McDaniel as Scotch, Calhoon as Irish, Davis as Welsh, or Clark as English. All of these are just American names. "Our folks came from Ohio." The Wisconsin descendants of the eighteenth century "Pennsylvania Dutch" constitute an indistinguishable part of the "old stock" American population. Most of the people are, in fact, of a complex mixed origin with some combination of English, German, Irish and Scotch ancestry. Just what the combination may be is not known, commonly, and it is of no importance from the standpoint of social relations.

Whether the American immigrants of the more recent period are to be fully Americanized in a comparable period of time depends on the persistence of fundamental conditions favorable to their assimilation. In the earlier period of American history the assimilation of immigrant peoples took place under pioneer conditions mainly. If one were to hold that the *essential* conditions were those of pioneer life in a scantily populated country he would be dubious as to the Americanization of the urban descendants of the more recent immigrants and the doubt would extend to those of European as well as to those of Asiatic origin. But, while pioneer life has been related historically to the development of American traits, there is ground for the belief that the more important of these traits will survive pioneer times.

From the standpoint of the present interest the outstanding difference between life in America and life in most of the countries from which our immigrants have come is best stated in terms of freedom. Most of the immigrants came from villages in which their families had lived from time immemorial. The ancestors of some had been bound as serfs in a not distant past and even after serfdom was legally abolished ignorance, ancient custom and poverty prevented them from attaining any great degree of freedom. One was born to a certain status. Those of superior status could keep it without competitive

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struggle and those of the humbler status ordinarily did not feel that they could do anything to improve it. The sons succeeded their fathers in place of residence, in occupation and in social standing and they married on their own level.

But, once in America, the immigrants are free to move from place to place and this freedom of movement symbolizes other sorts of freedom. One does not follow the traditional family occupation, but makes choice from the standpoint of ability, interest and advantage. He finds educational opportunity more nearly equal and this opens up the possibility of a career for his sons. Higher wages means opportunity to accumulate property and the ownership of property means freedom to choose in relation to many things. To the extent that democratic traditions prevail, power and honor tend to go, not according to tradition or ancestry, but according to ability and character. The freedom of America has meant opportunity for achievement and it means this yet.

More than is commonly realized, the intensity of the competitive struggle in America is an outcome of the large immigration of the last hundred years. No matter what the old country status of an immigrant, he cannot bring it with him and so in America he is under the necessity of winning a position for himself. The achievements by which Americans measure progress belong, in exceptional measure, to those sections of the country in which there have been many immigrants.

For a time most of the members of an immigrant group are interested mainly in winning a desirable status within their own group. In order to win such status a man must be successful in utilizing the new opportunities found in America and at the same time he must, for the most part, conform to the old country moral standards. This means that there is, at first, a fairly rapid Americanization on the side of technology, but not much on the side of things greatly affected with sentiment. The immigrant may use the English language in the factory and the market place, but his mother tongue is preferred at home and in the place of worship. He uses an American car, but continues to observe the old country festivals.

But sooner or later the immigrants reach a point where they desire recognition in the larger community and, if such recognition appears to be attainable on the basis of character and ability, many

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will seek it. It is a matter of observation that for a time Americans hold themselves aloof from the foreigners in their midst and that after a while the foreigners are accepted as real members of the community. Just how this takes place is a story that needs to be told, but cannot be told here. Suffice it to say that if a man is accepted in a neighborhood group he must accept its customs, conform to its standards, and participate in the group sentiment. An immigrant is not really Americanized until he is Americanized at the level of the loyalties.

But in a society with strong caste tendencies the attainment of a satisfactory status in the larger community may be very difficult or even impossible. In that case effort runs in a different direction. One, perforce, must accept such status as his own immigrant or racial group can confer upon him and he emphasizes the narrower group loyalty, cultivates its distinctive traditions and resists changes that would tend to weaken group solidarity.

While the Americanization of the peoples of Hawaii is far from complete, it is not difficult to report progress in respect to many important matters. Probably the most evident progress is in the economic field. Excepting in rice growing and a few other minor occupational activities, the immigrants learn to use American tools and machines and to work in American ways pretty promptly. There is a greater use of money and credit than was customary in the countries of origin and old country business methods gradually pass away.

Strictly speaking, the immigrants did not, in their old home villages, have a *standard* of living, but they had a customary *way* of living. Since their customs could not be reinstated unmodified in Hawaii they were under the necessity of working out a new way of living. Typically, a man observed more or less the way other people lived. He reflected about his situation and made plans which he tried to carry out. A plan implies purpose—a goal of achievement, an ideal. That is, when one *plans* his life instead of following custom merely, he creates standards and the standards serve for the organization of his activities. The importance of the development of personal standards on the part of the people of foreign origin is that when activity is controlled by a plan and judged by a standard it is no longer according to ancient custom. Through the emergence of standards of

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living there is a slow but sure breakdown of much of the old country custom—of the part that is obstructive from the standpoint of purposes. Under the influence of the developing standards of living the immigrant peoples are acquiring property, they are giving their sons and daughters better educational opportunities, they are struggling for an improved personal social status.

Among the Chinese and Japanese, sentiment for their traditional family system is being weakened so much that one may expect to see it disappear soon after the immigrant generation shall have passed away. Since most of what is distinctive in the Chinese and Japanese moral order is associated with their family system the passing of this system will go toward the elimination of the personality traits that seem to Americans to be distinctively Oriental.

Now that immigration to Hawaii seems to be about ended, progress in the acquisition of the English language is coming to be more evident. Commonly, the first generation of Hawaiian-born use English as their principal language after they are separated from their parents and members of the second generation are almost wholly English-speaking. While the accent and the structure of the spoken English is often far from perfect, it is improving. Nevertheless, the future English of Hawaiian people may be expected to differ a little from that of Californians—to differ as much, possibly, as the English of Californians differs from that of old Americans in Vermont or South Carolina. After two generations the immigrant peoples of Hawaii will have lost their ancestral languages and hence their contact with the distinctive systems of thought that find expression in those languages. Even at the present time there is evidence that the native-born youth of Oriental ancestry have so limited a command of their parents' mother tongue that satisfactory communication relating to old country traditions is impossible.

The practical interests of the immigrants and their children are mainly in Hawaii and such old country interests as survive are decreasing steadily. For the younger people Hawaii is native land and the sentiment that is associated with childhood memories belongs to Hawaii.

A question as to whether the American mainland will see the full Americanization of some of its immigrant peoples in the course of a

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century or two may be debated. In some states marriage between white people and those of Oriental ancestry is forbidden by law—that is, the old laws originally designed to prevent intermarriage between whites and negroes have been interpreted as applying to white-Oriental marriage. In the case of some of the European immigrant peoples—those who have come mainly in the last fifty years—there is sufficient adverse sentiment almost to prevent intermarriage between them and the Americans of the old stock. Since marriage practice serves to indicate the nature of social relations generally we may regard the law and the sentiment to which reference has been made as evidence of a caste tendency. The real question relates to the persistence of this tendency. Are the attitudes and the doctrines that are tending to keep these various European and Asiatic immigrant groups apart from each other and from the people of the old American stock likely to be permanent, or are they merely incidents characteristic of the earlier stages of contact in America and likely to pass away unobserved as was the case with the descendants of the “Pennsylvania Dutch”? Or will the attitudes be enduring in some cases and transient in others?

As the question is thus stated it is not a question as to the capacity of the immigrant peoples to acquire typical American traits, but of the attitudes and practices of the American people—the Americans of the old stock—those of pre-Revolutionary English, Irish, Scotch, German and French ancestry. If we set up and perpetuate laws, social rituals and doctrines designed to deny to the men and women of some immigrant groups full and free recognition on the basis of personal merit the tendency toward caste will be enduring and we shall not be able to look forward to a time when the descendants of all the immigrant peoples will have become one people without social distinction based on ancestry, and when all will be bound together by common memories, common interests and common loyalties. But if the existing obstacles to social relations of the more intimate sort are gradually eliminated as the more obvious marks of foreignness disappear, the descendants of all the immigrant peoples will be Americans in the full sense of the word.

I do not, at this point, make any forecast as to probable developments in American mainland communities. The above discussion is merely introductory to a statement as to the important factor in the

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Hawaiian situation. In Hawaii the doctrine of racial equality prevails. The public schools give their opportunities to the children of all races without discrimination and all the races are represented in a single school. Men and women of all races meet at social functions and treat each other with courtesy as equals. The men of superior ability of any race may reach positions of power and honor. A man of any race is legally free to marry a woman of any other race and many persons do marry out of their own racial group. Even for the Japanese there is an increasing rate of out-marriage. Freedom in marriage implies the existence of other sorts of freedom. A man of any race may practice law or be appointed to a judicial position; he may, as a physician, practice in any hospital; he may be employed as a teacher in the public schools or he may be a business or professional partner of a man of any other race. All adult citizens have full political rights and such rights are exercised freely.

It is clear that under the influence of American democratic traditions, the descendants of the present immigrant groups will come to feel more and more that their interests are in America—more particularly, in Hawaii, and since loyalty is largely a by-product of fair and equal treatment they will share in the common loyalty irrespective of national or racial origin. Indeed, one may look forward to a not distant future when it will be impossible to raise any significant issues in connection with race or ancestry because so many of the people will be of complex mixed ancestry.

And still one may raise a question as to the character of the future loyalty of the Hawaiian people. Granting that the citizens of Hawaii will be bound together by common loyalties, will their loyalty be to national American interests and ideals or will it fall short of this? Before trying to answer this question it is necessary to point out that in the United States there are sectional as well as national loyalties. Under favorable conditions the existence of such sectional loyalties appears to be desirable. Sectional traits may be adaptive to the special local conditions and local loyalties may supplement and reinforce national loyalties. It is a function of education as represented by schools, the press and other agencies of communication to prevent the development of local traits or sentiment of such a character as to jeopardize national interests.

I would not contend that the people of Hawaii will ever possess precisely the same traits as those of rural New England people or of

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mountain whites in the South. Nor will they be just like the people of New York City or New Orleans.

Doubtless there will always be something distinctive in Hawaiian life and there will be local sentiment natural to the situation and reminiscent of Hawaii's historic past. The memories and legends of the old native people will continue to be treasured and future literary artists will tell the stories of the first century of contact between the old Hawaiians and the immigrants from Europe, America and Asia.

While the American national holidays are observed in Hawaii, we have certain special festal days to commemorate events of purely local interest. Probably the architecture of the future will be more distinctive and better adapted to local climatic conditions. One may expect a local development of literature and the fine arts that will utilize the romance of local history and legend and the natural beauty of the situation.

But in respect to the things that are nationally American Hawaii will be much like the other parts of the country. Economic interests are bound up with those of the mainland. Insofar as intellectual interests are influenced by literature, the movies and the radio they will be about like those of the rest of America.

Politically, Hawaii is organized according to American custom. Always practice falls short of the ideal. Successful self-government in a democracy calls for much wisdom and for high character. In part, the qualifications for useful political participation come from experience. If the political participation of foreign-born who have no tradition of political activity involves a certain jeopardy to American institutions, the position of Hawaii seems to be more fortunate than that of many mainland communities. For the most part, the foreign-born of Hawaii are ineligible to naturalization. Nearly all of our voters are native-born and they have been educated in the schools and in various community organizations. Most of the boys and girls participate in the activities of voluntary coöperative societies or clubs, some of which are fostered by the schools and others by private organizations such as baseball leagues, the Boy Scouts or the Young Women's Christian Association. To a greater extent than is commonly realized the participation of young people in such democratically governed organizations is a preparation for the discharge of political responsibilities. As I see it, the Hawaiian Territorial

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government compares favorably with the State governments from the standpoint of efficiency and justice and I would credit much of our governmental success to the well devised plans for the education of youth.

The present outlook is for citizens who will be as fully committed to the principles of democracy as mainland Americans are. They will be jealous of their rights under a "free government." Hawaii will continue to provide good educational opportunity for all to the end that citizens generally shall be the better qualified for the discharge of their political and social responsibilities and so that individuals of every race and class may have opportunity to achieve careers according to ability and character.



The Greatest American Woman

Life of Lucretia Mott, Social Pioneer


BY LLOYD C. M. HARE

(AUTHOR OF "THOMAS MAYHEW: PATRIARCH TO THE INDIANS"
[1932])

THE THIRD OF FOUR PARTS

CHAPTER XIV

THE RETURN TO AMERICA

HE memory of the voyage to the far-famed land of England lingered long in Lucretia's memory. The excitement of meeting "enlarged minds," the lively change of scenery and the exhilarating breezes of Atlantic travel, restored Lucretia's health.

The voyage home was pleasant. Very little sick after the third day out, she was up and about ship the greater part of the voyage. Her interest in persons extended into the steerage when she learned that the vessel was carrying a large number of Irish emigrants to America. She asked that she might be allowed to address these men. Word was returned to her that the embryo American politicians in the steerage did not care to attend a religious meeting held by a woman, especially a non-Catholic. This did not daunt her. She requested that the emigrants come together to consider whether they would have a meeting.

This seemed innocuous to the sons of Erin, who were herded onto deck where Lucretia greeted them and explained how different was her idea of a meeting from a church service such as they were accustomed to; she informed them that she had no thought of saying anything derogatory to that service, or of the priests who ministered to them; that her heart was drawn to them in sympathy as they were leaving the land of their fathers to establish new homes in an unfamiliar country. She wanted to address them as to their habits and

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aims in their everyday life in such a way as to help them in the land of strangers.

Then she asked if they were willing to listen while she gave them an outline of what she wanted to say. Drawn on by silent consent, she delivered the whole of her message. Only the keenest witted of her hearers awoke to the fact, as they went out, that they had listened to the preaching of "the woman priest" after all. This amusing evidence of dove-like guile greatly impressed the master of the vessel, who gave the story circulation.

The return from England found Lucretia anxious to do continued battle for the slave. She had been convinced while abroad that much depended on the activity of women. Men had shown themselves weak in resistance to arguments of expediency and had allowed themselves to be consumed by intestine commotion over religious and sex questions.

In the winter of 1841 she set forth upon one of the many lecture tours that characterized her activities at this period of life, and which took her to the capitols of Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, where she plead the cause of the negro before audiences of legislators and their friends.

She took occasion to revisit Smyrna, Delaware, where Daniel Neall had been tarred and feathered. She and James found a large crowd of curious spectators congregated on the piazza of the town's only tavern to greet them as they rode into the village. Many persons and their dogs followed their vehicle to the meetinghouse a short distance through the town, contributing a motley picture as they trudged along behind the carriage driven by the snow-haired James, who peered benignly through spectacles for a glimpse of his destination, his black Quaker coat with upstanding collar contrasting sharply with the gentler tones of costume worn by the sweet-faced woman at his side who sat erect, her forearms crossed primly in her lap, her knitting laid to one side.

The audience at the lecture (though doubtful of Lucretia's good sense) was quiet and orderly, save one man, the leader of the previous ruction, who this time satisfied himself by leaving the hall in ostentatious disapproval when the topic of slavery was touched.

"Truth reigned," commented James of his wife's discourse, "and some 'who came to scoff, remained to pray.'"

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But praying was not done on the outside by the unidentified person who removed the linchpin from the carriage, a discovery the Motts were not long in making when they attempted to drive away and one of the wheels started to slide off its axle-tree.

The necessary repair gave the populace time to cluster at the tavern like flies around spilt beer. Small boys and men huddled against the March winds while they watched the Abolitionists in curious silence—peculiar people who had had the audacity to come back and repeat their unjust and unconstitutional doctrine of man's equality.

Abreast the tavern, James hailed the landlord and asked for dinner and feed for the horses, but "mine host" was much agitated. He'd be obliged to them if they would excuse him from giving service—there was so much excitement—he breathlessly feared the consequences. The Motts drove away. James was pleased to think the fifty or more persons standing in silence about the tavern's door were mortified more than he or Lucretia at the landlord's cowardice.

And so the Abolitionists drove out of the land of Smyrna to the home of a friend, a distance of thirteen miles.

Ostracized by society both polite and impolite, Abolitionists sought the company of each other in their travels. When they came to Philadelphia the habit grew to call at the Mott home. Those who had been delegates to the London convention took especial pleasure in this practice.

Lucretia explained how "we have been from house to house in social parties, when we have talked over many of the scenes through which we passed so pleasantly together. The high-handed measures to which some of us were subjected were placed in the far-distant background, as well as the petty indulgence of the spirit of sectarianism; while very near to our view, as well as to our hearts' best feelings, were the great kindness and attention of our many dear friends. It ever affords a delightful retrospect."

There was a binding tie of affection among the band of rejected women. Lucretia regretted that "dear Mary Grew" lived so far from her, "quite in the lower part of the city," as to be unable to meet with her often when friends were present. Sarah Pugh so late as 1878 was to accompany Lucretia, both of them ancient women, to an anniversary meeting of the Woman's Rights Society, thirty-eight years after they had met rebuff at London.



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The trip to England resulted, likewise, in lifelong friendships abroad. Decades were to pass during which the delegates from America were not to see those of Britain, yet relations not short of remarkable were kept up by pen and paper. The correspondents were interested in the same things, and their humanitarian lives remained closely knitted however far the physical lives drifted apart. Only death dissolved these friendships mortared by ink and paper.

With the Irish Friends, Richard and Hannah Webb, Lucretia corresponded a third of a century. She opened the letter writing saying:

Here we are at home again, and entering into our every day avocations, just as if we had not been made *somebodies* in our Fatherland. I mean *out* of the Convention! But with all our fault finding of that august assemblage, it was a most interesting two weeks that we were admitted spectators of its doings. I really think I appreciate its proceedings and productions more fully now, than while we were with you, and while the wrong done to dear Wm. L. Garrison and others, was uppermost with us "

She recalled the "delightful day at the seaside the walk up Killarney Hills, the prospect from the top, all, all are remembered with dear delight. When will you come here? I cannot convey by expression how much I want to see you again. These dear familiar letters to Sarah Pugh, Abby Kimber, and ourselves, some of which are lying before me, bind you to our hearts as bosom friends."

Richard Webb remained always the dearest of Old World intimates. Garrison called him the "delightful Irish Quaker," and Webb responded genially, writing how he longed to hear from his "noble friends across the herring-pond." So enthused was Webb with the Garrisonian doctrine of non-resistance that he printed a small pamphlet on the subject, "just to raise a little bit of a row, and to set people thinking," he explained.

If Webb was enthusiastic about non-resistance and anti-slavery and other "glorious contagions," Lucretia thought the Irish Friends very backward in religious thought. Even Richard had been conservative to many of her shocking ideas. In course of time she perceived in his letters a growing enlargement of opinion. She playfully giped him upon one occasion, writing, "Only think, almost seven years ago! You only whispered heresy then."

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And she recalled to his memory a scene which took place at his London lodgings, how "your venerable father sat there, looking so grave, as if he had some misgivings as to the propriety of his juxtaposition with heretics of the Hicksite order. I remember, too, his prudential silence when I ventured a little ultraism; and the 'Irish hospitality' with which we were entertained—each one doing so much to minister to our hungry appetites. Again, when in your own social circle in Dublin, I presumed to read a part of what I had written home of your non-committal course in matters of theology, suggesting, as one reason, the fear of your orthodox leaders, the earnestness and openness of countenance with which your brother Thomas ejaculated, '*I'm not afraid*,' gave me a sensation of delight. If I forget these things, my memory will forget its office."

As Webb expanded beyond the confines of Irish Quakerism he became restive under the chafings of sect, and wrote Lucretia about withdrawing membership. The woman hastened to persuade him against the move, wishing him to work for progress within the society, rather than without. She had frequently noted, she explained, how persons who were once useful in church societies, after withdrawing from them, became contracted and censorious.

This remark might not apply to all, she admitted. William Lloyd Garrison never was attached to any sect. Sarah Pugh, from the time of the "Separation" in the Quaker society, never felt her interest enlisted on either side but, concluded Lucretia, "I have no fear of her talents rusting from want of use." Despite her arguments, Webb demitted membership after long deliberation, confident it was only a matter of time before Lucretia would do likewise. In this, he was mistaken.

Narrow as had become the opinions of individual Friends, Lucretia kept in mind that it was the maxim of the Fathers that the society should not have articles of faith. The organization was roomy enough to include persons of varied opinions, and so long as she could maintain freedom of expression, she was determined to remain within the fold, to be of service in a day popularly given over to organized religion.

Had the Light gone out, a mighty influence for liberalism would have been lost to the Hicksite Society.

Yet Lucretia was not entirely confident of the value of church societies. She acknowledged evil in them and once wrote Webb that

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it was a question still unsettled with her whether the various religious organizations, with all their errors, were more productive of good than evil. But, she thought, until one could offer something better in their stead to a people largely governed by religious sentiment and a natural love for association, it required great care how one shook their faith in existing institutions. She thought so when sitting in the colored Methodist meetings, where appeals to emotion called forth loud shoutings; and yet the effect of the religious training received by the communicants, with all its grossness, was wholesome on their lives and conduct.

Was it not so with the Quaker Society? With all the undue stress on externals, and all the preaching up of "quietude," still, the appeal to the inner sense was not made in vain, and many of the fold were foremost in reform and good works.

Another English correspondent was Elizabeth Pease. Elizabeth alluded to some little restraint which she thought had existed in their intercourse in England. Her conscience troubled her, and she explained a certain aloofness on her part to have been actuated by the fear that she might engross too much of Lucretia's time, regarding her as among the "lions of the Convention."

Lucretia belittled the awkwardness of intercourse, and replied to her friend, writing in the first person plural:

. . . . as to the 'lion' part, we felt much more that we were 'counted as sheep for the slaughter.' That feeling, added to the knowledge that many among you were greatly shocked at our supposed heresies, did cause a little restraint in our mingling with you. When we met accidentally at meeting, I felt quite a pity for thee, seeing that thou would be brought into a strait after meeting, whether to speak cordially to us, and thus identify thyself with those who were 'despised and rejected of men,' or to turn from us, and thus do violence to the promptings of thy kind nature. But the more intercourse we had, the more these fears and restraints vanished; and our latter interviews—especially the last, in Liverpool—were all any one could desire. . . .

While letters of friendship loaded with reformatory arguments sped over and back the Atlantic, American opposition to anti-slavery grew bitter. The South daily became more overbearing in its demands that the mercantile element, and Northerners in general, crush Abolitionism like the head of a serpent wherever it was found.

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This sentiment found sympathetic reception among Friends in New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

The society disliked the spectacle of one of its prominent members engaged in a controversy which threatened national harmony, and going out into the company of persons not of its faith to agitate questions of reform. Lucretia's participation in anti-Sabbath conventions, non-resistant meetings and anti-slavery rallies, focused undesired attention on the society, which was not appreciated.

Quakers were ready to uphold the argument that slavery was a subject too dangerous to be discussed. They disliked Wendell Phillips' opinion that "if there is anything in the universe that can't stand discussion, let it crack." Quaker dissatisfaction found its greatest strength at meetings for ministers and elders, where the hierarchy openly arrayed itself against Lucretia.

Occurrences at these sessions were sometimes so wholly at variance with Christian charity that Lucretia was more than ever convinced that the purposes for which the meetings were instituted had been lost sight of and that their continued existence was productive of more harm than good. Candidates for the ministry who favored reform were no longer appointed to office. Lucretia was sometimes almost sick of religious societies, seeing that their nature was "to bark and bite."

Policy did not oblige her to attend all the various classes of meetings of the society, and she accordingly discontinued attendance on certain occasions, finding it "dry work to keep up any form, after the life and power of it have passed away." She generally employed the time thus saved in visiting the colored people of the city at their churches and places of refuge.

In England Lucretia had been persecuted by Abolitionists because she was a Hicksite; in America she was persecuted by Hicksites because she was an Abolitionist. She was seldom, if ever, on the popular side of a dispute, an infallible sign of greatness.

Slandered, ignored, argued and pleaded with, Lucretia's mind became neither embittered nor contracted under the stimuli of opposition. The period between 1840 and 1860 was the prime of her life. From forty-seven to sixty-seven years of age she was at the zenith of her powers. She was to reap honor in her ancient years and to grow beautifully gentle, but never was she more grand, more spiritual or

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forgiving, than in these years when her religious and moral horizons were expanding beyond the vision of blind men and women not in "unity" with humanitarian ideals.

That many members of the society were not in "unity" became plainly evident as the decades lengthened. Rumors went the Quaker rounds, distorted and biased. Committees, official and otherwise, called on her to question statements attributed to her, which by the time they had reached the committees usually had been so distorted by tongues more active than ears that they were easily repudiated.

Customarily Lucretia did not defend herself against calumnies, convinced that persons who loved her needed no word of hers of explanation, and that those who did not, would be unconvinced no matter what she said.

Fortunately for her mental health her sense of the ludicrous enabled her to receive a certain form of criticism with amusement. Her self-constituted guardians might not have felt so exalted had they heard her accounts to her family of some of their visits. James, however, took them seriously as he saw his wife "crucified" for liberal ideals. "Some hard things have been said about one who is dearer to me than life; but she heeds them not, nor turns aside from her onward path of duty and labor. I have felt sad, but not disheartened, trusting that in the end the evil will be overruled by good."

In company with James, Lucretia late in 1842 accepted the taunts of pro-slavery Northerners who were wont to jeer, "Why don't you preach Abolitionism in the South?" Courageously she went forth to visit the slave states of Maryland and Virginia. Some Friends in Baltimore feared for harmony when they learned that Lucretia intended to visit their Yearly Meeting. One influential Quaker greeted the Philadelphia with the admonition, "Now, Lucretia, let us have no battle array." She would like the slavery question slurred over in the interests of "quiet." Lucretia's sensitive disposition—the heart so resolute before enemies—felt keenly the thrust from one of whom kindlier treatment had been expected.

Lucretia held two appointed meetings at Baltimore and found considerable good anti-slavery feeling among Quakers, if only members "dared speak out." Complimentary articles appeared in the local newspapers, and one editor reported her sermons. This gave birth to

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the malicious charge that the editors had been paid to insert the laudatory paragraphs.

In Virginia Lucretia and James traveled three hundred and fifty miles by carriage. The wife held seventeen meetings in eighteen days, attending as well the Quarterly Meeting at Alexandria. Slaveholders were present at most, if not all of her meetings, and heard their peculiar institution plainly handled. The audiences were quiet and respectful, and on the whole Lucretia felt encouraged. The tour afforded her opportunity to converse with slaveholders and their apologists, and she was confirmed in her opinion that slaveholders were more open to reason than many deprecating Quakers of the North who expressed themselves as belonging to the "I-am-as-much-opposed-to-slavery-as-any-one-*but*" category.

Swinging home, the woman stopped off at Washington, where she applied for the use of the Hall of Congress for a lecture, but as this was grantable only on condition that she be silent on slavery, the Unitarian Church proved a more acceptable rostrum. There she lectured to a crowded house, including many members of Congress, who had assembled to hear the famous Quaker woman on the subject that had not yet really stirred the Nation at large. She marveled that the people both there and in Virginia "were so open to hear the truth on the subject of slavery."

Loath to leave Washington without an interview with the chief executive, the Quakeress and her husband visited President Tyler, himself a slaveholder. They could not have expected much in the way of encouragement for they knew that Tyler as a Congressman had advocated the spread of slavery into the new states with the peculiar plea that the diffusion of the slave population over a wide area would weaken the institution and increase the prospect of ultimate emancipation.

The Motts found the President favorable to colonization. James contended that the South could not do without the blacks, and thought they should be left free to choose their locations like other people, without being shipped to a strange land merely because their ancestors had originated there. Tyler asked his guests if they would be willing the negro should go North. Lucretia answered, "Yes—as many as incline to come, but most of them would prefer to remain on the plantations and work for wages."

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Reminiscences about discussions on the subject years before in Virginia were indulged in by the President, who volunteered the opinion that the Missouri question and other agitations had put the cause back. Lucretia interjected the hope that it was not too late to resume it.

The polite Tyler professed admiration for the way Friends treated the subject of Abolition; he had lately read an address from the Baltimore Meeting. Lucretia promptly disclaimed any similar reaction on her part saying the address "was calculated to set the slaveholder's conscience too much at ease"—it made more apology for him than he could make for himself. This stirred Tyler to wish he could "hand Mr. Calhoun" over to her! The visit broke up in friendly spirit. The nation's chief magistrate bade Lucretia success in her "benevolent enterprises."

She was not certain whether anti-slavery was embraced therein!

The couple next called on the old statesman John Quincy Adams, still eloquently laboring in Congress after having been President of the United States. They found him much discouraged that anything could be effected in the current Congress, or the next, on slavery. Lucretia came away from Washington convinced that the success of Abolitionism rested not on those in power but on the common people. These heard gladly whenever access could be obtained to their unprejudiced hearts. "I ever have hope of a meeting made up of such."

CHAPTER XV

QUAKER PERSECUTIONS

The trip South did little to strengthen Lucretia's reputation among northern Quakers. To this was added the fact that the Hutchinson family of "sweet singers" was invited by Abolition leaders to participate in a professional capacity at anti-slavery conventions, as part of advertised programs.

This gave opponents within Lucretia's church the opportunity to observe a concrete proof of the evils they had so vigorously predicted must flow as a consequence of her attending conventions not under Quaker dominance. In the rigid Discipline of the Society of Friends, music was catalogued as a "vain sport and pastime," analogous to horse racing and stage plays, unfit for persons whose delight was "in the law of the Lord."

What now would the contumacious preacher do? A small clique of conservatives watched the crisis with peculiar relish. The sentiment opposed to Lucretia had grown to such magnitude that there was not wanting in the society a small group willing to see her silenced by disownment, if sufficient grounds could be discovered, and other means failed to muzzle her.

Lucretia did not approve the invitation of the Hutchinsons to the anti-slavery platform because she knew the act would stir Quaker opposition, and she desired as much as possible to conform to the rules of her society. She was obliged often enough to violate the whimsies of her sect without making an issue of so trivial a matter.

She expressed the opinion that anti-slavery conventions had enough of interest in rational appeals to logic "without descending to excitement to carry on the work." She "would far rather have music confined to those who wish for its beautiful, harmonious, and evanescent influence" in the music room, yet she refused to oppose those who wished it at anti-slavery conventions, nor would she discontinue attendance because of it.

She perceived no harm in music. A few years later she admitted a piano into her parlor for the use of her grandchildren, although she herself never aspired to a more æsthetic appreciation of melody

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beyond simple favorites such as "John Brown," "Dixie," and "Old Folks at Home." Members of her family were occasionally moved to open smiles at her vain attempts to hum one of these airs, and she would share the amusement, recounting, "My mother used to say to me, when I tried to sing, 'Oh, Lucretia, if thee was as far out of town as thee is out of tune, thee wouldn't get home tonight.'" A legalistic mind might have evaded the question of the Hutchinsons by quibbling the point whether their renditions came actually under the head of music any more than Lucretia's humming.

Many years the Hutchinsons were a phenomenon on public platforms. No matter what the occasion, sad, reformatory, humorous, or martial, they had always an appropriate song. A popular theme was "The Old Granite State," whence they came. At temperance conventions they wailed the "Lament of the Widowed Inebriate" or played "King Alcohol." "The Slave's Appeal" was certain always of applause wherever Abolitionists gathered. Even the cause of better wages for seamstresses had its saga, entitled "The Song of the Shirt."

Lucretia's liberal stand in regard to music was quite apart from that of George F. White, of New York, at this time her chief Quaker antagonist. White was a man of greater intellectual endowment than many of his fellow-preachers in the untrained ministry. He was gifted with a talent for a particular species of declamatory eloquence which readily procured him large audiences wherever he went. A rabid defender of the old order of things, he exerted much influence in the New York Meeting. He participated in the disownment, about this time, of three of the society's outstanding members—giant-hearted Isaac T. Hopper, the father of one of Lucretia's sons-in-law; James S. Gibbons, and Charles Marriott who not long thereafter died from causes aggravated by grief.

Hopper's case is without parallel in the history of the Friends. The specific charge on which he was arraigned was that of being concerned in the support and publication of an Abolition newspaper which had the "tendency to excite discord and disunity" among Friends. In other words, like Lucretia, Hopper was a member of the executive committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which published the "Anti-Slavery Standard," a paper for excellence of taste and intellectual calibre perhaps scarcely equaled by any periodical of the day. Its contributors included names noteworthy in American letters.

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For a time Lucretia seriously considered withdrawing her name from the executive committee, aware that enemies were watching every issue of the "Standard" in order to catch her in some un-Quaker-like corner. She was at a disadvantage in this game because the use of her name was nominal and she had no opportunity to review or alter any article going into the paper. So watchful was the opposition of her movements that she dared not attend a memorial service preached by William H. Furness on the death of Dr. Channing, both personal friends. "I should have liked much to hear him, but—sectarian proscription," she explained.

Her final decision was not to withdraw her name from the "Standard." She did not wish in any way to concede to the enemies of Isaac Hopper, one of the Nation's noted philanthropists.

Nor did she allow the conduct of the New York Meeting to pass without comment, for she bore her testimony against intolerance in every circle. The opportunity came to her at a meeting of the Indian Committee appointed from Four Yearly Meetings of the Hicksite Order. Charles Marriott had been an active member of this committee and Lucretia expressed regret, when his former associates came together, that Marriott should have been deprived of his right to labor in the cause he loved so well.

Heartened by their success in dealing with Hopper, Quaker authorities at New York refused to give notice of Lucretia's intention to speak at their meetinghouse, when she stopped a brief spell in that city on her way home from a New England non-resistance convention. Not ready to bring formal charges against her they contented themselves by writing a letter worded with curious circuitousness which they mailed to a member of the Philadelphia meeting with the hope that its accusations might ripen into official action, without burning their own fingers.

Instead of the document being laid directly before the Philadelphia meeting as its authors had hoped, the one to whom it was directed took the epistle first to Lucretia who, forewarned, was able to reply to it both with spirit and success. Laconically she advised a friend, "They failed to bring action against me."

Failure to depose the woman did not prevent a flood of ministers from outside cities surging into Philadelphia, there to hold forth against her within the gates of her citadel. Whenever a conserva-

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tive preacher heeded the "call" of the Inner Spirit to go forth and do good, he assured himself that this was God's way of prompting him to go to Philadelphia for the purpose of combating Lucretia's disorganizing principles, for nowhere in the society was there a more active minister than Lucretia preaching the erroneous ideals of human liberty, sex equality, and the abolition of war.

For a time all Quaker roads led to the Cherry Street Meeting-house, and it seemed to conservatives that the way was lit by the Inner Light; the lamp which in Lucretia's soul threw its glare upon the evils they sought to perpetuate. The Inner Light guided its adherents both "pro" and "con."

Many Quaker visitors to Philadelphia were inspired more with zeal and sincerity than either vision or tolerance.

Lucretia's feelings were not infrequently rubbed as she faced friends in her own meetinghouse and heard abused, not alone causes she revered and their workers, but herself as well. James wrote how "the busy tongue of 'tale-bearing and detraction' is not idle and what may be the result of its poisonous influence upon our society, if it shall continue to be indulged, it is impossible to say; but we must hope for the best, and trust that right action will in the end produce good fruit, whatever may be the effect upon the actor."

Lucretia detailed these persecutions to Nathaniel and Eliza Barney, intimate Nantucket friends, as she did to few persons.

"It may seem strange to you that I should thus write," she apologized upon occasion, "and if I could detect in myself any germ of unkind feeling toward G. F. W. [George F. White], I should hesitate. . . ."

Another letter contains this admission: "I felt badly on First-day last; but we are now trying not to fret ourselves because of evil doers." Dryly she added, "What a fine school to learn non-resistance in!"

Lucretia did not ask that all Friends countenance the course she pursued. She did not expect everybody to think alike. What she asked was that members who did not agree with her that Quakers should take an active part in the reforms of the day, or who disagreed with the methods of the immediate Abolitionists, should leave her to exercise her individual responsibilities as she saw them.

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"And we will plead with them, if they cannot be for us, not to be *against* us; and if they cannot countenance our measures, to pursue as much better as their best judgments may dictate. . . . " This put the issue squarely before sectarians who, while objecting both to slavery and the methods of Abolitionists, did nothing themselves to alleviate the evils of human bondage.

Even in the excitement of an occasional open clash of arms in Quaker meeting, Lucretia's debating manner was, in the description of a young Friend, always "simple and quiet, her voice never raising above the pitch which is agreeable to the ear; and her statements serious, calm, and moderate." Adds the same informant, "I have known her subjected to bitter personal attack without manifesting the least excitement, or making any retaliation whatever."

Lucretia found encouragement in the knowledge that ministerial opponents in the society, although weighty and influential, were the smallest faction, and not strong enough to carry out the hostile measure of disownment. A large number of younger Friends, while they did not wholly agree with her or were not always prepared to openly sustain her cause, were unwilling to see her cast out. Unable to check the tide of persecution, they gave her a moral support which was a source of comfort and strength to her.

A not unimportant factor militating against Lucretia's disownment was her learned knowledge of the history and principles of her sect, and her keen application of the principles of founder-Friends to the issues of modern day. More than once she was able to pin an opponent to the wooden boards of his ministerial seat with an arrow feathered with the words of Robert Barclay or George Fox himself; the victim left to squirm himself free as the meeting broke up, while the calm, collected, and rather innocent looking victor went forth into the yard to be untrammelled for another week.

In the midst of strenuous years Lucretia lost her mother, aged seventy-three. Not long after this blow Lucretia's only brother, Thomas, was victim of the cholera. Unmindful of the risk of contagion Lucretia went at once to his lodgings when he was stricken ill, and nursed him till death. She had his body taken to her own home. Many friends thought her conduct imprudent, but she explained it thus: "How different people are constituted and affected! I loved to be with Thomas all the time, and to do for him afterward all that I could, in laying him out. I helped lift him into his coffin."

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At the time of her mother's death Lucretia was recovering from an attack of pneumonia and, being too weak to leave her bed, had demanded to be carried into her mother's room, where she remained until death claimed its victim. This proved too much for Lucretia's weakened condition, and inflammation of the brain set in. Two weeks she hovered between life and death, very slowly regaining her health. The illness affected her nervous system and she was obliged for a time to avoid much reading and writing.

She resumed her correspondence after a period of two years, during which time she hardly had written her "dear English or Irish friends." In a letter to Elizabeth Pease she referred to the death of the Englishwoman's father. "Thy long continued devotion to thy dear father doubtless renders the stroke doubly trying to thee. In many ways we feel such a loss. The tear will naturally flow at the severance of such a tie; and far be it from me to seek to stay it. I know full well the keenness of the separation between parent and child. My dear mother was taken from us when I could illy bear such a shock. . . . But we had to yield her, and resignation to the event has been a hard lesson. I therefore feel less able to preach it to others."

She asked the Webbs: "Who would have thought that six years would pass away before one of our Dublin friends would visit America? We are all growing so old that you ought to lose no time. I had fondly hoped to introduce my dear mother to some of you; but she is gone; alas! Two years have passed since her death, and we still mourn our loss."

The long period of enforced rest restored Lucretia's energy. She renewed her former prominent rôles in the many philanthropic societies in which she held membership. She not only spoke, but was often presiding officer.

She was a welcome visitor to organizations in which she was not a member. The Autumnal Convention of Unitarian Christians held in Philadelphia in 1846 was the scene of an interesting incident. The Reverend William H. Furness, perceiving her in the audience, interrupted proceedings to announce that a member of the Society of Friends was present—Lucretia Mott—and moved that she be invited to take a seat in the convention with leave to speak if she found herself moved to it. No objection raised, the woman took the platform.

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Stepping to the front she urged Unitarians to be bold and not to compromise religious progress. She attacked the practice of liberal clergymen who raised an ambiguous phraseology around certain ancient precepts of Christianity for fear of the terrible commotion that would ensue if they should openly discard them.

We are too prone to take our views of Christianity from some of the credulous followers of Christ, lest any departure from the early disciples should fasten upon us the suspicion of unbelief in the Bible. . . . The importance of free thinking and honest speech cannot be over-estimated. Be not afraid of the reputation of infidels, or the opprobrium of the religious world. . . . If you have had Channing and Worcester to lead you on, why are you not prepared to carry the work forward, even beyond them?

My heart was made humble and tender when I came into this convention. I saw in the chair Samuel Parkman, of Boston, the son of an old friend of my father. Looking at Calvinistic Boston as it then was, and considering how Channing rose and bore his testimony, and what results followed, we may be encouraged. But let the work advance. Lo! the field is white to harvest. . .

The spectacle of a woman addressing a male audience of ministers of another faith and urging radical clergymen on to ranker heresies was dismissed by a number of newspapers as an "unwarrantable 'lugging in the woman's rights question.'"

Lucretia commented on the occasion in a letter to Webb: "Have you noticed what a step the Unitarian convention took in this city, in graciously permitting a woman to speak? And such a woman! [herself!] That made quite a stir in our Zion, and increased the opposition to that woman, too!" Needless to add, "Zion" was Lucretia's own church society, the Cherry Street Meeting of Friends.

Persecution reached the Quaker peak the following year. Lucretia made a long journey into the Western States for the purpose of attending various anti-slavery and religious meetings, among others the Quaker Yearly Meetings at Salem, Ohio, and Richmond, Indiana.

Earlier in the year Lucretia had responded to an invitation from Theodore Parker to sit in a "Council of Reformers" at Boston for the purpose of a round-table discussion of the general principles of reform and the best means of its promotion. Leading philanthropists, statesmen, college professors, and men of letters had been willing to listen to the words of the Cherry Street minister; but not the

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mediocre Quakers of Philadelphia's environs. On more than one occasion James and Lucretia, while attending Friends' meetings in the country, were allowed to resort to taverns for repose, a thing not known in former years when breaches of hospitality like this would not have been permitted under any circumstances.

In the Far West Lucretia found conditions more intolerable than at home. Ohio received her attentively, but the visit to Indiana was marred by examples of party spirit seldom equaled among Friends. On the morrow following the close of the first day's session some elders waited on Lucretia and "desired" her to go home or, if she would not do that, "desired" that she should not speak again.

Jane Price, an "approved minister" of Philadelphia, was witness of the spirit of intolerance that prevailed during the sittings of the Indiana Yearly Meeting. Whereas Jane's lot was cast primarily with members of the reactionary party, she disapproved the persecution which she saw on every hand. Writing her husband she reports: "James and Lucretia have nearly always gone back from meeting to their lodgings, having taken boarding at a Friend's house. There has been a great deal here directed against them. Lucretia has been quite poorly, too, but has attended all the sittings. She and James stepped into the widow Evans' between meetings on Fourth-day morning, where were a good many friends of the evangelical order; a roomful present; Lucretia said little or nothing, merely came in to warm her feet. She was in tears all the while, as she sat in one corner by the fire; just before she went out, I *whispered* to her what had deeply impressed my mind all the while she was in the room: 'The *disciple* is not *above* his Lord, nor the servant above his master.'"

The woman who had been welcomed by parliamentarians and peers of England and the intellectual nobility of America was ostracized by the small farmers and tradesmen of Indiana, and their wives. Not alone because she differed in opinion as to the identity of Jesus Christ, or because she preached against slavery (although these were ordinarily sufficient in themselves), but because of some recent remarks made in Ohio denying the divine sanction of war!

Indisposed for several days, at times suffering acutely from neuralgia, she was seized at the dinner table with an unusually severe attack. Her host, a physician, was asked to prescribe for her, whereupon he turned to her and replied: "Lucretia, I am so deeply afflicted by thy rebellious spirit, that I do not feel that I can prescribe for thee."

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With the remark by James, "It is evident, my dear, that we are not wanted here; I think we should feel more comfortable in our own lodgings," the pair left the house together, leaving behind them some devout and pious Christians comfortable in the thought that they had so stoutly upheld the cause of true morality.

In Lucretia's memories of the western journey there was one pleasurable thought. Occasionally she had met with Garrison, who marveled that she had not utterly broken down under the pressure of her public labors. Garrison was always a true friend to her as she was always faithful to him.

The discouragements of the western trip did not turn her course. She continued to meet all demands made upon her in time and money. Richard D. Webb from Ireland sought her assistance in raising funds for the benefit of sufferers of the potato famine. John C. Vaughan called on her for help in reëstablishing Cassius M. Clay's anti-slavery paper, the "True American," suspended because of lack of funds.

In 1852 a sad duty befell her. In that year died Isaac T. Hopper. Because of his disownment Hopper had professed a desire not to be buried in a Quaker cemetery. It was an uncommon thing for a Quaker to be interred in non-sectarian ground. As Lucretia followed the remains of her friend to his ultimate resting place, the novelty of the situation impressed itself upon her mind. At the open grave she spoke the following sentiment that might fittingly have been said of herself, years later: "I have no unity with these costly monuments around me, by which the pride and vanity of man strive to extend themselves beyond the grave. But I like the idea of burial grounds where people of all creeds repose together. It is pleasant to leave the body of our friend here, amid the verdant beauty of nature, and the sweet singing of birds. As he was a fruitful bough, that overhung the wall, it is fitting that he should not be buried within the walls of any sectarian enclosure."

CHAPTER XVI

DOMESTIC LIFE

A house on Arch Street was the city home of Lucretia during the years of her matured fame. Prior to that time she had lived nearly twenty years at a location on Ninth between Race and Vine streets, two blocks from Franklin Square. In this home James and Lucretia had raised their five surviving children, and spent the ascent of their happily married life.

From sources widely scattered it is known that the mistress of these homes was a paragon of housewifely excellence. Although an agitator, and often making trips away from home a few hundred to a thousand miles, few women were more domestic than Lucretia. So busy was she in attendance at free produce, anti-slavery, and Quaker meetings that often her mail would remain unanswered so long as a year for, she explained in apology to a correspondent, she traveled so much that when at home she had to be the more devoted to her family and domestic vocations.

She considered the common duties of a wife a part of her compass of life, though not an exclusive one. Interest in outside activities did not mean abandonment of sphere, but an enrichment of life that gave it both broadness and depth.

Because of participation in numerous philanthropic causes, Lucretia's private life did not escape calumny. Harsh falsehoods were employed to express disapproval of her "going out of woman's sphere." Jealous housewives were certain that Lucretia could not devote so much time as they to housework and have leisure to engage in public activities.

Editors who thought they were possessed of information direct from God relative to woman's place in the home, wrote slashing editorials about the duties of womanhood without knowing the less divinely ascertainable fact that Lucretia Mott was "Mrs." and not "Miss," and had a family of children.

When they learned the details of her life, strangers were amazed that a woman so frail in appearance could accomplish so much at home, and yet attend to many works of charity and reform. The

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secret lay in her elimination of everything wasteful of minutes and the fact that she was an early riser, thus *making* time to attend to the many objects of her care and attention. The fact that she sewed on Sunday—to the horror of all men good and true—gave her an added day's advantage over the average woman.

Lucretia's power of discrimination between things necessary and unnecessary in religion she applied to home life. She did not permit herself to become lost in the myriad of self-imposed details in which some women seemingly took pride—the thousand and one odds and ends of the haphazard homemaker who brags that a woman's work is never done.

Lucretia was a mystic in nearly all things of life, but not home duties. Within doors nothing was left to the call of the "Inner Light." She might wait for the spirit to tell her when to speak in church, but she never waited for the spirit to prompt her to do the dishes. The routine of household economy was organized with businesslike efficiency, and everything went with clock-like precision.

Lucretia had this to say:

My life in the domestic sphere has passed much as that of other wives and mothers in this country. I have had six children. Not accustomed to resigning them to the care of a nurse, I was much confined during their infancy and childhood. Being fond of reading I omitted much unnecessary stitching and ornamental work in the sewing for my family, so that I might have more time for this indulgence and the improvement of my mind.

Lucretia from girlhood to old age always cut and made her own clothes, and was not known to have varied the style of her dress. She was like Whittier who, when a young man, had measurements for a coat taken by a Philadelphia tailor, and thereafter when a coat began to wear out would write for another to be made without the least variation in measurement or design.

Although Lucretia dressed in the simple costume of the Quaker, she attached no special significance to it as a means of religious grace and never advised others to adopt it. She did not discard the inherited uniform because she did not believe any principle was involved worthy the turmoil such an act would engender. Her liberality sometimes led her to wear articles given her which she would not have chosen for herself.

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She was once presented with a shoulder shawl of white Canton crepe bordered with a knotted fringe some four inches deep. This was un-Quakerlike in appearance but, pleased with the kindness of the donor and loath to wound his feelings, she wore it several days, braving the comments it excited among the sisterhood of Friends. Unwilling to raise a storm in the Cherry Street teapot over so small a matter, she finally succumbed to criticism sufficiently to shear the shawl of its fringe as far as the last row of knots. This still remained, jagged and uneven, and anything but ornamental, but she said it seemed a pity to cut the whole off. The family laughed, and she laughed. Thereafter the shawl was worn without regard to its mutilated appearance, and was viewed with satisfaction by bigots who read no lesson in the jagged row of knots.

When in England Lucretia was given a gauze hat by a London hostess with the hope that she would imitate its tasty form and silk cord and thus improve the American style of headgear. Lucretia's plainness of garb had astonished English Quakerdom. Webb had written in an Irish paper how she dressed with the utmost degree of Quaker simplicity known in the islands, "yet we heard that in some points she would have been looked upon as rather 'gay' for a very plain Friend in America, which is almost past our comprehension." The headgear was accepted by Lucretia with qualms for, although no precisian herself, she knew how zealous of the slightest innovation were the American lovers of the peculiar dress.

On the return home the "coal-scoop" bonnet, a little more elevated in the crown and with a few additional plaits in it, was regarded by the Cherry Street saints as an unworthy imitation of the "corrupt customs of the world." Lucretia decided to keep the cap in memory of its owner. She liked to produce it at times, so she said, to astonish "the natives" with its high crown and odd shape. But she ceased to wear it after an episode which took place at Friends' Meeting at Wilmington. She attended this meeting soon after her arrival home from England, wearing the new finery pursuant to the donor's missionary intent. At the close of meeting, one of the elders approached her, saying sweetly, "I am sorry, my dear, to see that thou hast made a change in thy dress. When I saw thee coming in this morning with *that* bonnet on, I could think of nothing but a soldier's jockey-cap!" This closed the hat's career for anything but purposes of private exhibition.

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In London, while admiring the gorgeous plumage of some beautiful birds at the Zoölogical Gardens, a gentleman who disapproved of Quaker garb because he disapproved of Lucretia, remarked to her: "You see, Mrs. Mott, our Heavenly Father believes in bright colors. How much it would take from our pleasure, if all the birds were dressed in drab."

"Yes," retorted the woman, "but immortal beings do not depend on their feathers for their attraction. With the infinite variety of the human face and form, of thought, feeling, and affection, we do not need gorgeous apparel to distinguish us. Moreover, if it is fitting that woman should dress in every color of the rainbow, why not man also? Clergymen, with their black clothes and white cravats, are quite as monotonous as Quakers. . . ."

While this silenced her opponent, it only convinced him that Lucretia was a strong-minded woman, and that strong-minded women did not make pleasant company.

The plainness of Quaker life did not reach so far into the Mott home as to make life unbearable for the younger members of the household. The children had parties and un-Quakerlike good times. Lucretia confided to her sister that "dancing was not exactly in her line," but supposed she ought to be careful what she said, since her daughters and son accepted "invites" to parties where there was dancing, and stayed "far too late in the morning. Such a succession of parties as they are having now, I fear will be dissipating to the moral sense. And then the reading of such a thick two-volume novel as the 'Mysteries of Paris' consumes a midnight hour occasionally. I long sometimes to see them more interested in reading that which would minister to their highest good, but I have ceased to force such reading on them."

Lucretia's letters to members of her family contain intimate references to domestic matters. Even the Webbs in Ireland were told how she found time to darn the stockings, "and attend somewhat to a family numbering from ten to twenty every day; for though all our children, save Martha, the youngest, have married and left us, yet they and their children (nine now) are coming constantly. All being out of the city boarding for the summer, ours is a general rendezvous for the husbands to come to dine, and with other company, not a few, we

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often count thirty a day, including our own family . . . it is our pleasure thus to enjoy the fleeting hours."

During a Philadelphia Yearly Meeting week the Motts had "nine or ten Friends lodging" with them and "some forty or fifty at meals, daily."

Lucretia gave her sister a vivid picture of preparations made to handle the many guests during one of the annual fairs:

If I did not iron twelve shirts, like cousin Mary, I had forty other things which I accomplished; for we had a large wash, and hurried to get the ironing away before the people flocked in. Five came just before dinner. I prepared mince for forty pies, doing every part myself, even to meat chopping; picked over some lots of apples, stewed a quantity, chopped some more, and made apple pudding; all of which kept me on my feet till almost two o'clock, having to come into the parlor every now and then to receive guests. Now I shall rest, as I sit and write after dinner, with all gone to the Assembly Buildings, save one, a well-intentioned guest, who "thought best to remain and be agreeable!"

As part of the efficiency which made large scale hospitality possible, was a practice begun in early days when a large family made personal assistance in housework necessary. This was to help clear away the breakfast table, and to wash the silver, china, and glassware belonging to the dining room. Lucretia liked to do this and only reluctantly gave it up when obliged to by the infirmities of age.

Wrote a granddaughter of the practice:

The daughters generally helped; and if guests were staying in the house, as was often the case, they sat near to join in the conversation, and sometimes to help in the work. It was not a disagreeable task; the well-scrubbed little cedar tub, with its steaming water, was placed at one end of the table, and article after article was washed and burished in a systematic manner from which no deviations were permitted. It was a choice time of the day; plans were announced and discussed; letters read and commented on; public events reviewed; and friends of the family were apt to happen in on their way to business to contribute their items of news to the general liveliness.

After the return from abroad, the tax upon Lucretia's hospitality became very great. She wrote: "Our family party Seventh-day was pleasant; fifteen at dinner, and twenty at tea. I worked like a beaver that morning, so as to be ready to sit down with them early; did my

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sweeping and dusting, raking the grass plot, etc., made milk biscuit, a plum pudding, and a lemon pudding. Marianna and Martha made cake the day before . . . "; and then the writer goes on to discuss capital punishment!

On another occasion she informed a correspondent: "I thought I was pretty smart to have the currants squeezed and the jelly made before meeting on Fourth-day morning" (that is, ten o'clock).

Although she employed servants the most of her life, she was obliged to do much work herself in earlier years because of limited means, and in later years because of her vast hospitality. From her mother she learned how to treat servants so as to insure contentment and faithfulness. The old lady had used to say, "I make it a rule never to ask them to do what I know they will not do." She in turn quoted the saying of old black Amy who long lived with Grandmother Folger that she "didn't like to be told to do what she was just going to do." It was one of Lucretia's rules to be willing to do herself any work she asked of another.

Even so, organization and executive ability were not enough. Servants required watching. Lucretia complained how she was obliged to stop letter writing to run out and pull off the clothespins and let down the wet clothes which were blowing to pieces in the high wind; "after all I had said about putting them out in a gale; but if we changed help for such things . . . other things would be as bad. Mother used to say, 'You only change faults.'"

A servant ill with cholera was nursed through her illness and sent to the country to recuperate. Lucretia hired extra help, but found that, "with our large family there is still much to be done; so this morning I have ironed four dozen pieces, made soft custards, attended to stewing blackberries, and potted some Dutch herring, besides doing all the dusting, and receiving several callers. I was more tired when our family of thirteen gathered at dinner, than since I came home."

In 1850 Lucretia's daughter and family, the Davises, who had lived next door on Ninth Street, removed into the country, where they purchased with Thomas Mott an estate called Oak Farm, outside of Philadelphia. At the same time James bought a spacious house in Arch Street below Twelfth, known in the old system of numbering as "338."

The house being too large for the immediate family, now simmered down to James and Lucretia and their youngest daughter,

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Martha, arrangements were made that the Edward Davises and Thomas Motts should make Arch Street their city home in the winter, and in turn take the parents and unmarried sister into the household at Oak Farms during the summer. This community life lasted six "delightful years," on the authority of a member of the family.

"Three-thirty-eight" was a house that looked like many another of its size in the city of monotonous red brick buildings. According to fashion the lower shutters were heavy and solid, painted white. With the fall of night these were left open till bedtime, and passers-by glanced in at the bright, cozy parlor with its animated circle around the evening lamp.

The carpet in the two large square parlors was bright colored and of rather striking design, for Lucretia disliked what she called "dingy carpets." She also disliked the prevailing style of dark, heavily curtained rooms, and when she came into the parlor in the afternoon, she would invariably step quickly across to the windows and draw back the green Venetian blinds to let the sunlight stream in; an action characteristic of her mental makeup.

Through the portals of the Race Street home and "338" came and went an almost steady surge of guests of all stations of prosperity, and every nationality. Sometimes it was a distinguished stranger from across the ocean, sometimes it was the hard working anti-slavery lecturer, the celebrated liberal, or the country Friend in town for a few days, or one of the large family circle who made the house on Arch Street a focus place.

From England came Lord Morpeth expressing a desire to a mutual friend to renew acquaintanceship.

So [reports Lucretia] we went to his lodgings, card in hand, reducing him to a common man, on our Republican principles. He was not at home. He soon returned the call, made himself very agreeable, and accepted an invitation the day following, to breakfast with us. He came each time unattended, walking, as any of our citizens would. We are pleased with the ease with which he accommodates himself to our American and Quaker simplicity. We invited Robert Purvis, Miller McKim, and a few other intelligent Abolitionists to meet him here, and had a delightful time. . . .

Not long after Morpeth, Lucretia had occasion to announce:

Another Lion has just arrived in the city—Charles Dickens. Our children have a strong desire to see him. I, too, have liked the benevo-

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lent tendency of his writings, though I have read very little in them. I did not expect to seek an interview, or to invite him here, as he was not quite one of our sort. But just now, there was left at our door, his and his wife's card, with a kind letter from our dear friend, E. J. Reid, London, introducing them, and expressing a strong desire that we would make their acquaintance. There is not a woman in London whose draft I would more gladly honor. So now we shall call on them, and our daughters are in high glee.

Then was added the quaint admonition from the woman who thought the great author not "quite one of her sort": "I regret that in Boston and New York the people have been so extravagant in their reception of the man."

More celebrated than either Morpeth or Dickens was the famed Hungarian exile, Louis Kossuth, who visited Philadelphia in 1852 as part of his American itinerary. Everywhere in the Northern States people crowded the streets and madly cheered the man who had faced the cannons of the Emperor Joseph on the battlefields of Hungary.

In every city and hamlet Kossuth was extravagantly hailed as a lover of freedom. Because of his reputation, James Haughton and Richard Webb of Ireland, and William Ashurst of London, had endeavored to convince him before he set sail for America that he should use his great popularity to help uproot slavery. Their plea was that he should assume the position of one who was a leader of freedom for all men in all places. But like Father Mathew, the Irish "Temperance Pope," the Hungarian exile was sponsored by men in the United States who advised a reticent attitude on slavery. Political friends warned him that it would be easier for him to arouse enthusiasm for oppressed European peasants if he made no mention of African slaves in America. These were sane men who knew the American public. The same Congress of the United States which passed the Fugitive Slave Act had passed a joint resolution offering a warship to Kossuth and his fellow officers should they be disposed to profit by that mode of escape from exile.

Everywhere that Kossuth went he lauded America as the asylum of oppressed peoples, the land of happiness and the Declaration of Independence, but always he omitted to make any mention of slavery. With eyes that seemed dreamily distant he failed to observe oppression in the valleys of the foreground while he eulogized the far-off mountain tops of freedom.

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The revolutionary leader carried with him to Philadelphia letters of introduction to James and Lucretia Mott. In response to these the Motts called on him and invited him to dine with them. They were anxious to converse with the man who had in such a short time become a symbol of liberty. But Kossuth's advisers warned him that it would be unwise to let word precede him Southward that he had broken bread at the table of an Abolitionist, and that he must call only for an informal chat.

This he did, visiting the Mott residence and making himself agreeable. Lucretia admired him greatly and believed that he was opposed at heart to negro slavery if only he dared unseal his lips. She thought him especially wonderful in his clear perception, and believed "his speeches must do good in this country, if that good be not counterbalanced by the warlike spirit they kindle."

Kossuth's sister also called on the Motts where, in the attractive circle of husband, children, and grandchildren, she fell slave to the charm of Lucretia's "moral superiority." Madame Pulzsky defended her brother's position in regard to slavery, and would not acquiesce to Lucretia's argument that the abolition of slavery should be preached in season and out of season by the defender of the rights of nations; yet she was much impressed by Lucretia's earnestness.

She wrote in her published diary:

I have seldom seen a face more artistically beautiful. . . . Beholding her, I felt that great ideas and noble purposes must have grown up with her mind, which have a singular power of expression in her very movements. Her language is, like her appearance, peculiar and transparent; and it is only when she touches upon the slavery question that her eye flashes with indignation, and her lips quiver with a hasty impatience, disturbing the placid harmony of her countenance and her conversation. But though she so positively pronounces the views at which she has arrived by self-made inquiry, yet she mildly listens to every objection, and tries to convince by the power of her arguments, untinged by the slightest fanaticism.

Madame Pulzsky left her hostess, regretting that she could not spend hours with her, listening and discussing. Her astonishment was great when, expressing admiration for Lucretia to some gentlemen in the city, one of them exclaimed, "You do not mean to say you have called on that lady?"

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"Of course I have," was the Polish woman's answer. "Why should I not? I am most gratified to have done so, and I only regret that the shortness of the time we have to spend here prevents me from often repeating my visit."

"But she is a furious Abolitionist," explained the gentleman. "It will do great harm to Governor Kossuth if you associate with that party."

"I perceive, sir," retorted the visitor, "that you highly estimate Mrs. Mott, as you consider her alone a whole party. But if any friend of Governor Kossuth, even if he himself, converses with a person who has strong opinions against slavery, what harm can there be in that?"

"Your cause will then lose many friends in this city," was the answer.

Such intolerance amazed Madame Pulzsky, who little understood the American practice of hushing the merits of anti-slavery. Her friend attempted to point out to her what mischief the Abolitionists were doing, and how long ago emancipation would have carried in all the states, had the Abolitionists not so violently interfered.

"And besides," continued he, "Mrs. Mott preaches!"

"Well," replied the stubborn and amused foreign lady, "do not many Quaker ladies preach occasionally?"

This fact was admitted, but another gentleman interjected the information that Mrs. Mott was dangerous, as her sermons were powerfully inciting.

"Is she, perhaps, a fighting Quaker, who appeals to the words of the Saviour, that he did not come to send peace on earth, but the sword?"

"I am a fighting Quaker myself," puffed the gentleman, "my forefathers fought in the Revolutionary War; but Mrs. Mott is a Hicksite."

An inquiry as to what were the tenets of the Hicksites that they should inspire such dislike, Madame Pulzsky's only enlightenment was that "they are very bad; they, in fact, believe nothing."

Gerrit Smith, the millionaire philanthropist, once made an historic call at the Mott residence which he frequently described as possible nowhere else in America. In a conversation of an hour his hostess was interrupted half a dozen times with applications for char-

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ity. At last, in came the glorious Fanny Kemble, meeting Mrs. Mott in a manner that clearly showed they were warm friends; and soon came Frederick Douglass, the negro fugitive slave. There sat the millionaire philanthropist and political power of New York State, the world-renowned actress, the grandest representative of slavery, and the fearless disciple of Elias Hicks. One doubts if the Quaker city ever unveiled so magnificent a tableau for the brush of an artist.

In the steady stream of visitors, callers, and beggars, were self-invited guests who descended upon the Motts with bag and baggage in a receptive mood for an extended invitation. In most instances the astonished hostess quietly submitted to the infliction, preferring to be bored herself rather than wound others by making them appear unwelcome.

The visit once of a slightly deranged Friend who insisted in trudging the streets with her feet encased in thick yellow moccasins, and her shoulders draped with two shawls, was almost too much for Lucretia's hospitality, and she was inwardly relieved when the apparition decided to transfer her belongings to another house. Lucretia admits that when she left her guest at the door of the friend's house, she "turned quickly down the first street."

A feature of "Three-thirty-eight" was the dining room on the second floor rear. It was a spacious hall, thirty feet long. At its table was always room for one more guest. The unexpected appearance of visitors at meal time caused no flurry. Lucretia was like the old Nantucket neighbor who after greeting some unlooked for visitor quietly whispered to her daughter to "put six more potatoes on."

During the anti-slavery fairs or Yearly Meeting week or when a convention was being held in Philadelphia, the house was thrown open for the convenience of all who cared to come, and the long table in the dining room would then be filled to overflowing.

"What illustrious names! How many stirring sentiments! What echoes of laughter and merriment were heard around the festive board," exclaimed a frequent guest. Here were the stern reformers, as genial a group of "fanatics" as one could find, off duty. Without the shadow of a doubt as to the rightfulness of their causes, they made merry over the bigotry of the church, popular prejudices, conservative fears, absurd laws, and customs hoary with age. They held up in their metaphysical tweezers the representatives of the dead past that

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ever and anon ventured upon their platform. With peals of laughter they chopped into mince meat their assumptions and contradictions. And at the head of the table sat James Mott, maintaining the dignity of his position as host, ever ready to throw in a qualifying word, when the fiery reformers became too intense.

At the other end sat Lucretia, always skilfully managing to make the conversation general. When seated around her board, no two-and-two side talk in monotone was permissible; she insisted that the good things said should be enjoyed by all.

Vivid among the early anti-slavery memories of Aaron Powell was the first glimpse he had of the Mott home at the time of one of the great anti-slavery meetings in Philadelphia. In the capacious dining room sat William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Dr. William H. Furness, Mary Grew, Robert Purvis, and others, and all made to feel quite at ease. "Lovely and beloved as was Lucretia Mott in her public service, she was not less but even more ideal in her home life."

Powell described also a quaint practice:

How in a quiet way, toward the end of the dinner, during the period of the dessert, Lucretia had the earlier dishes, which had been removed and washed, returned to her, to be dried by her own hands, thus herself relieving the heavily taxed kitchen maids, meanwhile bearing her full share with her guests of the most engaging table talk! It was a memorable picture, a complete refutation of the criticism which often used to be made, and which still survives in certain quarters, to the effect that the woman who goes upon the public platform and shares in public service must needs be an inferior housekeeper and home maker.

Another guest described Lucretia's hospitality (without reference to the table) saying:

You can't think what delightful times I am having here as guest in Lucretia Mott's spacious mansion. Oh, the Quaker conveniences! comforts! There is nothing like them. So beautifully neat, too. The whole air of the house and its lovely mistress constantly suggests to me the purity and fragrance of a sweet, fresh-blown rose.

So much for the élite of the Nation whose names fill the biographical shelves of libraries. But no roll can be prepared of the humble and the poor who knew the house on Arch Street as a castle for runaway slaves, or the paradise of the forlorn. In the broad hall stood

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two roomy chairs, identified by irreverent daughters as the "beggars' chairs," they were in such constant requisition by supplicants of all sorts, "waiting to see Mrs. Mott, miss."

James was sometimes amused to hear the objects of some of the calls. It seemed as though people thought his wife could do anything. "It is true," he commented, "she does do a great deal; no one out of the family knows one-half, and no one *in* the family knows the whole."

At table, black guests and white were treated with equal courtesy. This consideration was not always palatable to friends, but such as did not like it learned to stay away. One young gentleman of excellent family, finding himself expected one day to sit next a colored man at dinner, felt so aggrieved that he resolved to go no more to the house. For some time he managed to keep away, in which determination he was "violently left alone," but the attraction of a daughter proved too strong and he returned, preferring rather to be converted than forgotten, and afterwards became, not only a son-in-law, but an earnest advocate of the equality that had so offended him.

Once the mayor of Philadelphia suggested to Lucretia that women Abolitionists should avoid walking with colored people on the streets. Lucretia replied that the women "had never made a parade," as charged, of walking with colored people, but they would do as they had done before, walk with them as occasion offered, that she had done so repeatedly within the past month, meeting with no insult on the account; it was a principle with Abolition women which they could not yield, to make no distinction of color.

Twenty years of journeyings in controversial reforms, and a too abundant hospitality eventually collected toll from Lucretia's health. In the winter of 1856 it became apparent that the woman of sixty-three years could no longer bear the strain of open house. She wearied of exhausting numbers of guests, and of being called hither and yon as if she were public property, presiding now at this convention and now speaking at another, attending meetings of executive committees, and listening to bickerings, and subjected to persecutions.

She yearned for an hour of uninterrupted solitude, for the day she would not be called incessantly from her duties to attend the front of the house, when those chairs in the hall would not forever be saddled with supplicants, when she would not forever be listening to the

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tale of some negro beggar, some story of poverty and unhappiness, some request for aid or money.

For the moment she could stand it no longer; she was worn, exhausted, weary: oh, for the peace and quiet and the contentment of rural life, away from the hubbub of the city and that everlasting horde at dinner time. . . . Would that she and James could read and think without interruption, potter in the garden, and see only invited intimates and hear the voices of kindred spirits.

The family realized that change was imperative if the health of the woman was to be restored, even as it had been in 1840 by a tour abroad. To meet the emergency James decided to uproot everything and remove from the city into the suburbs where the wanderer and the supplicant would not find their way so readily. The aged couple sought an asylum where they could go now that the campaign had become too strenuous for spirits no longer resilient with youth.

"Three-thirty-eight" was sold, and the couple bought as the haven of their descending years a stone farmhouse eight miles out of town on the Old York Road, opposite Oak Farm. This was not done without the mourning and lamentation of members of the family left in the city, daughters and grandchildren, and sister Yarnall—desirable little Elizabeth of childhood.

The old house on Arch Street was endeared by many pleasant associations. When its sale was consummated, a last family reunion was held in the hospitable parlors, where rhymes and poems expressive of humor and sentiment were read. There was much laughter and jollification, but beneath it all flowed a current of sadness.

An original poem was read:

Who wearied of the world's renown,
And sought a useful life to crown,
By selling off his house in town?

James Mott.

Who was it that the sale decreed,
And urged him on to do the deed,
And wished to close the terms with speed?

Lucretia!

Some sixteen or seventeen other verses closed with:

Who constantly will ring the bell
And ask if they will please to tell
Where Mrs. Mott has gone to dwell?
The beggars.

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And who persistently will say
"We cannot, cannot go away.
Here in the entry let us stay?"
Colored beggars.

Who never, never, nevermore
Will see the "lions" at the door
That they've so often seen before?
The neighbors.

And who will miss, for months at least,
That place of rest for man and beast,
From North, and South, and West, and East?
Everybody.

When the reading was finished not a few eyes glistened with tears at the thought of losing daily sight of the snow-headed James and the angel grandmother.

The young man and the young matron had gone over the mountains and were looking into the sunset, their years of greatest influence were past. They had labored together much since those early years when, as a newly wedded pair, the depressions of the war of 1812 had made the bridegroom "down cellar" and Lucretia had taught school until within six weeks of the birth of her second daughter.

And what had been accomplished? Slavery was the law of the land, bigotry flourished in religion, and peace was an ideal far removed. But the word had been spoken, and the word had been heard. The churches were opening their doors to anti-slavery agitators, women were demanding rights, peace talk was heard, and the cause of liberal religion had grown. Perhaps Lucretia Mott had not lived in vain. At least she had friends who loved her, and thousands of persons called her benefactress. And James, the merchant who had wanted only enough to be comfortable, "with a little over," had prospered in the marts of trade with the peculiar fortune of the Quaker sect.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SPIRIT OF '48

When Lucretia was refused admission as a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention at London, she concretely had been brought face to face with the reality of woman's subjection. This denial of the right to participate in the cause dearest to her heart, coming as it did from a convention of men of humanity, was the bitter potion in the cup she was compelled to quaff because of sex. The silent trial of listening to abuse heaped high upon the feminine sex in the name of God, custom, and morality, she bore with unruffled calmness, but the iron of indigation sank deep into her soul, not so much because of affront to her as to womankind, and she was resolved to do something to right the wrong.

It was not chance that drew Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton into each other's company at the end of the first day's session. A bond of common interest—a belief in the dignity of womanhood equal to that of manhood—brought the plump young bride to the side of the middle-aged Quakeress when the delegates walked home to their lodgings. A day of wrongs, generations of wrongs, seared their hearts and made nothing the difference of twenty-three years in age. Centuries of Christian humility, long ages of patriarchal and feudal law, only fanned their rebellion toward assumptions of authority on the part of clergymen—gentlemen who denied that an anæsthetic should be administered women in childbirth because the Bible taught that the mothers of men bore children in pain and travail!

The soil out of which sprang the organized woman's movement (like a weed, most persons thought) was the great humanitarian movement of the nineteenth century, the Abolition cause—more especially the plot of churchmen to silence the participation of women in that reform.

Perhaps more than to Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, or Susan B. Anthony, modern woman owes a debt of gratitude to the bigotry of clergymen who did so much to awaken the world to the evils of woman's status. Let the religious scruples of Colver and

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Torrey and Galusha (who would let Queen Victoria turn the head of the Prince Consort), be never forgotten. These are the fathers of woman's rights, notwithstanding the bar sinister in the coat armor, and the fact that the fathers failed to recognize the legitimacy of their offspring.

At London the cause of woman's rights had come to an issue and beaten about the frail figure of Lucretia Mott. Women before her had spoken of equality, but it was left to her to inspire and encourage and lead organized claims of sex equality. It is an irony of history that the World's Anti-Slavery Convention should stand as a landmark, not for the freedom of the slave, but of woman.

Had the question at the world's convention not come to an issue in the heat of preparation for discussion of slavery, the convention might more have been noteworthy as a monument between an old and new order of feminine rights. Dr. Bowring expressed regret that the "subject was launched with so little . . . preparation. . . . But bear up!" he wrote of Lucretia and her associates, "the coming of these women will form an era in the future history of philanthropic daring. They made a *deep* if not a wide impression, and have created apostles if as yet they have not a multitude of followers. The experiment was well worth taking."

When the news of Garrison's act of taking a seat in the balcony was reported to Harriet Martineau, she had responded, "It has done much, I am persuaded. You will live to see a great enlargement of our scope of usefulness, I trust; but, what with the vices of some women and the fears of others, it will be hard work to assert our liberty."

Seers who foresee the inevitable are few in any age. Men who laughed at the simplicity of King Canute, placed the throne of theology on the sands of time and commanded the waters of social progress to recede.

There are often periods in lives of thinking beings when some new book or acquaintance comes to them like an added sun in the heavens, lighting the darkest recesses and chasing every shadow away. "Thus," explained Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "came Lucretia Mott to me, at a period in my young days when all life's problems seemed inextricably tangled; when, like Noah's dove on the waters, my soul found no solid resting-place in the whole world of thought."

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Before meeting Lucretia, Elizabeth had heard a few men of liberal opinions discuss various political, religious, and social theories, but with her first doubt of her father's absolute wisdom, came a distrust of all men's opinions on the character and sphere of woman. She naturally inferred if their judgments were unsound on a question she was sure she *did* understand, they were quite likely to be on those she did not. Hence she had often longed to meet some woman who had sufficient confidence in herself to frame and hold an opinion in the face of opposition; a woman to whom she could talk freely, and be understood. In Lucretia Mott these longings had been answered at last.

She had been prepared in no wise to find Lucretia to her liking. She knew nothing of the merits of the division in the anti-slavery ranks, but as her husband and a kinsman, Gerrit Smith, were on the other side, she supposed Lucretia would not be friendly. Consequently she was embarrassed, as the only lady present representative of the Birney faction, at her first meeting with Lucretia Mott. To her surprise Lucretia received her in a quiet way with cordiality and courtesy, and the bride was seated by her side at dinner.

Mrs. Stanton has given us a picture of that strange meal:

No sooner were the viands fairly dispensed, than several Baptist ministers began to rally the ladies on having set the Abolitionists all by the ears in America, and now proposing to do the same thing in England. I soon found that the pending battle was on woman's rights, and that unwittingly I was by marriage on the wrong side. As I had thought much on this question in regard to the laws, Church action, and social usages, I found myself in full accord with the other ladies. . . . In spite of constant gentle nudgings by my husband under the table, and the frowns of Mr. Birney opposite, the tantalizing tone of the conversation was too much for me to maintain silence. Calmly and skilfully Mrs. Mott parried all their attacks, now by her quiet humor turning the laugh on them, and then by her earnestness and dignity silencing their ridicule and sneers. I shall never forget the look of recognition she gave me when she saw by my remarks that I fully comprehended the problem of woman's rights and wrongs. How beautiful she looked to me that day.

The Philadelphia Quakeress opened a strange world of possibilities. To Mrs. Stanton it seemed like vision to eyes of stone and vigor to limbs that had been halt. As the American delegates toured London, the young woman embraced every opportunity to cohere to the side of the Quaker leader.

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She found that nothing was too sacred for this marvelous woman to question. To Elizabeth Stanton, reared in the cramped confines of inherited Presbyterianism, it was like meeting a being from a larger planet to find a woman who dared to question the opinions of popes, kings, and parliamentarians with the same freedom she would have criticized an editorial in the London "Times" (perhaps more than an Englishman would dare to do), maintaining no higher authority than her own judgment as a pure-minded woman of education. Elizabeth was awed to learn that her mentor feared neither ministerial frowns in this world nor Christian tortures in the next.

The bride of Henry Stanton, in the happiness of her escape from thralldom, "felt at once a new-born sense of dignity and freedom; it was like suddenly coming into the rays of the noonday sun, after wandering with a rushlight in the caves of the earth."

So enamored was she with the older woman that it was with trepidation that she had confessed that she greatly enjoyed dancing and dramatic performances. The Quakeress gave her a motherly look and replied that she regarded dancing as "a very harmless amusement," and added that the same Evangelical Alliance which so readily had passed a resolution declaring dancing a sin for a church member, had tabled a resolution declaring it a sin for a bishop to hold slaves.

As Lucretia and Elizabeth walked arm in arm down Queen's Street in London they had agreed to call a woman's convention on their return to America as a step towards a general movement for equality. Their resolution to promote a convention did not materialize for eight years. Because Henry Stanton was a "New Org" and the Motts "Old Orgs," Elizabeth and Lucretia did not meet at anti-slavery conventions. The two families went their separate ways engrossed in their own affairs. Lucretia was deep in the Abolition cause and had little time to think of launching a still more radical movement which would make her position even more perilous in her religious society, and perhaps end her usefulness as an Abolition lecturer among the people of her sect.

Sporadic mention of organization was talked of in letters between the women, but no encouragement offering, the idea slumbered until the summer of 1848, when Lucretia journeyed into western New York to attend the Yearly Meeting of Friends at Waterloo. Visiting her sister at Auburn, she learned that Elizabeth Cady Stanton had moved recently to Seneca Falls hard by.

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It was arranged the two women should meet again. Perhaps Elizabeth wondered if she would still look with awe and love upon the woman who had won her heart in London, and done so much to give her a sense of importance. Would her mature eye perceive grossness where the girl's had been blinded by the novelty of hearing shocking ideas openly discussed?

At the tea table of a mutual friend the two women came together. Immediately there was a reblending of affection and the spanning of years of separation. Elizabeth yielded again to the spell of the reformer whose fame had grown so fast since 1840.

Lucretia looked upon the younger woman and saw that she was no more an unsophisticated bride with Calvinistic complexes, hoping someone would tell her that girls had a right to go to college or pursue careers. She was a mother, and had grown matronly, but she was still the same Elizabeth with the flashing wit and quick retort.

Elizabeth reminded Lucretia of the day when the Abolitionists "did" the British Museum, and how Lucretia (scant interested in objects of antiquity, but always interested in thoughts which cannot be put into glass cases or catalogued with numbers) had seated herself in an anteroom and talked with Elizabeth while the rest of the party made the rounds of the museum in orthodox fashion; how three hours slipped by and the party returned to surprise the women seated in the same place, having seen nothing but each other, their whole time absorbed in social and religious discussions.

One memory led to another. How, following the exchange of confidences at the British Museum, Elizabeth had attended the Unitarian Church the following Sunday, where for the first time she had listened to a woman preach. She had never heard a woman speak in public, let alone occupy the pulpit, although she had often expressed the idea in private circles (without invitation or appreciation) and been received with a coolness no greater than had she expressed admiration of free love at a meeting of a Presbyterian missionary society. When she had seen Lucretia mount the pulpit and preach as impressively as she had always hoped a woman could—"It was like the realization of an oft-repeated happy dream."

Her heart had warmed to the vivid woman, the spiritual face, the little figure in Quaker costume, the delicate hands that fondled the leaves of the Bible, as much in her sphere as any pulpit-pounding male

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preaching eternal damnation. How pitiful that good people should ostracize this woman because she held opinions that differed from their own. Incapable of getting outside their prejudices, how small they looked beside Lucretia, to whom form was nothing but substance everything, who wore Quaker clothes because they could be made without fuss, and who considered even dancing a harmless amusement.

The talk at the tea table drifted into channels which had to do with woman's rights. The resolution made in London to call a woman's rights convention was recalled to mind. The youthful Elizabeth was impatient for action. She implored Lucretia to lead the cause that had so many years been germinating in mind and heart.

Feeble in numbers, members of a sex without standing in public affairs, only one of them famed and she with a following limited to free thinkers, liberals, and Quakers, the ladies were determined to organize a woman's convention. Great social reforms, they comprehended, were not customarily originated by wealthy or influential persons, or adopted by large numbers of supporters in the beginning, so they had the courage to launch the woman's rights movement. With them it was not a question so much what was woman's appropriate sphere, or what she might or might not be capable of doing, but whether one class of human beings was to fix for another class of human beings its field of action or mode of enjoying the faculties conferred by Nature's God.

The spirit of the women at the tea table was that of the 'forties wherein the yeast of reform leavened social ideas. In the ferment of the decade, the claim of sex equality was a logical step. Too long the heritage of freedom had been a male perquisite. The blood of Saxon clansmen roving the forest of Germany, and of the haughty barons of Runnymede no longer was to flow for naught in woman's veins.

It was not strange these women should have been inoculated with the virus of the revolution which everywhere in the civilized world was tending to substitute for the divine right of kings, priests, and patricians, the broader right of individual conscience and judgment in matters of life. The age-long battle for freedom wherein the right of the serf to migrate and the peasant to self-government, and the plowman's claim of individual judgment in religion, were logical sequences, was to be extended another step.

But the claim of woman's rights was the step most radical of all because it was a feminine step. Of all heresies advocated by the Gar-

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risonian reformers, the doctrine that women had an equal right to participate in Abolition assemblies had been considered the most ridiculous. Temperance, non-resistance, church reform, were bad enough. It was conceded in popular imagination that a man might conscientiously eat graham bread, or be a "barnburner" in politics, or a deluded victim of nearly any "ism" and still be a patriotic American and a good Christian, but to advocate woman's rights was to be a creature without moral standards and beyond the pale of religion. It was not so presumptuous for a negro or a peasant to assert equality as it was for members of the sex which always had been submissive to man.

How wicked the conservatives of a former generation had thought democracy! A form of government whereby a majority of the ignorant would choose rulers instead of submitting to the wiser choices of Heaven exercised through the strong arm of robber barons; and how wicked had been the separation of church and state and the growth of self-governing religious societies in place of bishops especially anointed by God to exercise a monopoly over the morals and worship of men! The prognostication for each step had been that its ultimate attainment meant the end of morality and true religion.

Woman's rights was the climax!

Time was short. Sunday morning the women met a second time, in Mrs. McClintock's parlor. There the woman's movement was launched in a cup of tea.

The mothers of the movement were handicapped by the fact that they had had no experience in getting up conventions. Lucretia had addressed many audiences, but she confessed her unfamiliarity with the business of a convention. It was humiliating to the women to find that they must resort to the study of masculine speeches and petitions in order to prepare a good form for their own productions. They consoled themselves with the thought that this was because women never had been allowed to take an active part in what always had been considered a masculine prerogative.

Their inexperience was so great that they did not realize that the phraseology of every legal document is based on forms, in many cases hundreds of years old, and that there was not a lawyer living who had ever drawn up a completely original paper of any sort. The

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women found a batch of peace, temperance, and anti-slavery reports, but a perusal of them convinced the readers that they were altogether too tame "for the inauguration of a rebellion such as the world had never before seen." They at length decided to use in substance the form of the Declaration of Independence with slight modifications, substituting the phrase "all men" for "King George," and in other ways broadening the scope of that paper so as to make it applicable to all humanity and not alone Americans of the male sex.

Perceiving that the patriots of America had had eighteen grievances, a protracted search was made through statute books, church usages, and the customs of society in general to find an equal number of acts of oppression towards women. The ladies knew the grievances existed, but now for the first time they found it necessary to ferret them out and marshal them in presentable shape. With the discovery and announcement of the final "abuse," the women felt that they had enough evidence to go before the tribunal of the world with a good case, and one, indeed, stronger than the "brief" prepared by Thomas Jefferson.

One youthful male assistant could not forbear the opportunity to joke the women that their grievances must indeed be great when they were obliged to resort to books to find them out.

In their own private lives, not one of the four women had experienced the coarser forms of tyranny resulting from unjust laws or association with unscrupulous men, but they felt the wrongs of others, and Lucretia in public life had experienced enough of the handicaps of femininity to know the restraints incidental to sex, as every proud woman should.

The women who called the convention were not sour old maids, childless women, or divorced wives, as the newspapers soon declared them to be with characteristic inaccuracy. Lucretia in particular was happy in marriage with a husband of sufficient ability to have no fear of independence on the part of his wife.

James Mott had twice amassed a competency in trade, one of which he had given up for conscience's sake. His activities in the fields of reform had made him a noteworthy figure in anti-slavery, religious, and similar circles; but because he felt seldom called upon to address audiences he was overshadowed by the genius of his more brilliant wife. Yet he had no need to bolster his self-respect by suppression of the activities of the one whom he loved and admired.

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It was written of their old age that he would sit behind Lucretia on the platform and radiate benign satisfaction at every word she uttered. Dr. Charles Gordon Ames once spoke on a platform with Lucretia, and delighted to tell how, after she had criticized some statement of his, James leaned over to him, aside, and whispered placidly, "If she thinks thee is wrong, thee had better look it over again."

Shortly before the day set for the woman's convention James suffered ill health and Lucretia doubted if she would be able to get to the meeting place at Seneca Falls before the morning of the convention. For a while it was thought James would not be able to attend until the second day's session. He especially requested that Mrs. Stanton's "great speech" be reserved until that day.

Lucretia penned Elizabeth a hasty note, in which she expressed fear that the attendance would not be as large as it might otherwise be, owing to the busy labors of harvest. "But it will be a beginning," she thought, "and we hope it will be followed in due time by one of a more general character."

The morning of the appointed day dawned, a day which will figure prominently in the pages of history when historians come to write the story of mankind as a series of social movements rather than wars and tariffs. The migration of women to the Unitarian Church at Seneca Falls was a saga of heroism as romantic as the opening of California or the breaking of the Northwest by pioneers of plow and covered wagon. The one was a picture of economic and political expansion—the lure of adventure and the urge of the stomach—the other a gigantic epic in the upward toiling of the human race from the inequalities of barbarism toward the pinnacles of human justice where principle, and not custom, is right.

In due time the ladies in charge of the program arrived at the church carrying their declaration of rights, resolutions, and bulky volumes of the statutes of New York State, wherein were contained legal outrages against the feminine sex. They found the doors of the church locked. Debate ensued among the sponsors while a crowd of spectators clustered around. At length an embryo professor of Yale College was boosted through a window, and a man unlocked the door to woman's freedom.

As he swung open the portals a buzzing throng pushed in. The little chapel was quickly filled. There was much whispering and rustling noises peculiar to women and children in church. Interest was

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as highly pitched as though a professor of phrenology or an evangelist had come to town, perhaps more, since a convention to discuss the social, civil, and religious condition and rights of woman had never before been advertised.

The call for the convention advised that the first day's meeting was to be exclusively for women, that the public generally were "invited to be present on the second day, when Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, and other ladies and gentlemen" would address the audience. The decision that men should not be present on opening day was an inconsistent one when it is remembered that the women were objecting to sex disparity.

Notwithstanding the plain wording of the invitation, the women observed a number of men in attendance, and being already in their seats they were allowed to remain if for no better reason than that no way to get rid of them could be thought of.

As the fatal minute for opening the convention approached it was discovered that no woman present felt capable of assuming the responsibility of organizing the audience and presiding over its destinies. A general timidity prevailed. The participants were strangers to Cushing's "Manual of Parliamentary Law." A hasty council was held at the altar. It was decided that man could make himself useful upon even an occasion such as this, and James Mott, tall and solemn in Quaker costume, was drafted to the president's chair. Fortunately for the convention's success, his previous indisposition had not kept him from attendance. Mary McClintock, wife of an influential citizen of the county, was appointed secretary, and the strange convention got under way.

The moving spirit of the convention . . . we are told [wrote Isabella Beecher Hooker twenty-five years later in a letter to the woman's silver anniversary meeting] was Lucretia Mott, who spoke with her usual eloquence to a large and intelligent audience on the subject of "Reform in General," and, from time to time, during the numerous sessions of the Convention, swayed the assembly by her beautiful and spiritual appeals, and was the first to affix her name to this prophetic and inspired "Declaration of Sentiments," an act which she will tell you today, I trust, has brought to her more joy than, perhaps, any other act of her life.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, hardly thirty years of age, delivered an address. Martha Wright (Lucretia's sister) read some satirical articles she had published in the daily papers answering diatribes on

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woman's sphere. Ansel Bacon, one of the men responsible for passing the married woman's property bill in New York, spoke on that legislation. Samuel Tillman, student at law, read extracts from the most exasperating English and American statutes reflecting the law's tender mercies towards wives in permitting husbands to relieve them of the care of their property, money, children, and responsibilities of government.

The Declaration of Independence, revamped as Thomas Jefferson had never thought of it, was freely discussed by many persons present, reread, and slightly amended. The declaration and resolutions passed at this first convention for equal rights demanded all that the most radical friends of the movement have since claimed; the right to vote, to share in all political offices, honors, and emoluments, the status of complete equality in marriage, equal rights in property, wages, and custody of children on a par with the husband, and the right to make contracts, to sue and be sued, and to testify in the courts of justice whence women were barred together with idiots, children, and Chinamen. What the women asked, after many centuries, was the right to be human, and not to be glorified incubators.

The only resolution not unanimously adopted was that which demanded the electoral franchise. Mrs. Stanton and Frederick Douglass held stoutly for this right. But Quaker Lucretia urged against the present adoption of the measure on the ground that it was premature, and would make the cause ridiculous at that early date, and do harm to the advancement of pressing social and economic demands. Women desired more than suffrage, she contended; but she gave in when she saw that sentiment was against her.

The convention at Seneca Falls dissolved in a buzz of discussion. Many a member of the audience left for home with stirrings in head greater than had gathered there a twelvemonth before. A customary percentage went away disturbed. Some ladies feared men would laugh at them if they signed petitions for woman's rights, others maintained that they had rights enough, while men said the women already had too many rights.

As pulpit and press began to thunder, one by one women signatories withdrew their names from the convention's roll. The statesman William H. Seward agreed with Mrs. Stanton that the women had the argument, but thought custom and prejudice was against them, and that these were stronger than truth and logic.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

Emboldened by the sound of their voices in public, the women of the countryside met again at Rochester two weeks after the session at Seneca Falls. There is a left wing to every radical cause. A small group of participants came prepared to elect one of their own sex president. This move was opposed by the founders of the movement who doubted if any woman's timid voice was ready to preside over an audience filled with male hecklers bobbing up to call points of order. The embattled women, however, proceeded to their business in the face of both Lucretia's and Elizabeth's threatened withdrawal.

The convention opened with the quietness of a Quaker meeting. The voices of the president and secretaries could scarcely be heard beyond the first row, until a school teacher volunteered to read the minutes of the previous meeting, and everything went loudly and smoothly. Dull moments were few. An array of gentlemen were present primed with arguments calculated to stop the ungodly foolishness of unsexed females. The obstructionists did not much dispute the right of women to equal pay with men in the business world, but they expressed concern of claims made of equality in the home. The old idea of a divinely ordained household head, and that head in all cases the man, whether wise or foolish, educated or ignorant, sober or drunk, had warm defense.

Male speakers thought the problem one of expediency, and they chose to argue the question on that basis rather than that of justice. A gentleman in the audience asked when two heads disagreed who must decide? There was no lord chancellor to whom to apply, and besides, did not St. Paul strictly enjoin obedience to husbands, and that man should be the head of woman?

Lucretia replied that as a practical matter the problem was not vital. The Society of Friends she cited as an example of a sect which provided no promise of obedience on the part of the wife in the marriage ceremony, and she had never known any difficulty to arise on that account. There was no mode of appeal save appeal to reason.

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In some of the meetings of this society women were placed on an equality with men, yet the results so much dreaded had not occurred. Warming to her task, she asked why men, who were so anxious to follow St. Paul as a guide to all social problems which concerned women, rejected his counsels—for did not St. Paul advise men not to marry?

The objections made at Rochester were those she was to hear many years with monotonous repetition. This time they had the virtue of being fresh. Honest men quoted and misquoted the Bible. Fear was expressed that doctrines expressed by Lucretia would be detrimental to business, morality, and law, which in many states since have become recognized practices, Blackstone and St. Paul to the contrary, notwithstanding.

One gentleman especially deprecated woman's occupying the pulpit, this being a male monopoly by many centuries of custom, and hence divinely arranged. Lucretia was stirred. Prohibitions quoted in restraint of women, she replied, were too often obtained from the clergy and not the Bible. Supporting her position by numerous quotations and explanations, she complimented the Rochester church for opening its doors to a woman's convention. She recalled how a few years back the Female Moral Reform Society of Philadelphia had applied for the use of a church in that city in which to hold one of its meetings and had been allowed only to use the basement on condition that no woman should speak at the meeting. This had necessitated the presence of a clergyman who called the meeting to order, and another clergyman who had read the ladies' reports to the society.

Every gentleman who spoke on the Rochester platform was not an obstructionist. William C. Nell read a speech which Lucretia appreciated, but explained she thought too flattering. Unlike many feminists of the century Lucretia was an advocate of equality; she did not contend woman was innately superior to man except as custom had made it necessary for woman to profess a higher code of morals.

It was a bold convention, and not the least daring was Elizabeth's challenge to the audience that if any churchmen were present they should not keep quiet at the convention and then do as their brethren had done at Seneca Falls, use the pulpit throughout the city to denounce the women, from pulpits whence women would not be allowed to reply.

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The challenge swept the hall with no response, but the convention had not long adjourned ere a second hail of denunciation descended from the pulpit, and continued many years.

The seed of the woman's movement germinated, not under shining sun and balmy showers, but pressed in unfriendly soil, subjected to the chilling animosities of merchants and the storms of politicians, and wilted down by the glaring heat of reverend gentlemen, all of whom united to prevent the female from speaking in public.

The press likewise beat down its editorials on the women with unsparing ridicule; many of the articles being written, apparently, not only *for* morons, but *by* morons. Precedents, hearsay, and hasty judgments passed as counterfeits of thought.

A steady stream of clergymen marched on and off convention platforms with arguments which meant the perpetual maintenance of prevailing standards. One clergyman claimed superior rights and privileges for men on the ground of "superior intellect"; another because of the "manhood of Christ"—if God had desired the equality of woman He would have given some token of His will through the birth, life, and death of the Savior. Declared an Unitarian editor: "Place woman unbonneted and unshawled before the public gaze, and what becomes of her modesty and her virtue?"

Reverend Byron Sunderland, later chaplain of the United States Senate, preached a sermon, taking for his text, "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto man; neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are an abomination to the Lord thy God." What the good man would have said had he foreseen the day when haberdashers would sell gentlemen's silk underwear in shades of blue and violet, no one can augur.

The vicars of Christ were certain that the woman's movement was a challenge to Christianity. If it were conceded that Christianity was wrong in its attitude that woman was sinful and had brought evil into the world, and was weak in intellect and body, then the whole of Christianity would tumble and the world be thrown into darkness, for if the Bible was admitted wrong in regard to woman's status, then might it not be wrong in every other matter? Christ was denied by anyone who denied the complete efficacy of the Bible, for Christ believed it all; hence the believer in woman's rights, like the Abolitionist, was anti-Christ and the Devil's agent. Lucretia and her associates were vicious women!

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All this had the iron of theological reasoning. It was based on the plenary inspiration of the Bible, and no clergyman went behind this assumption. Standing firmly on the premise, the clergy waxed logical, facetious, or vindictive, and customarily carried their congregations with them. Good shepherds herded their sheep and ferreted goats. Few women wished to be goats. The majority preferred to be sheep and to follow the bellwethers of the pulpit.

The religious argument against woman's rights was the one Lucretia tried her best to avoid, although when pressed she was able to hold her own in the exchange of scriptural texts. She related her anti-slavery experiences upon the Bible question; how one party took pains to show the Bible was opposed to slavery while the other quoted paragraphs to prove it had divine origin, "thus wasting their time by bandying Scriptural texts, and interfering with the business of their meetings." Abolitionists, she said, soon learned to confine themselves to their own work of declaring the inherent right of man to himself and his earnings. "It is not to be supposed," she often concluded, "that all the advice given by the apostles to the women of their day is applicable to our own intelligent age; nor is there any passage of Scripture making those texts binding upon us."

The press was prone to greater humor than the pulpit. An attitude assumed by editors not able to differentiate between child-bearing and voting was the allegation that the purpose of the woman's movement was "to seat every lord at the foot of the cradle, and to clothe every woman in her lord's attire," that is, to interchange the sexes.

When Lucretia asked to speak in public, or call a convention, or discuss affairs of state, or vote, it was thought she was violating the "laws of nature." It was believed women in the home would never be able to learn about political science, or study social reforms affecting the Nation, quite so intelligently as men who, in instances not a few, absorbed their opinions with their beer at the corner saloon.

Male electors long had basked in the admiration of wives who believed them statesmen close to the lords of high decision, whereas their associations with rulers consisted of a handshake and a cigar of doubtful ancestry on election day from Michael O'Shaughnessy, "the people's candidate."

The tone of the newspapers Lucretia was compelled to read sound not unfamiliar to modern ears: "'Progress,' is the grand bubble

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which is now blown up to a balloon bulk by the windy philosophers of the age," expounded one editor. Papers sneered at the "progressive age." "Great effort is everywhere being made to bring out some new, impracticable, absurd and ridiculous proposition; the greater its absurdity the better."

All were agreed that the women's conventions should openly resolve that the men should wash dishes, scour up, handle the broom, darn stockings, patch breeches, dress up in the latest fashion, wear trinklets, look beautiful, and be as fascinating as "those blessed morsels of humanity whom God gave to preserve that rough animal man, in something like a reasonable civilization."

A few editors pursued different tactics. One professed to see nothing to get excited about in a cause which already had excited him. He thought the women of Seneca Falls and Rochester extremely dull; aside the novelty of their cause they were hardly worth noticing.

A Philadelphia paper appealed to civic patriotism by explaining how girls of other cities wanted to be President of the United States and governors of states, but the girls of Philadelphia (God bless 'em) objected to fighting and holding office. They preferred "the baby-jumper to the study of Coke and Lyttleton, and the ball-room to the Palo Alto Battle." Women, continued the editor, had enough influence over human affairs without being in politics. Mothers, grandmothers, aunts, wives, and sweethearts managed everything. "Men have nothing to do but to listen and obey and to say 'of course, my dear, you will, and of course, my dear, you won't.'"

Horace Greeley astonished himself with the discovery of a great panacea for all feminine dissatisfaction, drunken husbands, poverty, and legal disabilities—it was "a wicker-work cradle and a dimple-cheeked baby."

The New York and London papers called the women "sour old maids." The opprobrious epithet "strong-minded" was applied to woman righters just as the strongest term of contempt that could be used by a Southern slaveholder was "free nigger."

Only one editor had the spirit of prophecy, and this was watered with foreboding. He wrote from down east: "Before the morning of the twentieth century dawns, women will not simply fill your offices of Register of Deeds, but they will occupy seats in your Legislative Halls, on your judicial benches, and in the executive chair of State

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and Nation. We deprecate it, yet we perceive its inevitability, and await the shock with firmness and composure."

Woman, "the angel of the family altar," as she was portrayed (or betrayed) in the genteel magazines, and woman the creature of Coke and Blackstone, were two different figments of interpretation.

Disapproval of woman's rights was not universal. A small coterie of males rallied around Lucretia and lent the cause lustre, and credit to themselves, although certainly not contemporary honor. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was one of these. Meeting Lucretia for the first time on the woman's platform, he scribbled enthusiastically:

How shall I describe to you Lucretia Mott . . . the most brilliant eyes. Such a face and such a regal erectness! Nobody else ever stood upright before. She said but little in the meetings, but that so clear and sagacious and wise; and there was such an instinct of her superiority, that she rules like a queen on the platform, and when she looked as if she desired anything we all sprang to see what it might be.

Garrison, of course, became an advocate. He was a congenital "joiner" of cracked movements—anti-slavery, woman's rights, spiritualism, and Graham diet; a combination which united itself in the popular mind as having about equal merit.

Henry B. Blackwell, brother of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and husband of Lucy Stone, was another male speaker on the woman's platform who described himself as owing no apology for his stand.

William Henry Channing expressed himself "heart, mind, soul and strength for the Equal Rights of Woman"; and so did James Mott, C. C. Burleigh, Wendell Phillips, and other Abolitionists of the non-resistant school.

The bachelor Whittier did not grace the woman's platform, yet he did not share the misgivings of those who feared that when women voted, their beauty and sentiment would go. In this matter, thought he, "we can trust nature. Stronger than statutes or conventions, she will be conservative of all that the true man loves and honors in woman." Quakerlike the poet added, "I have no fear that man will be less manly or woman less womanly when they meet on terms of equality before the law."

In the turmoil of the fierce conflict over the participation of women in the anti-slavery agitation he had confided to Lucretia that "give woman the right to vote, and you end all these persecutions by reform and church organizations."

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The red-blooded editors of the newspapers went particularly out of their way to deride the male supporters of the movement. Many an unknown "he-man" editor of a weekly rural paper wrote slashing editorials about the "Aunt Nancy" men, the hermaphrodites and "ism-izers," and fanatical Abolitionist preachers of "damnable doctrines and accursed heresies" who sympathized with the woman's cause. They were pictured either as weak-minded males, or as persons infatuated with a desire for notoriety. Woman's rights men were "men who comb their hair smoothly back, and with fingers locked across their stomachs, speak in a soft voice, and with upturned eyes." Editors reported conventions of "masculine women" and "feminine men," described the bloomer dress very minutely, and said little of the arguments of the speakers.

In the welter of "pros" and "antis" there occasionally appeared in print some self-appointed Solomon who deemed himself so devoid of bias that he sought to analyze in a judicious manner the whole fabric of woman's rights. Like the man who was willing to be convinced (but would like to see the person who could do it), the purpose of such writers was to put an end to the controversy by showing that, whereas women were deprived of certain rights, they were wrong in their battle against "nature and God."

Such an arbiter was L. P. Brockett, M. D., of Hartford, Connecticut, author of many books. In a thick volume he entombed his reflections and dissected the capabilities of women in a sort of female vocational "Gray's Anatomy." School-teaching the author recommended, but the spectacle of a woman standing before a congregation and teaching the lessons of Christ, he conceded, was something "contrary to our ideas of propriety and womanly delicacy," a sufficiently Victorian reason. The doctor admitted that a well educated and deeply religious woman *might* be able to write a sermon as systematic, earnest, pungent, and practical as most clergymen; which would seem to indicate that he had not heard many of the current sermons of his generation.

Medical treatment of women and children the doctor hoped some day to find in the care of highly educated female physicians, but on the whole he recommended the keeping of bees, the rearing of silkworms, and the care of some of the "fanciful varieties" of domestic fowls, and pigeons, guinea hens, ducks, geese, turkeys, and rabbits, as employments better suited for women.

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He viewed the stage with mingled emotions. He recognized the artistic merits of Fanny Kemble, Charlotte Cushman, and Mrs. Siddons, and graciously admitted there were ballet dancers whose purity of life strangely contrasted with the performances which formed a part of their daily duties, but on the whole he was convinced no pure-minded woman had the right to imperil her hopes of eternal life by entering upon a theatrical career.

Having put woman in her place, specifically about halfway between the cook stove and the cradle, Dr. Brockett sighed for the return of the spinning wheel. It was such good exercise!

The man who did not believe that women had the power of mind sufficiently to qualify them to teach the higher branches of mathematics, then paid his disrespects to J. Stuart Mill, the English philosopher who had come out in compliment of woman's intelligence. The doctor was not surprised that a "deist" should declare that woman was substantially man's equal. Despite his great reputation, Mr. Mill lacked wisdom because he wilfully ignored the Scriptural accounts of the creation of woman. For that reason Mr. Mill failed to discern the "original design and purpose of her Creator" in placing her in a subject relation to man. Dr. Brockett pointed out that "great men were not always wise."

At this point the masculine counterpart of Sarah Josepha Hale enters a sort of trance (if he had not been in that condition from the start), and takes the interested reader into the future, delineating with colored adjectives election day should women be allowed to vote. He declares it would be a gala day for the prostitutes; "modest, refined, Christian women" would refuse to go to the polls in such company.

What a lesson of evil would be taught children on that day, he moaned. Imagine the innocent offspring, clutching its mother as it stands in the presence of "poor wretches, bedizened in gaudy finery, with bold, brazen faces, many of them half or wholly drunk, and uttering, with loud laughter, horrible oaths and ribald and obscene jests." What an impression the child would receive!

And if the mother attempted to tell her daughter that these were bad women, the little child might query: "But mother, they are going to vote. If they were so very bad, would they have the same right to vote that you and other ladies have?" Unable to answer so preco-

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cious a question, the "modest, refined, Christian" mother would scurry home, leaving the polls to her male representatives, and the women of the underworld.

To drive home the lesson the book is illustrated with a picture showing the refined woman at the polls completely surrounded by a vicious group of derelicts of both sexes. The picture vividly warns any woman who is on the verge of becoming a follower of Lucretia Mott, the type of men and women with whom she must associate if she votes. It also discloses the unintentional fact that the voting male is the uncouth immigrant, the bowery heeler, and the pimp; the same male hailed by opponents of female rights as woman's natural representative in affairs of government. One glance at the men in the picture convinces the reader that woman's benign influence in the home had gone awry, despite this best chosen argument of anti-suffragettes.

Dr. Brockett's electoral prognostications are a sample of fears that never have come true. Or perhaps the modern concept of the ideal woman has changed; if so, Dr. Brockett would grieve. Listen while he describes the anatomical changes in woman's face produced by equal rights. "The blush of modesty, the timid, half-frightened expression which is, to all right thinking men, a higher charm than the most perfect, self-conscious beauty, will disappear, and in the place of it we shall have hard, self-reliant, bold faces, out of which all the old loveliness will have faded, and naught remain save the look of power and talent, blighted like that of a fallen angel."

Dr. Brockett is now doubtlessly floating in heaven (where women with "timid, half-frightened" faces are taking care of the more "fanciful varieties of the domestic fowls"), secure in the beautiful thought that all the hardened, bedizened faces are sizzling in hell together with John Stuart Mill, who didn't rate very high at Hartford, Connecticut.

CHAPTER XIX

THE HEN CONVENTIONS

Lucretia endeavored to awaken sufficient interest in her home city to hold a woman's convention, but the interest she aroused was mainly antagonistic. Staid Philadelphians lacked the venturesome temperament which characterized the spirit of western New York.

Lucretia did her best to entice Elizabeth Stanton to Philadelphia. "Thou art so wedded to this cause that thou must expect to act as a pioneer," exhorted the busy Quakeress to her friend. Already, a speech by Mrs. Stanton delivered at Waterloo, New York, had aroused favorable comment among the "respectable inhabitants" of that town, and Lucretia encouraged her friend to exercise her talents in lecturing, that her sex might "go forward." And, continued the mild appearing radical, "do write to Rochester and stir up those women to their duties. We must not depend upon any who have been apostles before us."

Lucretia was cognizant of advancing years and the fact that her time was consumed in the anti-slavery movement. She sought younger women for active leadership in the latest reform. This was forthcoming in the persons of Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, who were to carry the torch until they, too, were to become old, and likewise seek fresh hands and strong hearts to succeed them.

Though Pennsylvania was not ready for a woman's convention, there broke in Philadelphia an opportunity to focus public attention upon the sluggish cause. Richard Henry Dana, one of the literary leaders of the day had, in a moment of unfortunate judgment, selected Philadelphia as the place to deliver a lecture on what he considered the proper sphere of woman. Writer and poet, descendant of the Federalistic gentry of New England, he thought himself an hereditary guardian of public morals. He had little sympathy with, or interest in, the affairs of the world. He was unsparing in his ridicule of the new demands of women for a larger stage of action. To add salt to open wounds he made it a point to eulogize Shakespeare's heroines, especially Desdemona, Ophelia, and Juliet, as models of innocence, tenderness, and woman's confiding love in man.

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When Mr. Dana gave his lecture in Philadelphia there was a woman in his audience who for beauty of character out-lustered any character in Shakespeare's insipid female cast. That woman was Lucretia Mott. At the close of the great man's lecture, the friend of Emerson sought introduction. This was effected, and after the formalities of polite greeting had been exchanged, Lucretia started to discuss with Mr. Dana his ideals of womanhood as she would have done with any of her intellectual friends. She told the speaker she had been much interested in his lecture and profited by the information it contained, but that she could not respond to his ideas of woman's true character and destiny.

Mr. Dana was a gentleman of the professorial type; a fountain to spout knowledge into empty vessels, not a debater. The co-founder of the "North American Review" was accustomed to worshipful admiration and was unfamiliar with the type of woman who would take issue with him. When, therefore, Lucretia uttered her first words of criticism, he quickly mumbled, "I am sorry," and rushed out of the hall, leaving Lucretia transfixed with astonishment.

Dana's lecture seemed to Lucretia unworthy the serious subject of woman and, coming from an eminent source, pernicious in its influence upon the young generation. She resolved to answer it in order that she might correct its misconceptions. Her resolution resulted in one of her best known public orations, rendered the seventeenth of December, 1849, before an audience as choice as the one that had listened to Mr. Dana. It was one of Lucretia's few speeches to be fully reported. A limited number were printed in pamphlet form, and twenty years after reprinted at the request of an English lady for circulation in England.

Lucretia began her speech with the assertion that there was nothing of greater importance to society at large, men and women, than the true position of the latter. The subject many years had claimed her earnest attention. She had long wished to see women occupying a more elevated position than custom allotted her.

The theme of woman had been one of ridicule, satire, and sarcasm. Not more was to be expected from the vulgar and the ignorant, but a woman had the right to expect that coarse epithets would not be resorted to by intelligent and refined persons. She thought Dana's lecture fraught with sentiments calculated to retard the progress of

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women to the high elevation of dignity destined by her Creator. Dana in his talk presented a sentiment rather than an argument. Woman too long had been satisfied with homage, and flattering appeals to her mere fancy and imagination. Woman was now claiming stronger and more profitable food.

Woman, urged the speaker, needed all the encouragement she could receive by the removal of obstacles from her path in order that she might become a "true woman." Let her not be satisfied with the narrow sphere assigned her by man, or fear to aspire to a higher level lest she should transcend the bounds of female delicacy. Let woman cultivate all the graces and proper accomplishments of her sex, but let these not degenerate into the kind of "feminacy in which she is satisfied to be the mere toy of society," content with outward adornments and the flattery and fulsome adulation with which she is often addressed.

Nature had made a difference in woman's configuration, her physical strength, her voice—and Lucretia asked no change—she was satisfied with nature. But artificial practices had increased this difference. It was woman's duty to develop her natural powers by suitable exercise so that they might be strengthened by reason of use.

The founder of the woman's movement attacked the old belief of the desirability of opposites in marriage. Dana had held out the idea that the sexes were opposite, if not somewhat antagonistic, and required a union as in chemistry, to form a perfect whole. He thought of men as being bold in the demonstration of the pure affection of love, in accordance with the idea that women should be somewhat ashamed of love.

Dana's simile appeared to Lucretia "far from a correct illustration of the true union. Minds that can assimilate, spirits that are congenial, attract one another. It is the union of similar, not of opposite affections, which are necessary for the perfection of the marriage bond." The contrast drawn of man and woman seemed to her a fallacy, as "has much, very much, that has been presented in the sickly sentimental strains of the poet, from age to age."

The question was often asked, she said: "What does woman want more than she enjoyed? What was she seeking to obtain? Of what rights was she deprived? What privileges were withheld from her?" Lucretia answered: woman wanted nothing as favor but of

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right, she wanted to be acknowledged as a moral, responsible being. She was seeking not to be governed by laws in the making of which she had no voice. She was deprived of almost every right in civil society, and was a political cipher in the Nation except in the right of presenting a petition. In religious societies her disabilities greatly retarded her progress. She was excluded from the ministry, her duties were marked out for her by man, and she was subjected to creeds, rules, and disciplines made for her by him—this was unworthy her true dignity. In marriage there was assumed superiority on the part of the husband with a promise of obedience on the part of the wife.

She quoted Professor Walker in his "Introduction to American Law," wherein he said if the law in regard to woman's political rights was applied to males, it would be an exact definition of political slavery. Yet applied to females, custom did not teach people to so regard it.

In the intelligent ranks of society the wife might not, in point of fact, be so degraded as the law provided, because public sentiment was above the law. Still, while the law stood, she was liable to the disabilities it provided. Among the ignorant classes of society woman was made to bear heavy burdens and was degraded almost to the level of the slave. In Lucretia's intercourse with the poorer classes she had known cases of extreme cruelty resulting from the taking of the wife's earnings by the husband, with no redress at law.

When the husband died, property accumulated by the joint efforts of husband and wife was distributed in such manner that the widow was dispossessed of her rightful share. The husband either "gave" his wife a share of her earnings, or the law apportioned her a share, while her son, who inherited the bulk of the estate, would speak of "having to *keep* his mother."

Said Lucretia: "Reform is loudly called for. There is no foundation in reason or expediency for the absolute and slavish subjection of the wife to the husband, which forms the foundation of the present legal relations. Were women, in point of fact, the abject thing which the law, in theory, considers her to be when married, she would not be worthy the companionship of man."

The cause of woman's rights made gradual headway in Philadelphia after Lucretia's speech. Public interest in the movement was

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accelerated by the social unrest of the decade between 1850 and the Civil War.

Gold was discovered in California, 80,000 men departed for the western empire. Famine in Ireland and political conditions in Continental Europe increased immigration to America. The industrial revolution drove women workers into factories where they labored at tasks previously performed in the home at looms and spinning wheels. The world was in turmoil, made no less hazardous, in the opinion of the timid, by a rapid succession of "Hen Conventions."

"Hen Convention" is not an elegant phrase, but this was the designation whereby the press identified meetings attended by mothers, wives, and sisters, otherwise known as "Madonnas" when they stayed at home. The press gathered inspiration from the Universalist preacher who announced a woman's meeting from his pulpit with the statement that "tonight, at the Town Hall, a hen will attempt to crow."

Nowhere was discrimination against women more unjust than in the payment of wages. Conventionalities permitted women three primary sources of income: school teaching, which paid her one-fourth to one-half the salary paid men for similar labor; menial housework, and sewing, the latter so illy paid as to constitute a form of white slavery.

There was, of course, prostitution, but this was *ex cathedra*. When one considers the mental sterility and moral repressions of the Victorian wife, her training, attitude, and environment, one is not surprised at the lusty spread of prostitution, which in every great city in England and America was open, rampant, and notorious; a colorful and luscious weed concealing well its germs of disease in a garden of wilted hothouse plants.

Prostitution was not talked of. Its existence was not recognized. A woman's degree of refinement was gauged by the number and quality of things she did not talk about. Small attempt was made to reform or alleviate the sorrow of the prostitute. It was feared that a helping hand to the wicked would encourage other women to enter the profession. This was an argument which smacked of a famous woman's opinion that the generous sympathies of the philanthropist (by urging one system of reform) often introduced another and greater evil. For example, philanthropy had established Foundling Hospitals in Stockholm to save illegitimate infants from exposure,

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and what had been the pernicious result? One out of every three children thereafter born in the city had been illegitimate: couples did not have to worry about supporting the offspring of illicit intercourse.

Ernestine Rose criticised women for not daring to take their fallen sisters to heart. "I will not mention names," commented she on one occasion, "I must, however, mention our sister, Lucretia Mott, who has stood up and taken her fallen sister by the hand, and warmed her at her own heart. But we cannot expect every woman to possess that degree of courage."

Lucretia was not able, because of the exactions of a multiple life, to attend all sectional gatherings of the woman's movement, but she was a prominent figure, and often presiding officer, at anniversary meetings. She traveled widely. On one occasion newspapers would report her near at home at West Chester, Pennsylvania, and a few months later in the chair at Syracuse, New York. In 1855 she was as far away from Philadelphia as Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

A woman's convention presided over by the Philadelphia Quakeress presented an interesting picture. In the audience one might see members of both sexes, and a variety of colors and costumes. Here an occasional woman in bloomers sat, walked, or conversed with timid-looking Quaker dames in quiet-colored gowns and shawls, and there was always a goodly sprinkling of ladies genteelly dressed in the latest Paris fashions. In one crowded hall, on the steps leading to the platform, sat William Lloyd Garrison and James Mott side by side with men of the darkest hue. This was a reason why woman's rights, non-resistance, and liberal religion made slow headway in the South, where the reforms of the century scarcely penetrated.

Wendell Phillips reported to Elizabeth Pease in far off England:

You would have enjoyed the Woman's Convention. I think I never saw a more intelligent and highly cultivated audience, more ability guided by the best taste on a platform, more deep, practical interest, on any occasion. It took me completely by surprise; and the women were the ablest speakers, too. You would have laughed as we used to do in 1840, to hear dear Lucretia Mott answer me. I had presumed to differ from her, and assert that the cause would meet more immediate and palpable and insulting opposition from *women* than *men*—and scolded them for it. She put, as she so well knows how, the silken snapper on her whiplash, and proceeded to give me the gentlest and yet most cutting rebuke. 'Twas like her old fire when

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the London Quakers angered her gentleness—and beautifully done, so that the victim himself could enjoy the artistic perfection of his punishment.

Unfortunately Wendell Phillips was right, and Lucretia wrong. From the days of Mary Wollstonecraft to Margaret Sanger, women have been the most vicious opponents to every move to better the conditions of their own sex.

Lucretia found the majority of women of her day seemingly satisfied with their lot, and from their conduct it was natural for male adversaries to assume that the discontent of the minority was the consequence of individual idiosyncrasies. In vain Lucretia explained how the majority of the people of each generation have passively accepted the conditions into which they have been born, while those who demand larger liberties are ever a small dissatisfied minority whose claims are ridiculed and ignored. The Chinese woman bound her feet, the Hindu woman mounted the funeral pyre, and the Turkish woman veiled her face, in seeming contentment.

Lucretia defended this type: "I blame her not so much as I pity her. So circumscribed have been her limits that she does not realize the misery of her condition. Such dupes are men to custom that even servitude, the worse of ills, comes to be thought a good, till down from sire to son it is kept and guarded as a sacred thing."

She presided over a remarkable series of meetings at Syracuse, New York. "Some of the most able women of the country" were in attendance, reported a not unfriendly paper, though a pro-slavery sheet sounded the alarm, thus: "The women are coming! They flock in upon us from every quarter, all to hear and talk about Woman's Rights. The blue stockings are as thick as grasshoppers in hay-time, and mighty will be the force of 'jaw-logic' and 'broom-stick ethics' preached by the females of both sexes."

Present at a woman's meeting for the first time was Susan B. Anthony. Already established locally as a temperance worker, she was welcomed into the greater cause and made a secretary.

She helped to enliven proceedings with what has become an anecdote. Paulina Wright Davis, of Rhode Island, had come to Syracuse with the determination to put in office as president her dear friend Elizabeth Oakes Smith, a fashionable "literary lady" of Boston. Both women went about the convention hall dressed in ultra-

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fashion, wearing gowns that left neck and arms exposed in a manner not calculated to stimulate deep reformatory thought—among males, at least.

At the meeting of the nominating committee, James Mott put Mrs. Smith's name in motion. Perhaps he experienced a qualm at the sight of pink and white embroiderings, but he was too liberal to let fashionable apparel prejudice his vote. However, blunt, earnest Susan took occasion to express herself boldly that in her opinion no woman, dressed as Mrs. Smith, could represent the earnest, hard-working women of the country. Quaker James Mott mildly expostulated that the committee could not expect all women to dress as plainly as Friends, but Quaker Susan held her ground, and Lucretia was nominated as a compromise candidate.

"It was a singular spectacle," informs the Syracuse "Standard," "to see this gray-haired matron presiding over a Convention with an ease, dignity, and grace that might be envied by the most experienced legislator in the country." The fifty-nine-year-old matron had gone far since the day she had declared her inability to put a "vote" at the first meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, or even in the four years since Seneca Falls when it had been necessary to call James Mott to the chair.

The impression of her "sweet face and placid manners" at Syracuse was strengthened by her opening remarks. The press declared them to have been "better expressed and far more appropriate than those heard on similar occasions in political and legislative assemblies." Reporters accustomed to the blatant cheapness of political conventions were impressed by the woman who devoted her talents to something more elevating than the spread-eagle oratory of the day, and speeches calculated to arouse the prejudices of an ignorant citizenry.

One paper informed its readers that a greater amount of talent was present in the woman's convention than had characterized any public gathering in the State during ten years back, and probably a longer period, if ever. The appearance of the speakers before the audience was modest and unassuming, though prompt, energetic, and confident. For compact logic, eloquence, and correct expression, and the making of plain and frequent points, the editor had never met the equal of two or three. "The officers, and most especially the

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distinguished woman who occupied the president's chair, evinced a thorough acquaintance with the duties of their station, and performed them in an admirable manner."

Said a co-worker of many years' standing, of Lucretia :

As presiding officer in a woman's convention nothing escaped her notice. She felt responsible that everything should be done in good taste and order. Her opinions on woman's nature, sphere, destiny, were thoroughly digested, and any speaker who did not come up to her exact ideal, was taken delicately to task when her turn came to speak.

When she arose she touched them all round with her gentle railery, offending no one, just pronounced enough in her speech to be effective, and in no way compromising herself.

Her influence was always for harmony, good will, and the broadest charity. She endured too much persecution herself to join in persecuting others. Asked once to study-up the precepts of the free-lovers in order to publicly refute them, she replied, even of a cause she disapproved, it was a task not to her liking. In every reform the Hicksite preacher stood in the foreground of battle. She never dodged responsibilities, or disagreeable duties, and could be relied on to share in every trying emergency. An observer once said that it was easy enough to antagonize the brilliant *esprit* of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the aggressiveness of Susan B. Anthony, or the free thought of Ernestine L. Rose, but that even a Morgan Dix of the Episcopal Church or St. Paul would have been mollified (if not persuaded) by Lucretia Mott—"that winning womanly figure, so essentially feminine in its aspect, with the Quaker garb and meekly-folded kerchief" and "dark, appealing eyes and gentle mouth. . . ."

After her death a gentleman opposed to woman suffrage uttered a singular tribute when he said: "I never felt the slightest antagonism to anything she said, no matter how much I differed from her."

A stranger remarked that she was "apparently a good-natured woman," one whose face did not indicate her character as a "fiery and enthusiastic advocate of reform."

This was the woman who, in the almost unanimous opinion of the American public, should not be allowed to lift her voice in public gatherings for the discussion of social and moral problems, but should grow like the modest violet until plucked by a masculine hand for the fragrance of one man's home.

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The movement which had raised a gust of laughter all over the country, in five years made such progress that one hundred per cent. Americans became alarmed. Neither Washington, nor Franklin, nor Jefferson had advocated sex equality, hence any move to give woman her rightful place in society was a menace to American traditions. Old Glory conceived by radicals and colored by the blood of traitors, must be uplifted in the name of conservatism.

Persons who perceive patriotism in symbols of war can not long endure oral argument. Comes the time when they must demonstrate their opinions by the use of force. The year 1853 witnessed the first definite efforts to crush woman's rights by physical violence. Ideal for anything of this sort is a great city with its teeming tenements. Ignorant New York was agog when in the September of that year representatives of all the unpopular reforms convened in the city to hold a series of celebrations. The combination of anti-slavery meetings, a sermon by a woman preacher, and a woman's rights convention, all within a few hours of each other, was too much for the taut nerves of the Bowery, the press, and the patriots.

Just as New York brags it is able to do anything bigger and better than it can be done elsewhere, so its mobs of 1853 held the same exalted position. Abetting the unlawful element stood three great metropolitan newspapers. Backed by this potent influence the mob element of the city held carnival. The slum excreted its foul matter. Boweryites attended the temperance conclaves, the anti-slavery meetings, and without fail every session of the woman's rights convention, interrupting alike gentlemen and ladies who attempted to speak. Ignorant peasants indulged in rude shouts, hisses, and stampings of feet, ironic cheers, and all manner of noisy demonstrations.

The leading patriot of the week was a citizen of mixed German and Irish lineage, a plug-ugly by the name of Isaiah Rynders. This notorious character had passed easily from a life as a boatman on the Hudson into the sporting ranks of the great city. Later he had sought his fortune as a professional gambler in the paradise of the Southwest. In this region he had become refined in whatever forms of violence he hitherto had failed to master, and after a career more dangerous than polished had returned to New York to embark in the practice of the mysteries of his various crafts and trades.

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His wide experience and acquired education qualified him for political leadership in Tammany Hall. A sporting house which he opened became a Democratic rendezvous and the headquarters of the Empire Club, an organization of roughs and desperadoes who acknowledged his captaincy and helped elect a President of the United States.

It was the prophet Isaiah, posing as a savior of society against blasphemers and infidels and persons traitorous to the Union, who took upon himself the burden of engineering the riots that made the meetings at the Tabernacle, presided over by the cultured Lucretia, a bedlam of insanity. The rowdies were citizens and voters. Many of them a few years before had been uncouth peasants roaming the countryside of Ireland, or disfranchised tillers of soil in some continental country, but in America all were the political superiors of Lucretia Mott, who had been raised and educated in circles of gentility, and whose traditions embraced the finest in American life. The audience jeered and hooted when she reminded them that few reforms were ever begun or carried on with any reputation in the day of inception. The learned men of Fulton Street knew the time would never come when women would be allowed to vote. It was preposterous!

The height of excitement came when one of the great intellects of the Nation—William Henry Channing—managed to incite the audience into an uproar, merely by reciting the inconsistencies of society in regard to woman's sphere. Said he: The largest assemblies greeted Jenny Lind when she enchanted the ear with the strains "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth," but let Mrs. Mott attempt in simple voice to preach the word of God, and respectable Christians veiled their faces! Fanny Ellsler danced to raise money for Bunker Hill Monument, but let Mrs. Rose stand up to lecture on woman's rights and she was out of her sphere, and men left her to be the victim of disorder. It was not out of character for Fanny Kemble to read Shakespeare on the stage, but if a living female Shakespeare should appear on the platform, delicacy would be shocked, decency would be outraged, and society would turn away in disgust.

This was too much for Bowery nerves. There were loud bel-lowsings, screams, laughter, stampings of feet, and cries of "Burleigh," "Truth," "Shut up," "Take a drink," and "Greeley!" The latter especially was a synonym for all that was freakish. The tumult

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assumed such proportions that police assistance was sought by the managers of the convention. Lucretia vacated the chair. It was contrary to her principles to preside over a meeting sustained by force. Considering the feeble efforts made by the authorities to maintain order, Lucretia might conscientiously have retained the chair.

The right of free speech in the Nation had become a Fourth of July boast, but then, as now, most persons thought a radical, by thinking differently than his contemporaries, thereby forfeited the protection of the law. The police have always been loath to defend radicals against even the unlawful anger of "respectable" taxpayers. The editor of the "State Register" expressed public opinion when he wrote:

People are beginning to inquire how far public sentiment should sanction or tolerate these unsexed women, who make a scoff at religion, who repudiate the Bible, and blaspheme God; who would step out from the true sphere of the mother, the wife, and the daughter, and take upon themselves the duties and the business of men; stalk into the public gaze, and by engaging in the politics, the rough controversies, and trafficking of the world, upheave existing institutions, and overturn all the social relations of life.

The woman's movement stirred not only a lavender odor among lovers of ancient customs, but also a Rabelaisian humor that was peculiarly annoying to a woman of Lucretia's dignity. Unfortunately the woman's movement pollenized its own pistil of ridicule. It had a visible peculiarity that even the most slothful dullard could perceive. That was the bloomer costume. Loud and many were the jests showered upon the handful of women who wore it, and their martyred husbands. The latter were identified as hen-pecked males and attenuated vegetarians who were afraid to say "no" to a strong-minded woman for fear of infringing her rights. The wearers were "unsexed women" who met in broad daylight to propound the doctrine "that they should be allowed to step out of their appropriate sphere, to the neglect of those duties which we and our fathers before us have imagined belonged solely to women."

There was talk that the world might become depopulated because of masculine women, while in another quarter of the same camp it was feared the population would be illegitimately increased by "free love." Criticism of the bloomer costume became so offensive that Lucy Stone,

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visiting the Motts, was labored with by the daughters of the house to abandon the costume. They, in fact, said they would not go upon the street with her, and when the popular writer, Grace Greenwood, called, Lucy was convinced it would have been a real relief to them if she had not been present in her baggy bloomers and long coat. Of course, James and Lucretia defended her bravely. But Lucy concluded that no worth while cause (like woman's rights) could be impeded by long dresses, so she went back to the fashions of the 'fifties. Shortly after, the bloomer became an object of archæological curiosity.¹

Lucy's retention of her maiden name after marriage was likewise the scandal of good people who saw in it the beginning of the long prophesied reign of sex immorality. It was still a matter of public controversy three years later when in a letter Lucretia commented on Antoinette Brown's marriage, writing she was agreed to Lucy's right to her own name, while glad also that Antoinette was independent enough not to be governed by Lucy's example, if she did not choose to follow it. And, continued Lucretia, "it has amused me to see the wrath of some, because of Lucy's retaining her name, and how it is made an excuse for having no more to do with the cause."

1. Lucy Stone: Alice Stone Blackwell.

CHAPTER XX

THE BLACK MAN'S HUNTING GROUNDS

It is doubtful if Lucretia's interest in the woman's cause ever supplanted, if in fact it equaled, her interest in anti-slavery.

A great movement had quickened at Seneca Falls, but the Nation's attention, even more than her own, was focused on capitol hill, where Congress was in daily turbulence. On one point only were its members agreed—and that was that something had to be done. The scratch of pens on the document signed at Guadalupe Hidalgo had been the signal for a fresh outburst of strife. The controversy was whether the millions of acres of fertile land acquired by "fair purchase" of Mexico should be free, or half free and half slave.

Under a democratic form of government, where a wide divergence of opinion exists on any given question, a legislative body can deal only in palliatives without prescribing a course of conduct calculated to cure the disease itself. By 1850 Congress was ready for another political compromise. Tottering John C. Calhoun—champion of the freedom of states and the enslavement of men—was led into the capitol to have his last speech read to the Senate. The gaunt old leader from South Carolina did not sense that the day of agrarian rule by a planter aristocracy was tottering on legs as weak as his own. He was firm in the conviction that the prosperity of the free North was due to a protective tariff and the refused expansion of slavery into the new states.

And so, adding fuel to the fire with the thought that it was dashing water on the blaze, Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Act, and President Fillmore blotted his signature on the warrant of misery of thousands of unfortunate negroes—freed, escaped, and enslaved. The Fugitive Slave Law was written into the compromise of 1850, says a prominent historian, by "cool-headed men, business interests, and conservatives generally," who recognized the necessity of compromise, and party managers alarmed by the way negro slavery had come to interfere with old political alignments.

Lucretia was not concerned with political alignments. The country got along equally well under Whigs or Democrats, and doubtless

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the rule of party was of small moment to the millions of negroes in slavery. Lucretia read the Fugitive Slave Act. Her indignation boiled. She saw that the new law made the free soil of the North a reservation for the rich and the powerful to run down the poor and the weak.

Into the North from all quarters rushed the minions of slaveholders to seize their prey. With the leash of the bloodhound in one hand and a volume of Federal statutes in the other, these men tracked and hunted the negro like harried rabbits, not infrequently seizing free negroes and making life intolerable for those who had escaped from slavery and long thought themselves free. The happy hunting grounds of the red man had become the unhappy hunting grounds of the black man.

Among "pros" and "antis" the "Bill of Abominations," as the act was stigmatized by opponents, was upheld or denied with equal vehemence. It was a scandal to the patriots of the South (who later seceded) when at Faneuil Hall Wendell Phillips thundered: "We presume to believe the Bible outweighs the statute book. When I look upon these crowded thousands, I see them trample on their conscience and the rights of their fellowmen, at the bidding of a piece of parchment, I say, my CURSE be on the Constitution of these United States!"

A patriot from Andover Seminary stated that all the talk about conscience setting aside the Constitution was an imputation against the men who had formed the government; it held them up to the world as having had neither justice nor humanity. It did not occur to the speaker that, by his own reasoning, every amendment to the Constitution had been an insult to the Fathers, including the Bill of Rights—the very soul of the Constitution—which had been added at the demand of a few of America's earliest radical agitators.

The dogma of the plenary inspiration of the Bible was brought over into the Constitution. Theological training made it easy for churchmen to make saints out of politicians, and Bibles out of statute books. The Fugitive Slave Law brought sharply to the focus of moderate citizens of the free states the realization that slavery was a problem they could no longer ignore. They were confronted with the miserable alternative of either obeying the law and thereby perpetuating slavery, of which they were not fond, or of doing the bidding of the heart to the disobedience of law.

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Dr. Sharp, a Baptist minister, well expressed the view of the conservative, yet not pro-slavery, church when he said that it was the "duty" of such persons to submit to the government extending over the region wherein they dwelt, and to obey their magistrates. This was cool reasoning calculated to prevent anarchy, but it never has been the reasoning of the American people who from earliest colonial days to prohibition have nullified acts of Parliament or the Constitution and talked secession whenever the pocketbook or the national conscience has been pricked. The era of the Fugitive Slave Law was a high watermark of this history.

A brother of the cloth less calculating than Dr. Sharp spoke in defense of the law, warning his congregation that to assist a fugitive slave in the face of governmental authority was not merely aiding a negro to freedom but was substituting force for law, a terrible thing, said the orator, who then went on to say if Abolitionists insisted in the spirit of sedition and rebellion (*i. e.*, substituting force for law) the magistracy would eventually be obliged to muster the citizenry to defend the Constitution. "Arm! Arm!" shouted the preacher who detested force in freeing a slave. "If they call you to the field of battle, stand in your ranks as your fathers stood, shoulder to shoulder; if to take human life, take it; and if you fall, your memory shall be hallowed with those whose bones moulder on the slopes of Bunker Hill."

Fighting to defend a flag, a constitution, an established government, is so fortified by precedent that it is considered an ideal thing. To defend human liberty, to free a slave, to think more of mankind than of a piece of bunting, is a ridiculous thing meriting public contempt. Lucretia never gave more than passing disrespect to any argument that made it proper to kill one's fellow-man on the battlefield in the name of the law, but a sin to help a slave escape from servitude without bloodshed. No compact by the Fathers could annul Lucretia's obligations to mankind.

Congress rocked with debate, knives and pistols gleamed in council chambers, synods were torn with dissensions, the air was filled with questions how the Fugitive Slave Law should be accepted by persons who loved the Union, and by persons who respected Southern rights and yet disliked slavery.

Through all the discord Lucretia continued her way quietly, but none the less actively, to advance the morn of the day of universal

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freedom and the culmination of the spirit of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the Declaration of Independence in their broadest and better senses. She bore no arms, she respected virtue, but she defied law which was passed by man in the spirit of expediency. Like Thoreau she refused to resign her conscience to legislators. The spirit of bloodless rebellion prevailed North and West. The Fugitive Slave Bill was law, but Abolitionists did not trouble themselves about its legality. Abolitionists saw precedent in the fact that so many progressive steps have been taken in violation of authority. Some of the best known citizens of Syracuse, New York, openly declared the Act should not be enforced in that city, and a large number of them made an arrangement to stand by each other in resisting the law.

In the South there were rumors of a strange and mysterious institution known as the Underground Railway, over whose roads escaped slaves were assisted in their flight to the Canadian border. The Underground Railway had no physical properties. Its inventories showed no steel rails, no coaches, no engines. Its conductors collected no fares. Its trains did not even pretend to run on schedule. The railway merely was a network of routes of travel through the free states to Canada over which slaves were hurried from one town or farmhouse to another, by wagon, horse, or afoot, on their way to freedom. Over all the North and West, express trains rumbled over "that memorable but dark and dangerous highway out of democratic despotism to freedom in a land of kings and queens."

The Motts' roomy house at Philadelphia was a "station," and the Motts were "conductors" of the U. G. R. R. Through their station house were billed loadings of human merchandise which did not attain the dignity of humanhood until they had passed the Great Lakes. In some of the free-soil states association with the railway was not a necessarily dangerous avocation; in the border State of Pennsylvania and especially the city of Philadelphia, there were times when it was hazardous and unpopular.

Closely associated with Lucretia and James in the work of evading the Fugitive Slave Act were John and Hannah Cox, of Longwood, Pennsylvania, and large, stout, benevolent, and good humored Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Delaware. John and Hannah Cox were members of a little band of liberal Quakers in which Lucretia

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was much interested, well known for their staunch support of modern reforms. Their house was the first station on the railway across the Maryland border on the Pennsylvania side. It was linked with Garrett's station in Delaware and northward with the Motts'.

At the time of the abolition of slavery Garrett had preserved a record of 2,545 fugitives he had helped to escape from slavery, and had assisted something over two hundred others before he commenced the compilation of his remarkable record. While all the fugitives freighted through the Cox and Garrett homes were not "billed" to the Mott station in Philadelphia, it may be assumed that a large percentage found their way there, as we are told by a contemporary that the Motts' house was the principal station between the Coxes and the home of Isaac T. Hopper in New York.

Whole families of negroes were at times secreted, fed, and clothed in these staunch Quaker homes. Occasionally a zealous officer of the law would swoop down and capture a railway operative "black-handed" with his human cargo. Garrett was several times threatened with bowie knives, and heavily fined in the courts. Once James was the target of a heavy stone thrown by a member of an angry mob while he stood at the doorway of his home, lighted lamp in hand, protecting a frightened negro who had pushed past him, and run through the house and out the back door. The indentation caused by the missile remained many a day in the casing, close where the master's head had been.

Arrests of negroes took place more frequently in Philadelphia than in any northern city. Many fugitives were caught and hurried back without the formality of legal proceedings. Neither side was very scrupulous in observing the letter of the law, except as against the opposing party.

Six years before the opening of the Civil War, Lucretia wrote a friend: "We have had some interesting fugitives here lately. How I wish thousands more would escape, and the remainder resolve that they would no longer work unpaid!" The most remarkable escape recorded was one which, prophesied Lucretia, would "tell well in history some time hence." A citizen of Richmond, Virginia, had called at the office of the Abolition Society in Philadelphia and there unfolded a preposterous tale about a Richmond slave who was meditating escape from bondage by placing himself in a box to be conveyed to Philadelphia as merchandise by Adams' Express.

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The visitor was warned of the great danger of suffocation as well as risk of detection. But the slave was obdurate, and after some delays a telegram was received by the Abolitionists that the strange lading of freight was on its way. Fear of detection being great, it was arranged that Edward M. Davis, who had frequent contacts with the local express office, should have a trusted man call for the box. The box was duly claimed at the depot, and being handled carefully as never before, was safely deposited at the anti-slavery office, where four anxious men awaited the resurrection. A trembling query, "All right?" by J. Miller McKim was responded to by a muffled voice within, "All right, sir!" Hasty hands removed the lid as quickly as hoops could be loosened, and a two hundred pound negro greeted his benefactors with a rising welcome, "Good morning, gentlemen!"

McKim's excitement at finding the man alive was so overwhelming that he joined in singing the freedman's hymn of exaltation: "I waited patiently for the Lord, and he heard my prayer." The scene would have astonished the chance intruder; the opened box with scattered fragments on the floor, and the negro crawling out like a chick that had burst its shell, and the participants singing as though their throats would break.

No home in Philadelphia being more discreet than the Motts', the newborn man was sent to the residence of this daring couple. So long had he been doubled up in the box that he felt the need of exercise in the open air. In order to prevent detection he was supplied with one of James Mott's broad-brimmed Quaker hats. Under this capacious refuge the escaped slave promenaded the yard, perhaps the darkest-skinned looking Quaker that ever failed to say "thee" and "thou." Lucretia wrote of the escape:

He [Brown] is a large man . . . and was incased in a box two feet long, twenty-three inches wide, and three feet high, in a sitting posture! He was provided with a few crackers, and a bladder filled with water, which would make no noise in being turned over, nor yet liable to be broken; he however ate *none*, as it would have made him thirsty, and he needed all the water to bathe his head, after the rough turns over, in which he sometimes rested for miles on his head and shoulders, when it would seem as if the veins would burst. He fanned himself almost constantly with his hat, and bored holes for fresh breathing air, with a gimlet or small auger furnished him. The cracks of the box had canvas over, to prevent any inspection, and to appear

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like goods. Dr. Noble says, if he had been consulted, he should have said it would be impossible for the man to be shut up and live twenty-four hours, the time it took to reach here; it was fanning so much, which kept the exhausted air in motion and gave place to fresh. . . .

Because of the mode of his escape, the fugitive was renamed Henry *Box* Brown. He was exhibited shortly after at Faneuil Hall, where Wendell Phillips took occasion to point him out on a platform crowded with fugitives from "church and State of America," exclaiming amidst applause: "We say in behalf of this man, whom God created, and whom law-abiding Webster and Winthrop swore would find no shelter on the soil of Massachusetts—we say that they may make their little motions, and pass their little laws, in Washington, but that FANEUIL HALL REPEALS THEM, in the name of the humanity of Massachusetts."

Not infrequently negroes were arrested in Pennsylvania on false charges of robbery by marshals holding warrants against them as slaves in order to avoid the danger of a desperate self-defense on the part of the prey. At the courthouse the negro would be suddenly introduced into the presence of the man who claimed him as his property. Ignorant of his rights, cowed by the presence of a slaveholder, surrounded by the tools of his natural enemy, with no friend to counsel him, he would be betrayed into admissions which could be used as evidence to consign him into slavery. Zealous for fees, the magistrates of the Federal courts, many of them appointed by the slave power in control of the Senate, construed a dark skin to be *prima facie* evidence of slavehood.

The Abolitionists of Philadelphia did the best they could to prevent the illegal return of negroes, and some member of their several societies was present at any court hearing of which they had notice, to assist in giving the prisoner legal advice and moral support. Reputable attorneys freely gave their services. When all else pointed to failure, effort would be made to buy the captive free of his master.

Lucretia was often in attendance at these trials. One day the information was brought to her that a negro named Daniel Dangerfield, *alias* Webster (by fate of irony), had been seized on a farm near Harrisburg and was being arraigned before the United States Commissioner in Philadelphia on the charge of being a fugitive slave.

The word spread rapidly through the city and it was not long before Lucretia and other members of local anti-slavery societies were

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in conference. The case had more than usual interest because of the presence on the bench of a new commissioner. Heretofore the Federal judge for the district had been the Honorable John K. Kane, a member of the socially select "Wistaria" group of Philadelphia intellectuals. Under him had served a commissioner friendly to the pro-slavery element. The customary outcome of all fugitive slave cases had been hopeless to the Abolitionists.

Death had removed the old judge, and politics had brought in a new commissioner, a man of Quaker antecedents. Abolitionists regained heart. Leaders who had sat through many discouraging sessions of court under the old régime flocked to court with the hope that the son of a Quaker might better reflect the humanities.

Eminent counsel was hired to defend Dangerfield; Edward Hopper being one. A great crowd collected in the building that lodged the court room. In a small basement, Commissioner J. Cooke Longstreth sat at a table writing, surrounded by a group of officials, anti-slavery men and women, and others interested in the trial of Dangerfield. Knowing the commissioner to be a birthright member of the Society of Friends, Lucretia naïvely approached him, expressing in an undertone her earnest hope that his conscience would not allow him to send the poor man into slavery. The young commissioner listened civilly to the pleader, but replied that he must be bound by his oath of office. The line of the poet sprang into the woman's mind, and she concluded simply:

But remember

The traitor to humanity, is the traitor most accursed.

When Dangerfield was brought out of jail, a rush was made for the courtroom by spectators. A son of the late Judge Kane conducted Lucretia to a seat. The trial lasted all of one day and through the night and into the next day. Ladies of the female society sat through the night. As a number of them walked home in the dawn, they were sad and hopeless.

Through the day the trial continued, Dangerfield sitting by his counsel, clothed as when seized by the authorities, in an old hat and red flannel shirt, a ragged coat and similar apparel.

The question was whether, for no crime but the color of his skin, he should be deprived of his liberty and degraded to the status of a chattel. It was a question dearer to Dangerfield than life, yet it was dis-

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cussed in the cold logic of law and evidence rather than morality and justice. The prisoner sat mute with terror, puzzled by it all. Close by him on one side stood the minister of the law ready to send him into slavery. On the other side, we are told by an eyewitness in the extravagant language of the day, sat a devoted woman "blind to all outward distinctions and defacements, deaf to the idle babble of the world's tongues, cheering her poor hunted brother with the sisterly sympathy of her silent presence."

Lucretia's presence near the prisoner impressed another person in the courtroom, the claimant's counsel, who was disturbed by the intensity of her unflinching gaze. Her heart seethed with hatred of oppression. Her ordinarily placid features were stern, and the mild expression of her face was transformed into something coldly hot. She was a revelation even to members of her family who knew the depth of her love of justice.

Though she sat quietly, claimant's attorney no longer could bear her presence and caused her chair to be moved. There was no cause for alarm. Lucretia was a known non-resistant. Police officers were in attendance on the prisoner. The claimant and his counsel were close at hand. Yet in the presence of the woman described as "that impersonation of righteousness and sympathy with the victims of wrong," the customarily impervious lawyer quailed. The incident was eagerly seized upon by one of the opposing lawyers who dramatized the situation for the benefit of his client, by returning the chair to its former place.

The evidence was in, and the arguments made. Inside the crowded, dingy courtroom with its low ceiling, sweating humanity ceased to whisper, almost to stop breathing the foul air of the room. The tenseness fell which always precedes a verdict. The throngs in the street, with strange mob perception, passed along the word that the supreme moment had come. The commissioner perceived the anxious crowd in the courtroom facing him. He heard the murmur of the outside mob. He knew the pro-slavery sympathies of Philadelphia. His face paled, but there was determination in the set of his mouth. Slowly he spoke the judgment of the court. The evidence of the escaped slave's height, he found, did not tally with that of the prisoner at bar; he ordered Dangerfield released.

An undulation of excitement rippled around the courtroom. Persons friendly to the prisoner pushed eagerly to his side. The claim-

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ant was astounded. The Federal Court had gone mad! The word spread outside; the crowd, surging up and down the street, broke into threats that it would deliver up Dangerfield to his alleged master.

If its members were resolved upon the one thing, an equally strong-willed group of young men were determined that Dangerfield should taste the freedom the law had given him. Ostentatiously they escorted another colored man to a carriage, and while the baffled crowd was trying to decide who was who, drove him off. The real Dangerfield quietly walked out of the building and away in the company of some friends to a retired place where a conveyance awaited him. Thence he was taken to an unsuspected station of the Underground Railway, the country seat of Morris L. Hallowell, eight miles distant from Philadelphia; and a few days later was safe in Canada.

When the claimant's attorney, later Attorney-General of the United States, met Lucretia's son-in-law outside of court, he gave utterance to a friendly sentiment as one lawyer to another: "I have heard a great deal of your mother-in-law, Hopper," said he, "but I never saw her before today. She is an angel."

The impression that the woman made upon him as she sat that day in court and listened to him make an able argument on what she deemed the wrong side, was so indelibly marked on his memory that years later on changing his political affiliations and being asked how he dared to make the switch, the eminent barrister retorted, "Do you think there is anything I dare not do, after facing Lucretia Mott in that courtroom, and knowing that she wished me in Hell!" Lucretia never wished anyone in hell, but perhaps she came nearer that day than ever before, or since.

Another case famous in Abolition annals, but one not directly involving a negro, was the Passmore Williamson case. Williamson was a respected citizen of Philadelphia and secretary of an Abolition society. In performance of his duties he informed a slave mother brought into Philadelphia by her master that she and her two children were free under the laws of the State. The mother, availing herself of this knowledge, took possession of herself and her children. The astonished master—the United States minister to Nicaragua—immediately endeavored to repossess his property. He found many officials in Philadelphia anxious to help him, but was unable to find a lawyer who felt that he could recover the negroes

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by process of law in the State courts, the master being at fault in bringing his property onto the free soil of Pennsylvania.

The master, finding that he could not recover his property, determined that punishment should be meted the man responsible for his predicament. Williamson was indicted and arrested for participation in freeing the slaves. The trial was necessarily held in the friendly State court, a fact which encouraged the Abolitionists to try a hazardous project. They confronted the prosecution with the sudden and unexpected presence in court of Jane Johnson, the negress mother, who testified that Williamson had not forcibly taken her from her master's custody, but that she had left the latter freely. The prosecution's case collapsed. It had been built on the supposition that the defense would not dare jeopardize the newly-won freedom of Jane Johnson by her production in court as a witness.

The scene was a trying one to the Abolitionists. Although the State of Pennsylvania was pledged to protect Jane Johnson, it was feared United States officers would overpower State officials and make away with the woman. But the energy and skill of the presiding judge and State officers accomplished her safe egress from the courtroom.

Jane Johnson was hastily escorted to a carriage and rapidly driven off under armed guard. The white woman who sat by her side was Lucretia Mott. They went to that sanctuary of refuge, the Mott home on Arch Street, entered the front door and, hastily passing through the house, emerged out the rear where another carriage awaited, and Jane Johnson was whisked away to a place of safety. In that moment of confused excitement in the house when everybody was wholly absorbed in the thought of escaping pursuit, Lucretia hastily seized apples and crackers from her storeroom and potatoes from the kitchen fire, and ran with them to the carriage.

Twenty years after the escape of Jane Johnson, one of Lucretia's grandsons, in the course of business at Washington, met a gentleman by the name of Wheeler who, after talking with him of the changes wrought by the Civil War, asked, "Do you happen to remember the case of Jane Johnson and her children, a fugitive slave case in Philadelphia?" The grandson replied that he did, whereupon Mr. Wheeler explained, "Well, those were my niggers!"

To which the grandson replied, in mutual laughter, "And I helped to run them off!"

(To be Continued)

Carpenter and Allied Families

By H. A. HULL, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



IN his volume, the "Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family," published in 1898, Amos B. Carpenter gives early ancestry for the Carpenter family, but later search seems to place much of this early material in the realm of conjecture. Mr. Daniel H. Carpenter, in his "Carpenter Family in America" (Providence, Rhode Island, branch), published three years later than the book of Amos B. Carpenter, says: "Each of our three Carpenter families (Providence, Rehoboth, Philadelphia) has undisputed proof of at least one generation on English soil previous to the emigration to America; beyond that there is a hiatus of more than a century which can only be filled by conjecture." This would seem to allow the following as authentic.

Arms—Argent a greyhound passant; a chief sable.

Crest—A greyhound's head, erased per fesse sable and argent.

Motto—*Celeritas, virtus, fidelitas.*

(Amos B. Carpenter: "A Genealogical History of the Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family in America" (1898), p. 29.)

I. William Carpenter, of England, had several children, namely:
1. James, who inherited the estate of his father. 2. Alexander, born about 1560, was a Dissenter, and on account of religious persecution removed with his family to Leyden, Holland. His only son was probably William of Cobham. 3. William, of whom further. 4. Richard, father of the William Carpenter who came to America in 1636, settled in Providence, Rhode Island, with Roger Williams, and is known as the progenitor of the Providence branch.

(Amos B. Carpenter: "Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family.")

II. William (2) Carpenter, son of William Carpenter, was born in 1576 and was a carpenter by trade. He rented certain tenements and gardens in Houndsditch in 1625 to him devised for forty-one years with a covenant to build within five years, which tenements and gardens were heretofore conveyed to the city's use for the support of the Carpenter Free School by John Carpenter, Town Clerk of Lon-



Carpenter

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

don. This William, the progenitor of the Rehoboth family, came over in the ship "Bevis" with his son William, son's wife Abigail and their children. The earliest record of unquestioned authenticity relating to his family is as follows:

Southampton.—The list of the names of Passeng^s Intended to shipe themselves, In the Beuis of Hampton of CL. Tounes, Robert Batten M^r for Newengland, And thus by vertue of the Lord Treasurers warrant of the second of May w^{ch} was after the restraynt and they some Dayes gone to sea Before the Kinges Mat^{es} Proclamacon Came unto South'ton.

No. of persons	Ages
8 { William Carpenter } of Horwell Carpenter ^{rs}	62
8 { William Carpenter, Jun. }	33
8 { Abigail Carpenter and fower children 10 and under....	32
8 { Tho: Banshott, servt.....	14

Endorsed: "Southton, 1638. The Cert. and list of the Passeng^{rs} names gone for New England in the Bevis of Hampton, in May, 1638."

The statement was made, in 1860, that Horwell, above, probably should be Horil, and that "there is a Horil in Hamshire, near Linington."

That the aforesaid William Carpenter, aged sixty-two in 1638, and therefore born about 1576, was identical with William Carpenter, of Weymouth, Massachusetts, and that the aforesaid William Carpenter, Jun., aged thirty-three in 1638, and therefore born about 1605, was identical with William Carpenter, of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, is a genealogical fact of general acceptance. There is, however, a disagreement of opinion regarding the elder of the Williams. Mr. Savage, in his "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," states that he died in 1659-60, leaving children, John, William, Joseph, Abijah, Samuel, Hannah, Abigail, but the compiler of the "Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family" states, nearly two-score years after the publication of Mr. Savage's work, that William, the elder, born in 1576, "returned in the same vessel in which he came over." This author also, after many years of search and inquiry, assigns the will of 1659-60 to the younger William Carpenter, born in 1605, and gives his children as John, William, Joseph, Hannah, Abiah, Abigail, Samuel. According to the latter, and prob-

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

ably correct version, nothing further is known of the elder William or his descendants in the New World with the exception of his son William and the latter's descendants.

William Carpenter, the elder, had a son: 1. William, of whom further.

("New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. XIV, p. 336; Vol. LXXIII (1919), p. lii; Vol. LXXVIII (1924), p. 105. J. Savage: "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," Vol. I (1860), p. 337. Amos B. Carpenter: "Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family," p. 38.)

III. William (3) Carpenter, son of William (2) Carpenter, who at the age of sixty-two came to New England in 1638 and soon returned to England, was born, probably in England, about 1605, and died in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, February 7, 1659. He was admitted a freeman of Weymouth, Massachusetts, May 13, 1640; was representative of Weymouth in 1641 and 1643, and from the town of Rehoboth in 1645; in June of the latter year he was made a freeman of Rehoboth. In 1645 William Carpenter with others was chosen to look after the interests of the town; the same year he was chosen by the town to represent them in the Court at Plymouth. In 1647 he was chosen as one of the directors of the town and again in 1655. In 1653 is the first time that his name was written as William Carpenter, Sr. His son, William, would be twenty-one at this date and was a resident of the town. About 1642 he was commissioned captain by the General Court of Massachusetts.

The land of William Carpenter, of Weymouth, was described on the town records, about 1642-44, in considerable detail; it included two acres in the west field, four acres in the mill field, eighteen acres near the fresh pond, three acres, four acres, and four acres, all in "Harris's Rainge," and two acres of fresh marsh.

"William Carpenter, Sr., of Rehoboth," made his will "10th month 10th day" (probably December 10, 1658); it was proved April 21, 1659. He bequeathed to his son John "one mare, being the old white mare, and my best dublet, and my handsomest coat, and new cloth to make him a pair of breeches," "twenty shillings to buy him a calf," and a number of books. Bequests to his other children included various parcels of land, a number of horses, colts, oxen, steers, sheep, also Latin, Greek and Hebrew books.

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

William Carpenter married, probably in England, Abigail, who died February 22, 1687; her husband's will shows clearly that she, "mother" of Joseph, who was born in England, was living in 1658. Children: 1. John, born in England about 1628 and died probably at Jamacia, Long Island, May 23, 1695; married Hannah. 2. William, of whom further. 3. Joseph, born probably about 1633, died in May, 1675; married, May 25, 1655, Margaret Sutton. 4. Hannah, born at Weymouth, April 3, 1640; married Joseph Carpenter. 5. Abiah (twin), born at Weymouth, April 9, 1643, died before 1702. 6. Abigail (twin), born at Weymouth, April 9, 1643; married, in 1659, John Titus. 7. Samuel, "born probably in 1644," died February 20, 1682-83; married, May 25, 1660, Sarah Readaway.

(Amos B. Carpenter: "Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family" (1898), pp. 38-50. "Weymouth Historical Society Publications," No. 2, pp. 254, 287. "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LXV, p. 65.)

IV. Deacon William (4) Carpenter, son of William (3) and Abigail Carpenter, was born in England about 1631 or 1632, and died in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, January 26, 1703, aged seventy-two years. He was sent a deputy to the Plymouth Court in 1656. He was elected town clerk of Rehoboth, May 13, 1668, and held the office until his death, with the exception of one year, namely, 1693. He was one of the purchasers of the north purchase, and drew his lot in the meadow, May 26, 1668. During the same year he was sent to the General Court of Plymouth as the deputy and later of the same year was defendant in that court; also, in 1668, he was chosen deacon of the church. In 1670 he was one of a committee to settle the bounds between the town of Taunton and the north purchase. He was clerk of the community of north purchase in 1682, and the following year was one of a committee to sell the meetinghouse.

In 1685 he was chosen to survey the eighty-three fifty-acre lots for the shareholders of the north purchase. He was a man of superior ability, accurate in all of his business transactions, and a reliable councillor in the colony; and he was noted also for his superior penmanship, as all his writings show. His house stood on the left hand side of the road leading from the East Providence meetinghouse to Rehoboth, Massachusetts, some fifty to sixty rods from the crossing

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

of the "ten mile river," on a rise of land, which was one of the pleasantest spots for a house in that locality. His estate amounted to more than £215.

William Carpenter married (first), October 5, 1651, Priscilla Bennett, who died October 20, 1663, the same day that her son Benjamin was born. He married (second) at Rehoboth, Massachusetts, February 10, 1664, Miriam Sale, born probably about 1639, died in Rehoboth, May 1, 1722, daughter of Edward and Margaret Sale. (Her age is given at "93" on her tombstone; an obvious error, probably for 83, as her parents were married "about 1636," and her twelfth child was born in 1687, when, if the tombstone date were correct, she would have been fifty-eight years of age.) Children of first marriage, born in Rehoboth: 1. John, born October 19, 1652, was living in 1703; married (first) Rebecca Readaway; (second) Mrs. Sarah Day, widow of Ralph Day. 2. William, born June 20, 1659, died March 10, 1718-19; married, April 8, 1685, Elizabeth Robinson. 3. Priscilla, born July 24, 1661; married Richard Sweet. 4. Benjamin, of whom further. Children of second marriage, born in Rehoboth: 5. Josiah, born December 18, 1664, died February 28, 1727; married, May 24, 1692, Elizabeth Read. 6. Nathaniel, born May 12, 1667; was living in 1740; married (first), September 19, 1693, Rachel Cooper; (second), November 17, 1695, Mary Preston; (third), July 8, 1707, Mrs. Mary Cooper; (fourth) Mary Bacon. 7. Daniel, born October 8, 1669; married (first), April 15, 1695, Bethiah Bliss; (second), March 30, 1704, Elizabeth Butterworth; (third), December 12, 1710, Margaret Thurston; (fourth), October 15, 1718, Mary or Margaret Hunt; (fifth) Mrs. Mary Hyde. 8. Noah, born March 28, 1673, died in April, 1756; married (first), December 3, 1700, Sarah Johnson; (second), May 22, 1727, Mrs. Ruth (Follett) Talbott; (third) (intention published November 29, 1745), Tabithy Bishop, widow of William Bishop. 9. Miriam, born October 16, 1674, died May 21, 1706; married, June 23, 1691, Jonathan Bliss. 10. Obadiah, born March 12, 1677-78, died June 12, 1767; married, November 6, 1703, Deliverance Preston. 11. Ephraim, born April 25, 1681, died April 20, 1743; married (first), August 14, 1704, Hannah Read; (second), March 24, 1718-19, Mrs. Martha (Ide) Carpenter. 12. Hannah, born April 10, 1684; married November 23, 1703, Jonathan Chaffee. 13. Abigail, born April 15,



BLANCHARD



HAZELTINE
(HAZELTON)



STICKNEY



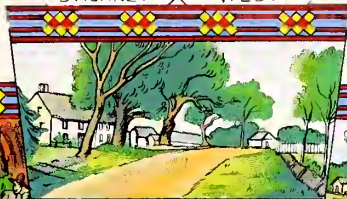
WEST



BARNARD

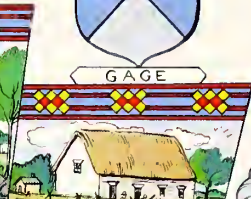


GAGE



*House of refuge during R. Philips War

Wm. Stickney m. Marg Peirson
William Stickney, Jr. bpt. 1592, d. 1664, m. Elizabeth



First meeting house in Boston

Henry Scott
John Gage (of Boston)

A raid upon the settlers
in King Philips War (1675-76) in which Philip Eastman served as a soldier

Robert Hazeltine (Lon) Ursula Scott m.
d. 1674, m. 1639 Ann—Richard Kimball

Marcy (Mercy) Hazeltine m. Benjamin Kimball

Thomas Barnard
probably killed in
Indian raid on Salisbury, Mass. in 1677

Joseph Peasley m. Mary Johnson

Ruth Barnard b. Oct. 16, 1651, d. Nov. 5, 1723

Mary Barnard-Morse m. Philip Eastman
(in King Philips War)

Job Reynolds

Sarah Peasley b. Aug. 15, 1690, m. Mar. 4, 1710

Sarah (Reynolds) Head
m.
Richard Blanchard m. Sept. 5, 1719. Prob. scalped by Indians, June 11, 1746.

Capt. Ebenezer Eastman b. Feb. 17, 1681, d. July 28, 1748

David Kimball, Jr. m. Mary Wilson

Benjamin Blanchard
b. abt. 1720, m.
Bridget Fitzgerald

Edward Blanchard b. 1740 in America

Nathaniel West b. 1717, d. July 1775

John Keysar m. Judith Head b. 1740

Isabella Wasson b. 1714, d. Mar. 1805

Moses Eastman b. Feb. 1732, d. 1812

Isabella Smith b. 1736, d. 1805

John West b. 1717, d. July 1775

Sarah Burbank b. 1717, d. July 1775

Isabella Smith b. 1736, d. 1805

John West b. 1717, d. July 1775

Sarah Burbank b. 1717, d. July 1775

Isabella Smith b. 1736, d. 1805

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John West b. 1717, d. July 1775

Sarah Burbank b. 1717, d. July 1775

Isabella Smith b. 1736, d. 1805

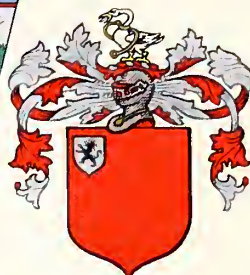
John West b. 1717, d. July 1775

Sarah Burbank b. 1717, d. July 1775

Isabella Smith b. 1736, d. 1805

John West b. 1717, d. July 1775

Sarah Burbank b. 1717, d. July 1775



EASTMAN



FORTIS NON FEROX
KIMBALL



CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

1687, died January 15, 1781; married, November 12, 1706, Daniel Perrin, 3d.

("A Genealogical History of the Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family in America," Amos B. Carpenter (1898), pp. 38, 44, 51, 56, 833. "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LXV (1911), p. 65. "Rehoboth, Massachusetts, Vital Records," Arnold, pp. 571, 578.)

V. Benjamin Carpenter, son of William (4) and Priscilla (Bennett) Carpenter, was born in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, October 20, 1663, and died in Coventry, Connecticut, April 18, 1738. He was a farmer. He removed to Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1708, and soon after to Coventry, Connecticut. On June 22, 1708, he was residing in Northampton, when he made a quitclaim deed to his brother Nathaniel for land left to him by his father, William Carpenter, of Rehoboth. July 1, 1709, he was "now of Coventree," Connecticut, "late of Northampton," when he quitclaimed to his brother William land that fell to him by the will of his father, William, of Rehoboth.

He married Hannah Strong. (Strong III.) Children: 1. Prudence (twin), born July 13, 1692. 2. Freedom (twin), born July 13, 1692. 3. Amos, born November 6, 1693, died in 1793, aged one hundred years; married, October 23, 1718, Deborah Long. 4. Benjamin, Jr., born October 3, 1695; married, April 12, 1726 or 1727, Rebecca Smith. 5. Jedediah, born October 1, 1697, died December 15, 1731; married, May 24, 1725, Mary Brown. 6. Hannah, born August 15, 1699; married, October 6, 1730, David Round. 7. Eliphalet, born October 16, 1701, died August 28, 1702. 8. Eliphalet, born November 29, 1703, died February 22, 1792; married (first), November 1, 1727, Elizabeth Andrews; (second), October 26, 1773, Abigail Ladd. 9. Noah, born December 24, 1705; married (first) Kesiah; (second), September 1, 1744, Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis. 10. Elizabeth, born June 15, 1707. 11. Ebenezer, of whom further. 12. Rebecca, born November 23, 1711.

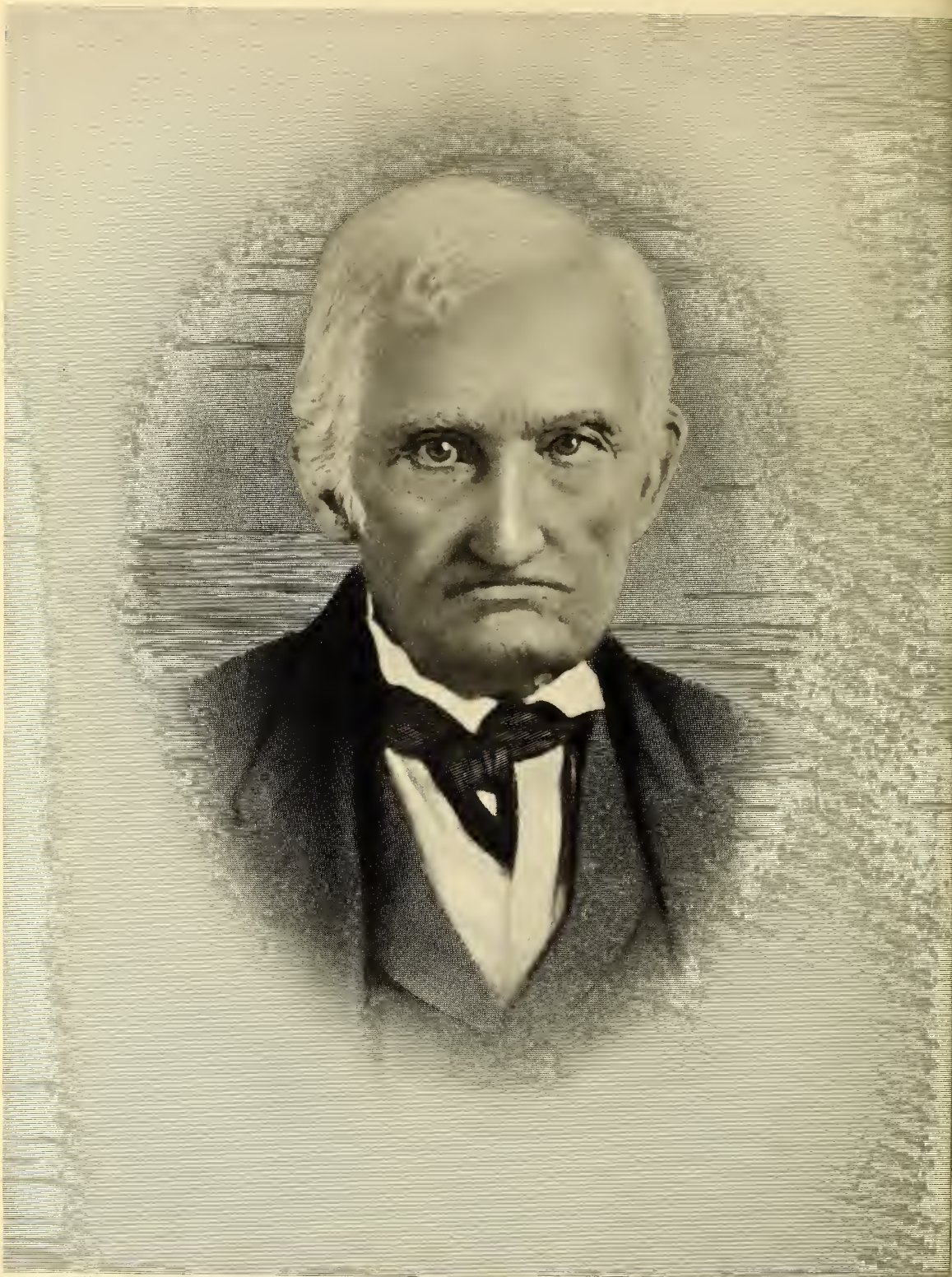
("A Genealogical History of the Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family in America," Amos B. Carpenter, pp. 44, 53, 65, 835. "Coventry, Connecticut, Births, Marriages, and Deaths" (1897), p. 176. "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LXV, p. 65.)

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

VI. Ebenezer Carpenter, son of Benjamin and Hannah (Strong) Carpenter, was born in Coventry, Connecticut, November 9, 1709, and died in Hartford, Vermont, January 30, 1777. "He was the first white child born in Coventry." He was a farmer and was a constable and held other town offices; and also traded considerably in real estate. His will, dated January 16, 1777, names eleven children. He and his wife both died of "spotted fever" and were buried in one grave. He married, at Coventry, Connecticut, in 1739, Eunice Thompson, born in 1721 or 1722, died in Hartford, Vermont, January 30, 1777, aged fifty-five years. Children, born in Coventry, Connecticut: 1. Asa, born December 18, 1739, probably died July 10, 1801; married (first) Mr. Dunham; (second) Eunice Parker. 2. James, of whom further. 3. William, born October 16 or 27, 1742, died December 24, 1814; married, February 19, 1767, Rachel Badger. 4. Bridget, born February 22, 1744, died August 30, 1818; was called "Betty" when she married. 5. Josiah, born April 16, 1745, died November 20, 1825; married, December 20, 1770, Phebe Porter. 6. Catherine, born March 24, 1747, died June 9, 1822; married Solomon West. 7. Eunice, born October 5, 1748, died December 19, 1828; married Joshua Tilden. 8. Phebe, born December 2, 1749, died November 11, 1781; married a Mr. Bentley. 9. Ebenezer, Jr., born December 30, 1751, died April 12, 1830; married (first), November 18, 1779, Isabel Wheelock; (second) a Miss Duval. 10. Dr. Amos, born July 21, 1755, or July 2, 1753, died August 23, 1832; married (first), January 27, 1780, Hannah Hunt; (second), June 1, 1796, Anne Macy. 11. Hannah, born September 1, 1757.

("A Genealogical History of the Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family in America," Amos B. Carpenter, pp. 53, 66, 99, 836, 837. "Coventry, Connecticut, Births, Marriages, Deaths," pp. 19, 133. "Tyringham, Massachusetts, Vital Records to 1850," p. 172.)

VII. James Carpenter, son of Ebenezer and Eunice (Thompson) Carpenter, was born in Coventry, Connecticut, April 4, 1741, and died in Sharon, Vermont, November 4, 1813. He was a farmer and was one of the grantees of the town of Chittenden, Rutland County, Vermont, March 16, 1780. He served in the Revolution. He "turned out from Coventry for the relief of Boston." He was a representative in the Legislature of Vermont in 1786 and 1787.



American Medical Society

Engraving by H. A. T. Connell

Cephas Carpenter

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

His wife, while he was in the Revolutionary War, sowed upwards of eight acres of grain, because she could not obtain help. James Carpenter married, April 5, 1761, Irene Ladd. (Ladd V.) Children, born in Coventry, Connecticut: 1. James, Jr., born April 4 or 14, 1762 or 1763, died January 30, 1830; married, November 8, 1787, Eunice Mosher; was a soldier in the Revolution, with his father. 2. Irene, born April 4, 1764 or 1765, died in April, 1846; married Thomas Mosher, of Sharon, Vermont, and Troy, New York. 3. Nathaniel, born September 20, 1766; married (first), in 1787, Susanna Shephard; (second), March 26, 1797, Abigail Morse. 4. Jerusha, born June 24, 1768, died December 7, 1827; married, June 21, 1785, Reuben Spalding. 5. Cephas, of whom further. 6. Jason, born August 15, 1772, died October 1, 1845; married Betsey Ingraham. 7. Eunice, born September 14, 1774, died February 3, 1846; married Israel Noble. 8. Alpheus, born August 17, 1776, died May 18, 1799. 9. Eber, born August 8, 1778, died May 23, 1841; married, February 22, 1803, Judith Green; he was a physician in Alstead, New Hampshire. 10. Achsah, born August 16, 1780, died April 9, 1823; married, January 23, 1800, Abner Childs. 11. Alanson, born August 26, 1782, died the same year. 12. Lucy, born in December, 1783 or 1784; married Ralph Turner. 13. Pamela, born May 7, 1787; married Justin or Augustus Smith. 14. Harvey Warner, born February 22, 1790; married (first), September 12, 1816, Hannah Shirliff; (second), July 11, 1822, one who had drowned in the great freshet at Moretown, Vermont, July 27, 1830; (third), November 9, 1831, Sophornia Steele. 15. Caroline. 16. Stephen. 17. Henry.

("A Genealogical History of the Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family in America," Amos B. Carpenter, pp. 98, 180. "Vermont Historical Gazetteer," Abby Maria Heminway, Vol. III, p. 548. "D. A. R. Lineages," Nos. 8285, 15060, 53448, 79761.)

VIII. Cephas Carpenter, son of James and Irene (Ladd) Carpenter, was born in Coventry, Connecticut, July 8, 1770, and died in Moretown, Vermont, in April, 1859. He resided in Moretown, where he was a farmer. He brought the first load of goods from Burlington, Vermont, into Moretown to furnish a store in that town. He was a man of vigorous intellect, of giant frame and prominent characteristics; he was robust mentally and physically. He was a

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

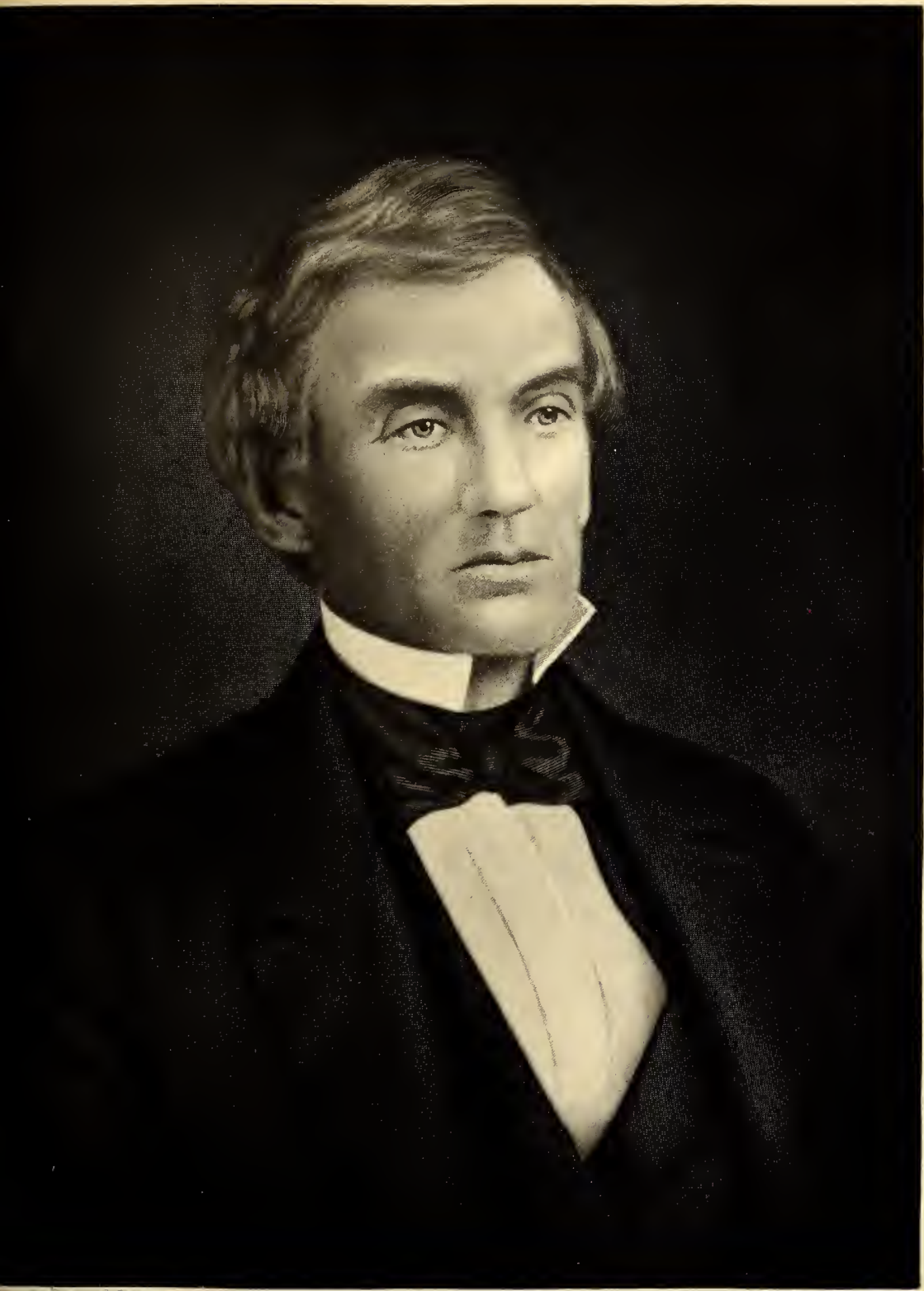
justice of the peace in Moretown for forty years; was noted as a presiding officer in justice courts, and would equally as well, when an opportunity permitted, appear as counsel. He seemed to have a clear idea of equity and justice and was well posted in rules of law. Had he been well educated, he would have become famous in whatever profession he followed.

Cephas Carpenter married (first) Anna Benton. (Benton VIII.) He married (second), October 29, 1846, Mrs. Mary Day. Children, all of first marriage, born in Moretown, Vermont, order not known: 1. Esther, born about 1795; married a Mr. Jackson and went West. 2. Sophia, born about 1795; married a Mr. Mosher and went to Troy. 3. Ira, of whom further. 4. Lucinda, married a Mr. Thornton, who was a farmer. 5. Nancy; married and moved into the State of New York. 6. Cephas, Jr., born August 18, 1804; married, October 16, 1827, Alvira L. Spalding. 7. Stephen, married Julia Johnson and went to Glens Falls, New York; a blacksmith and merchant. 8. Curtis, married (probably) Salona Winship; he was a blacksmith. 9. Bradford, married Deborah Mayo and went to Iowa. 10. John H., born January 17, 1818, died June 4, 1876; married, March 22, 1848, Caroline M. Heaton; he was a blacksmith.

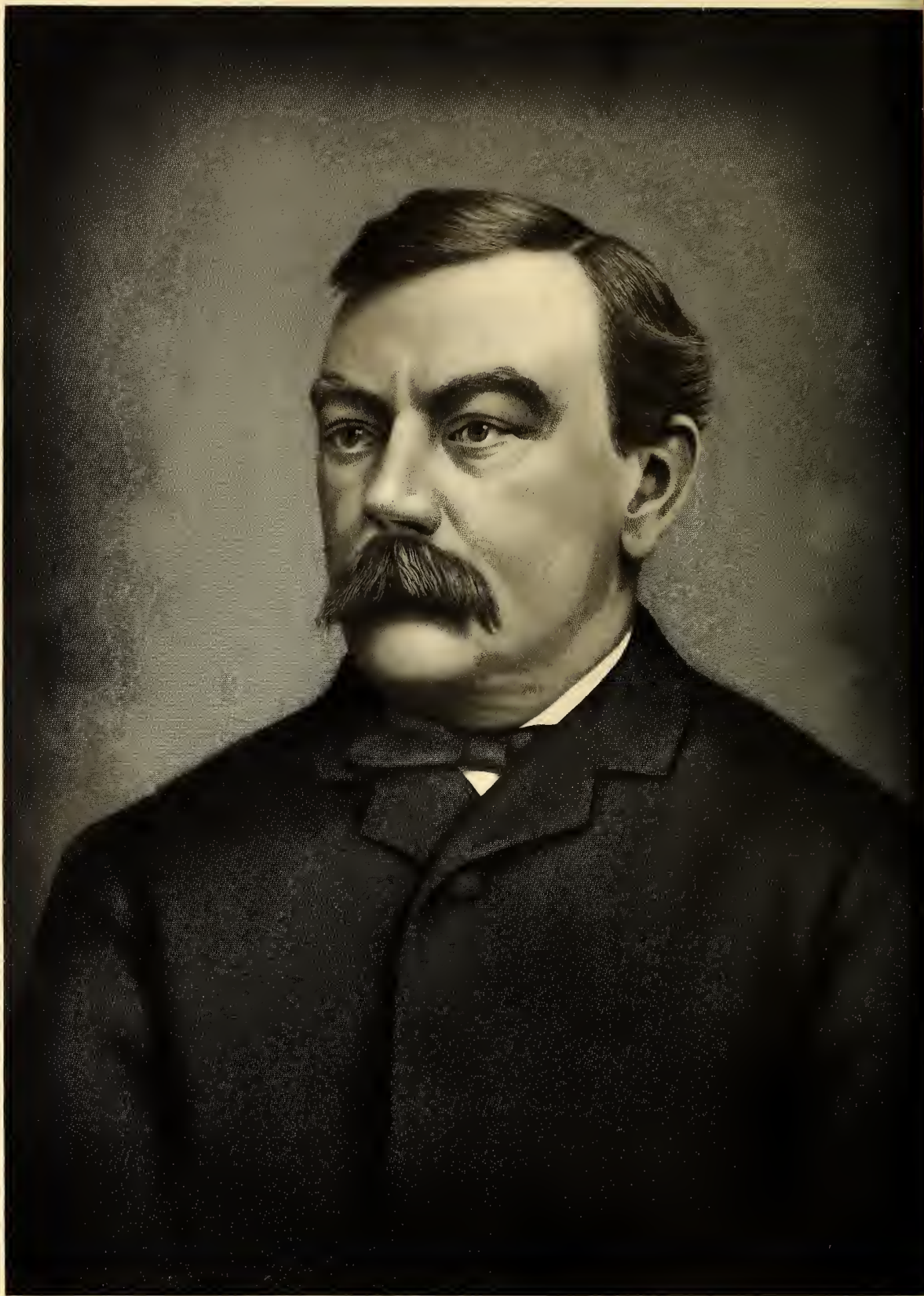
("A Genealogical History of the Rehoboth Branch of the Carpenter Family in America," Amos B. Carpenter (1898), pp. 310, 843.)

IX. Ira Carpenter, son of Cephas and Anna (Benton) Carpenter, was born in Moretown, Vermont, April 29, 1798, and died in Warren, Vermont, October 23, 1862. He was a farmer. For more than twenty years he held the office of deputy sheriff or sheriff, and was frequently elected constable by the town. He was a justice of the peace and postmaster, and was representative to the Legislature of the State of Vermont. He was well posted in politics, a fluent debater among his neighbors, and stronger in arguments than the ordinary run of men. Although trustworthy and shrewd in business, he accumulated but little property. He was a particularly fine looking man, easy in his manners, social in his habits and a favorite among his acquaintances.

Ira Carpenter married, October 6, 1823, Esther Ann Luce, born December 4, 1802, daughter of Joshua and Esther (Backus) Luce. She was a woman of more than ordinary personal attraction and men-



Ira Carpenter



American Historical Socy.

Mezzotint Shipple by G.W. Finner

Cephas Warner Carpenter

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

tal accomplishments. Her father, Joshua Luce, was born December 6, 1760, died in Moretown, Vermont, September 15, 1818, coming there from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1809. He was a local preacher and a farmer, also a tavern keeper. His wife, Esther (Backus) Luce, born July 7, 1762, died October 11, 1848, married (second), November 11, 1828, Samuel Ridley. Children of Joshua and Esther (Backus) Luce were: 1. Lodowick, born October 26, 1783, died at Moretown, Vermont, in February, 1815. 2. Abigail, born July 30, 1786, died at Moretown, Vermont, March 7, 1828; married a Mr. Backus. 3. Roxanna, born December 30, 1788; married, August 10, 1815, Almon Abel. 4. Seres or Sears, born January 13, 1792; married, January 25, 1818, Priscilla Hubbard. 5. Joshua, Jr., born April 3, 1795; married, December 3, 1823, Rebecca Baxter. 6. Polly (Mary), born August 8, 1799, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts; married, March 9, 1820, Robert Prentiss. 7. Esther Ann, as stated above, married Ira Carpenter. Children of Ira and Esther Ann (Luce) Carpenter, all born in Moretown, Vermont: 1. Matthew Hale, born December 22, 1824, died February 24, 1881; was United States Senator; married Caroline Dillingham. 2. Anna Amelia, born in June 1827; resided at Grand Forks, North Dakota. 3. Esther Johnson, born March 23, 1830; resided at St. Paul, Minnesota. 4. Cephas Warner, of whom further.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 310, 499. Records on file in office of Secretary of State at Montpelier, Vermont, and town clerk's office in Moretown, Vermont.)

X. *Colonel Cephas Warner Carpenter*, son of Ira and Esther Ann (Luce) Carpenter, was born in Moretown, Vermont, August 2, 1832, and died at Deadwood, South Dakota, August 10, 1902. He was a pioneer in the Northwest, coming to St. Paul in 1855, as a bookkeeper for the J. C. Burbank Company. He operated stages between St. Paul and La Crosse, which were afterwards taken over by Blakely and Carpenter, in different parts of Minnesota. He was also interested in the stagecoach from Bismarck to Deadwood, South Dakota, and this line was later organized in 1877 as the Northwestern Stage and Transportation Company. In the early days Colonel Carpenter had much to do with the affairs at Deadwood, and at the time of his death left large holdings, in ranch and mining properties

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

there, to his son, Matthew Blanchard Carpenter. He did a great deal in the advancement of mining interests in the Black Hills. During the Rebellion he was commissioned by President Lincoln as colonel of the guards.

Outside of his many interests in the field of business he was able to divert himself widely. He was a Mason and a Knight Templar, was a charter member of the Minnesota Club, and was very fond of hunting, fishing, riding and driving; was a gentleman of the old school, very hospitable and having a keen sense of wit and humor, all serving to make a fine well-rounded life, and his memory will endure as belonging to the Northwest's list of honored pioneers. He married, in January, 1858, Cynthia Elizabeth West. (West IV.) Children: 1. Annie Isabella, born in St. Paul, Minnesota, September 13, 1860. 2. Matthew Blanchard, born in St. Paul, Minnesota, October 10, 1869, and died there, April 29, 1928. After receiving a sound academic education in the schools of St. Paul, he went at once into business activity, and devoted his entire time to independent operations. For several years he engaged as a rancher, then as a mine operator in South Dakota, extending the properties left him by his father, until they were very large. In 1914 he retired, but did not cease to keep in touch with his diversified financial connections, nor to assist in the works of citizenship for which he had been everywhere well known, in centers which he touched. It is said that the Carpenter family accounted for as much, if not for the most, of the Black Hills mining development in the early days, as was accomplished throughout the turn of the century. Matthew Blanchard married, at Woodstock, Canada, August 29, 1925, Mabel Dass. He carried on the good name of his father, and in all ways followed in his steps. He belonged to the same fraternal organizations (a Mason of Knight Templar degree), loved the same sports, and worked hard on the same enterprises that his father had begun before him. Both will be remembered for their pioneer work.

(The West Line)

Arms—Argent a fess dancettée between three crescents sable.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

Mr. Shirley observes that "the Wests are remarkable, not so much for the antiquity of the family, as for the early period at which they attained the honor of the peerage. Sir Thomas West, the first



American Historical Socy

Mezzanot Supple by G.W. Fink

Cynthia Elizabeth (West) Carpenter



West

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recorded ancestor, died in the seventeenth year of the reign of Edward II, having married the heiress of Cantilupe, and thus became possessed of lands in Devonshire and Warwickshire. His grandson, Thomas, married the heiress of De la Warr, and thus became connected with Sussex. Few families of the time had broader lands." The name is the most popular one of all the compass points which have also become name designations. Its popularity is easily shown in the many records of early England, for the name has a good representation in all of them, from all sides of England.

(Shirley: "Noble and Gentle Men." Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames.")

I. Nathaniel West was born in 1717. He is the first of this family of whom we have any records. As a young man he located at Concord, New Hampshire, and on May 15, 1746, was in the garrison stationed at the home of Timothy Walker, Jr. He was elected hog-reave March 31, 1742. In 1775 the town was greatly alarmed at the danger of smallpox and six members of this family died from it. Nathaniel West also died from it in July, 1775, aged fifty-eight. He married Sarah Burbank. Children: 1. John, born November 18, 1742, died young. 2. Sarah, born July 1, 1744, died August 26, 1745. 3. Sarah, born November 8, 1745, died December 17, 1800. 4. Nathaniel, born August 19, 1747. 5. Jonathan, born October 9, 1749; married Hannah. 6. Gilman, born August 29, 1751. 7. Mary, born April 9, 1753. 8. Ebenezer, born December 25, 1754. 9. Noah, born October 1, 1756. 10. Lydia, born May 13, 1758. 11. John, of whom further. 12. Edward, born December 30, 1762; married Miriam Badger. 13. Deborah, born May 18, 1765.

(Bouton: "History of Concord, New Hampshire," pp. 156, 185, 282, 700.)

II. John West, son of Nathaniel and Sarah (Burbank) West, was born at Concord, New Hampshire, April 25, 1760. He lived there until his death, September 1, 1825. He married Susannah Eastman. (Eastman V.) Children: 1. Susannah, born March 22, 1786; married Henry Sweetser. 2. John, born September 7, 1788, died October 17, 1836; married Nancy Montgomery. 3. Hazen Kimball, born March 25, 1791, died April 13, 1798. 4. James, of whom further. 5. Clarissa, born December 1, 1795, died July 19, 1810. 6. Hazen

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Kimball, born May 4, 1798; married Maria Farnsworth. 7. Persis Maria, born June 9, 1802, died in infancy. 8. Charles, born September 9, 1805; married (first) Hannah Adams; married (second) Amanda Fairbanks.

(*Ibid.*, "D. A. R. Lineage Book," Vol. XVI, p. 25.)

III. *James West*, son of John and Susannah (Eastman) West, was born at Concord, New Hampshire, May 5, 1794, and died there January 11, 1848. He married Isabella Smith Blanchard. (Blanchard V.) Children: 1. Cynthia Elizabeth, of whom further. 2. Ebenezer.

(J. O. Lyford: "History of Canterbury, New Hampshire," Vol. II, p. 25.)

IV. *Cynthia Elizabeth West*, daughter of James and Isabella Smith (Blanchard) West, married Cephas Warner Carpenter. (Carpenter X.)

(Family data.)

(The Blanchard Line)

Arms—Gules, a chevron or, between in chief two bezants and in base a griffin's head erased of the second. (Burke: "General Armory.")

Both England and France were the original homes of the Blanchard family. The name, spelled Blanchart in Old French, means whitish and was applied to the complexion. In 1273 there was a William Blanchard residing in the county of Wiltshire; a Reginald Blanchard in Yorkshire; and a Robert Blanchard in Lincolnshire, while Nicholas Blanchard was in Lancaster in 1332.

Traditions persist, however, that the family in Massachusetts and New Hampshire were of French descent, and the statement is made that Thomas Blanchard, founder of this branch of the family, came from Lorraine, France, to London and from there to Charlestown, Massachusetts. He was a descendant of Alain Blanchard, of Rouen, France, who in 1418 was put to death by the British on account of his heroism at the time of the capture of the city.

Thomas Blanchard, the Huguenot, came to America in 1639 in the ship "Jonathan," and settled in Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1646. Numerous attempts have been made in recent years by genealogists to trace the exact line of descent, but thus far without success. Such contemporary evidence as has come to light shows the father of Ben-



Blanchard

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jamin to have been either a Benjamin or a Richard (the same writer giving both versions in his diary), and what there is of a documentary nature in is favor of Richard, as seen below.

(Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames." "American Ancestry," Vol. IX, p. 26. James Otis Lyford: "History of the Town of Canterbury, New Hampshire," Vol. II, (1912), p. 24.)

I. Richard Blanchard died probably in Canterbury, New Hampshire, before October 19, 1750. He was deeded, in 1733, lot 35, in Canterbury, New Hampshire, which one hundred years later was occupied by Colonel Morrill Shepherd. It is believed that he was the Blanchard who on June 11, 1746, was scalped by Indians and also received a slight wound in the leg, supposed to have been made by a poisoned arrow. He died after twelve days of extreme suffering. Two contemporary accounts of this occurrence, in the diary of Rev. Timothy Walker, minister at Concord, call him, in one place, Richard, and in the other, Benjamin. From the fact that Richard owned the said lot 35, and Benjamin never did, Richard Blanchard is believed to have been the one who was the Indians' victim. There is convincing evidence that Richard Blanchard, the proprietor who drew home lot 124, was a settler in Canterbury. He conveyed this lot to Richard Maloney of Portsmouth, October 11, 1731, his wife Sarah releasing her right of dower. His home at the time of making this conveyance was Oyster River Parish, now Durham, New Hampshire. He later resided at Dover, New Hampshire, coming to Canterbury about 1733, as he is described as an inhabitant of the latter town in a deed conveying to him home lot 35, the original right of John Blackdon. In 1732 Richard and Sarah Blanchard, of Dover, convey land and buildings in Dover, and in 1736 Richard Blanchard, of Canterbury, deeds six acres of common land in Durham. In all of these documents he signs by making his mark.

Richard Blanchard married, probably at "Oyster River Parish," September 3, 1719, Mrs. Sarah (Reynolds) Head, daughter of Job Reynolds. Children: 1. (Probably) Benjamin, of whom further. 2. Richard, baptized February 18, 1727; was a witness of the will of John Glines, of Canterbury, dated March 16, 1757; on tax lists of Canterbury, 1767 until 1780, when Northfield was set off as a sepa-

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rate town; a Revolutionary soldier; was called "Old Sergeant"; married (second) a daughter of Jacob Handcock.

(James Otis Lyford: "History of the Town of Canterbury, New Hampshire," Vol. I, pp. 32, 33, 56, 57. Everett S. Stackpole and Meserve: "History of Durham, New Hampshire," Vol. II, p. 316. Lucy R. H. Cross: "History of Northfield, New Hampshire," Part II, p. 24.)

II. Benjamin Blanchard is believed to have been a son of Richard and Sarah (Reynolds-Head) Blanchard, the evidence being as follows:

1. Tradition, or "hearsay," in Northfield, New Hampshire, makes him a brother of Richard Blanchard, the "Old Sergeant."

2. The father of the Benjamin Blanchard who settled in Northfield in 1760 was scalped by the Indians in their raid on Canterbury in 1746, near his home not far from the fort. The father's name is given as both Benjamin and Richard.

3. Benjamin Blanchard, who was a "hog reeve" in Canterbury in 1745, "was probably a son of Richard Blanchard. There is no record, however, of his being a land owner in the present limits of Canterbury."

4. Among signatures of the Association Test in 1776 are those of "Benjamin Blanchard, Richard Blanchard, David Norris, Edward Blanchard," in the order here given; the two (supposed) brothers signing together, the elder one first. These three Blanchards were then on later residents of the part set off as Northfield.

5. He named a son Richard, evidently in honor of his father.

Benjamin Blanchard was presumably the eldest child of Richard and Sarah (Reynolds-Head) Blanchard and was born about 1720. He was probably a scout on duty in Canterbury, New Hampshire, in 1746, after the date of his father's death, and he signed with others in 1748 a petition to the Provincial Government for protecting the gristmill of Henry Lovejoy in West Concord. He was the first settler in Northfield, and he went up from the fort in Canterbury in 1760 through the unbroken forest to the foot of Bay Hill and located on the farm later owned by Judge Peter Wadleigh. Having made a clearing and erected a shelter, he went back for his wife and nine children. "He was then 41 years old." He paid for his farm partly in services as surveyor in running the boundaries, and seven hundred and fifty dollars in furs. This farm fell to his son Edward, who sold it to Lieutenant Charles Glidden in 1805 for two thousand dollars.

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Benjamin Blanchard married Bridget Fitzgerald. Children, order not known: 1. Richard; married Polly Webster, and lived on the "River Road." She married (second) Lieutenant Thomas Clough. 2. Edward, of whom further. 3. Elizabeth, born in 1743, died May 9, 1830; married William Glines, a Revolutionary soldier. 4-9. Names unknown.

(Lucy R. H. Cross: "History of Northfield, New Hampshire," Part II, pp. 24, 142. James Otis Lyford: "History of the Town of Canterbury, New Hampshire," Vol. I, pp. 13, 14, 33, 112; Vol. II, p. 24.)

III. Edward Blanchard, son of Benjamin and Bridget (Fitzgerald) Blanchard, was born in Canterbury, New Hampshire, in 1740, and died in Northfield, New Hampshire, in 1814. He succeeded to his father's homestead at Northfield, where he built what was later known as the Daniel Blanchard house. The seeds for his apple trees were brought from Hampstead, New Hampshire, and from them grew trees which furnished crops for more than three-quarters of a century. In addition to the hundred and fifty acre homestead, he owned several other farms in the neighborhood. For twenty years he was selectman of the town. In 1775 he was commissioned captain in the Fourth Company of Militia of the Colony and in 1776 was attached to Colonel Thomas Stickney's regiment, Massachusetts service.

Edward Blanchard married, in Hampstead, New Hampshire, February 5, 1767, Azuba Kezer. (Recorded as Augusta Kezer, but the intention of marriage, December 6, 1766, gives the name as Zuba Kezer.) Azuba Keyzar, born at Hampstead, New Hampshire, 5 mo. 10, 1750, daughter of John and Judith (Heath) Keysar, although not quite seventeen years of age, was probably the one who married Edward Blanchard. Children: 1. Ebenezer, of whom further. 2. (Lieutenant) Reuben, died at Northfield after 1802; married (first), July 29, 1792, Peace Hodgdon; married (second), November 11, 1797, Judith Hancock; was a blacksmith, residing for some time in Maine. 3. David, was frozen to death while fox hunting. 4. James, inherited half the paternal acres, but sold to his brother George, and died soon after. 5. Daniel, born in 1778, died November 5, 1865, aged eighty-six; married (first) Esther Parkinson; married (second), after 1823, Nancy Parkinson. 6. Elizabeth, born about 1780,

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died May 11, 1871, aged ninety; married, in 1797, Thomas Chase. 7. John, who never married, was an eminent school teacher in Philadelphia. 8. Richard, died in 1806, soon after he had married, April 10, 1806, Hannah Hills. 9. A child, name not known. 10. George, born in 1791, died in October, 1850.

(*Ibid.* "D. A. R. Lineage," Nos. 15060, 17556, 53717. Harriette Eliza Noyes: "A Memorial of the Town of Hampstead, New Hampshire," pp. 419, 433, 449.)

IV. Ebenezer Blanchard, son of Edward and Azuba (Kezer or Keyzar) Blanchard, was born in Northfield, New Hampshire, June 12, 1768. Three records in the D. A. R. Lineage Books make Ebenezer a son of Edward and Isabella (Wason) Blanchard. That this is an error is shown by the following records:

Edward Blanchard and Zuba Kezer of Hampstead, intention of marriage published December 6, 1766, at Hampstead.

Edward Blanchard and Augusta Kezer, married at Hampstead, New Hampshire, February 5, 1767.

The error of supposing Isabella Wason to have been the wife of Edward Blanchard probably originated from the knowledge in the family of his son Ebenezer that the said Ebenezer's descendants had an ancestor Isabella Wason. It was through Ebenezer Blanchard's wife that Isabella Wason was an ancestor of his descendants; as Ebenezer's wife, Sarah Smith, was a daughter of Joseph and Isabella (Wason) Smith.

Another instance of confused traditions is a printed statement that Ebenezer Blanchard (born June 12, 1768) was a son of Edward and Isabella (Wason) Blanchard, and that the said Edward was a son of Benjamin and Azuba (Keizer) Blanchard. It is a well-known fact that many traditions are true as regards names, but erroneous as regard exact relationships.

Ebenezer Blanchard operated a store on Bay Hill at the homestead as early as 1789. In 1800 he opened a store at Sanbornton Bridge, now Tilton, although it stood on the Northfield side of the river near the upper bridge. As the business expanded he purchased a brown house which was standing in 1905, after a hundred years of service and at that time the home of W. S. Hill. The family and business both occupied the same building for a few years and then

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a still larger store was needed, the new location being on the site later occupied by Morrill and Company's storehouse. In 1808 he sold the business as a partner and removed to Salisbury, New Hampshire, where he purchased Joseph Noyes' place in what is now Franklin. It is believed that he sold the first stock of dry goods in that part of the town and for forty years carried on an extensive business in general merchandise. He took country produce to Portsmouth, returning with groceries and cotton, which he manufactured into cloth. In partnership with Ebenezer Eastman, he built the first mill on the site of Sulloway's hosiery mill at what is now known as Franklin Falls, where they sawed large quantities of lumber which they sold in Newburyport, Massachusetts. When the North Congregational Church was built in 1820, he donated the site, besides taking many of the pews. For this reason he is called the "Father" of the enterprise. Ebenezer Blanchard died at Franklin, New Hampshire, February 12, 1849.

He married, November 13, 1794, Sarah Smith. She was born in Windham, New Hampshire, March 8, 1773, and died November 22, 1855. Her father, Lieutenant Joseph Smith, was born in 1736 and came from the north of Ireland to Windham, New Hampshire, where he died October 13, 1805. Her mother, Isabella Wason, was born in 1744 and died March 4, 1825. Children, first five born at Northfield: 1. Isabella Smith, of whom further. 2. Edward, born May 14, 1797, died of spotted fever, February 21, 1799. 3. Alice, born February 28, 1800, died December 23, 1832; married, November 15, 1821, Kendall O. Peabody. 4. Ebenezer K., born July 4, 1802, resided at Franklin, New Hampshire, died February 28, 1828; married, October 1, 1826, Fanny Jacques. 5. Cynthia P., born July 17, 1804, died, unmarried, as Boscawen, July 27, 1838. 6. Clarissa Ann, born October 7, 1815; married, December 29, 1833, Stephen Kendrick, of Franklin, New Hampshire.

("D. A. R. Lineage," Nos. 15556, 17556, 53717. Harrietta Eliza Noyes: "A Memorial of the Town of Hampstead, New Hampshire" (1899), pp. 433, 449. Leonard A. Morrison: "History of Windham, New Hampshire," pp. 773, 774. John J. Dearborn: "History of Salisbury," pp. 481, 482, 483. James Otis Lyford: "History of the Town of Canterbury, New Hampshire," Vol. II, pp. 24, 25.)

V. Isabella Smith Blanchard, daughter of Ebenezer and Sarah (Smith) Blanchard, was born at Northfield, New Hampshire, Decem-

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ber 23, 1795, and died at Franklin, June 18, 1882. She married James West. (West III.)

(The Eastman Line)

Arms—Gules, in the dexter chief point an escutcheon argent charged with a lion rampant sable.

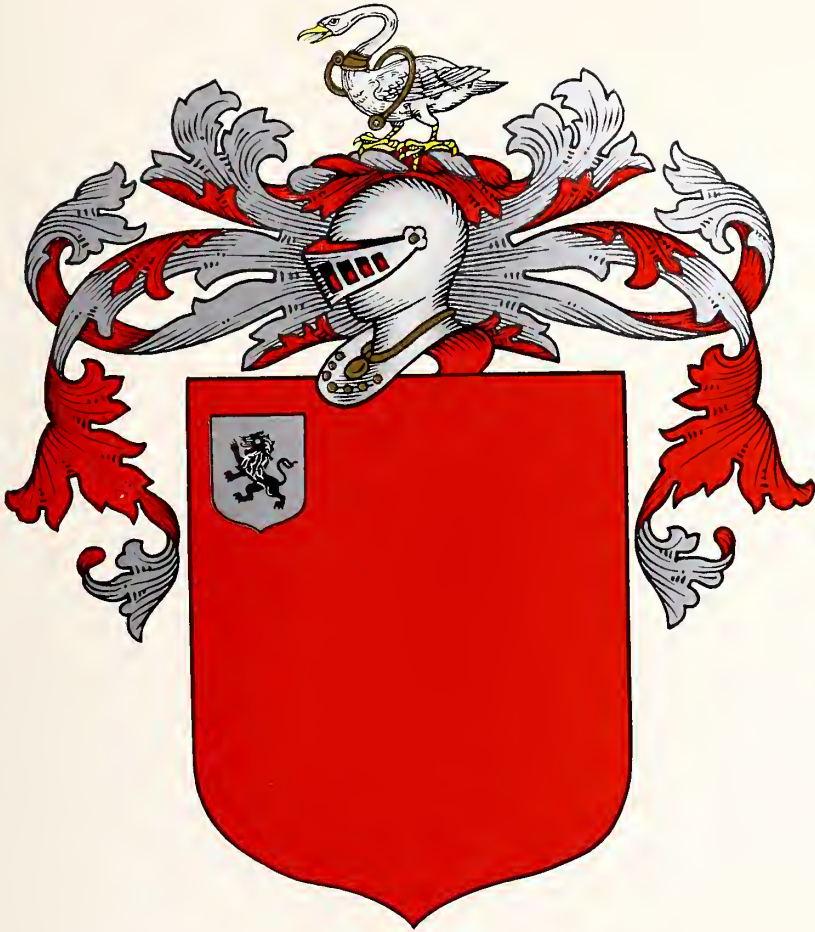
Crest—A swan collared and lined proper. (Crozier: "General Armory.")

Bardsley, in his "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames," accredits the surname Eastman as belonging to the class of baptismal surnames, and in its baptismal form signified the "son of Eastmund," the suffix *mund* becoming by corruption, man.

The family of Eastman is mentioned very early in the local records of England, a Geoffrey Estmund being of County Cambridge in 1273. Other branches of the family were in counties Somerset, Southampton, and Norfolk, and later descendants spread into other counties, some having the courage and enterprise to seek new homes across the sea.

(Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames." G. S. Rix: "History and Genealogy of the Eastman Family of America," p. 7.)

I. Roger Eastman, immigrant ancestor of the Eastman family, was born in Wales in 1611 and in April, 1638, came from Langford, Wiltshire, by way of Southampton to Massachusetts Bay, sailing in the ship "Confidence," under John Jobson, master. On the ship's papers he is recorded as a servant of John Saunders, but it is believed that he hid his real rank for political reasons or the requirements of emigration laws. In 1640 he located at Salisbury, Massachusetts, and received lands in the first divisions. His minister's tax in 1650 was 8s. 3d. He died at Salisbury, December 16, 1694. His wife, whose name, according to tradition, was Sarah Smith, was born in 1621 and died March 11, 1697. They were both members of the church at Salisbury. Children: 1. John, born March 9, 1640, resided in Salisbury and represented the town in the General Court in 1691; died March 25, 1720; married (first), "8 mo. 27, 1665," Hannah Helie; married (second), "9 mo. 5, 1670," Mary Boynton. 2. Nathaniel, born "3 mo. 18, 1643"; resided at Salisbury and engaged in business as a cooper; died November 30, 1709; married, "2 mo. 30, 1671," Elizabeth Hudson. 3. Philip, of whom further. 4. Thomas, born "9 mo. 11, 1646"; resided in Haverhill, Masschusetts, and took part



Eastman

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in King Philip's War; killed by the Indians April 29, 1688; married, January 20, 1679. 5. Timothy, born "9 mo. 29, 1648"; resided at Hadley, Massachusetts, and died there April 1, 1733. He married, at Suffield, Connecticut, Lydia Markham. 6. Joseph, born "11 mo. 8, 1650"; resided at Hadley, Massachusetts, and took part in King Philip's War; died April 4, 1692; married Mary Tilton. 7. Benjamin, born "12 mo. 12, 1652"; resided at Salisbury, Massachusetts; died prior to March 4, 1728; married (first), April 5, 1678, Anne Pitts; married (second), April 4, 1699, Naomi Flanders; married (third), October 5, 1719, Sarah (Broun) Carter, widow of Samuel Carter. 8. Sarah, born "7 mo. 25, 1655," died December 1, 1745; married (first), June 13, 1678, Joseph French; married (second), August 4, 1684, Solomon Sheppard. 9. Samuel, born "9 mo. 20, 1657"; resided at Kingston, New Hampshire; died February 27, 1725; married (first), November 4, 1686, Elizabeth Sariven; married (second), September 17, 1719, Sarah Fifield. 10. Ruth, born "1 mo. 21, 1661"; married, May 23, 1690, Benjamin Heard, of Dover, New Hampshire.

(G. S. Rix: "Eastman Family of America," pp. 7-8, 8-14. "Haverhill Vital Records," Vol. II, pp. 100, 389. "Salisbury Vital Records," pp. 75-77, 335-37, 551.)

II. Philip Eastman, son of Roger and Sarah (Smith) Eastman, was born at Salisbury, Massachusetts, "10 mo. 20, 1644." He removed to Haverhill, Massachusetts, where on March 15, 1697, his home was burned by the Indians. At the same time he and his daughter Susannah were captured and his son-in-law, Thomas Wood, was killed. After his escape he decided to locate in Connecticut, and was one of the early proprietors of Woodstock. In 1715 he was represented by his heirs in the distribution of lands in Woodstock. He also purchased land in the adjoining town of Ashford. Philip Eastman was a soldier in King Philip's War. He died prior to 1714. The name of his first wife is not known. He married (second), August 22, 1678, Mary (Barnard) Morse, widow of Anthony Morse, Jr., and daughter of Thomas and Eleanor Barnard, of Salisbury, Massachusetts. She was born September 22, 1645. (Barnard II.) Philip Eastman married (third) Margaret. Child by first wife: 1. Susannah, born in 1673, died in December, 1772, in her one hundredth year; married (first) Thomas Wood, who was killed by the Indians, March

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15, 1697; married (second) John Swan, and removed to Stonington, Connecticut. Children by the second wife: 2. Hannah, born November 5, 1679; went with her parents to Ashford, Connecticut, where she married James Corbin. 3. Ebenezer, of whom further. 4. Philip, Jr., born August 18, 1684; resided at Ashford, Connecticut, which he represented for several years in the General Assembly; justice of the peace of Windham County, 1733-35, and lieutenant of the militia company at Ashford; married, October 20, 1715, Mary Eastman, daughter of Nathaniel and Elizabeth (Hudson) Eastman. 5. Abigail, born May 28, 1689; married John Morse.

(“Haverhill Vital Records,” Vol. I. p. 102; Vol. II, p. 10. G. S. Rix: “Eastman Family of America,” pp. 10, 19, 20, 26. J. Savage: “Genealogical Dictionary,” Vol. I, p. 122.)

III. Captain Ebenezer Eastman, son of Philip and Mary (Barnard-Morse) Eastman, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, February 17, 1681. At the age of nineteen he joined Colonel Wainwright's regiment and took part in the expedition to Port Royal. In 1711 he had command of a company of infantry which accompanied the fleet of Sir Howenden Walker in an expedition against Canada. Eight or nine of the vessels were lost in a storm while ascending the St. Lawrence River, and one thousand men met a watery grave. Captain Eastman had previously sailed up and down the same river and understood the correct course. Although orders were that all ships should follow that of the admiral, which had a large light on the masthead, he begged the commander of the vessel on which he was sailing to alter its course. It was at that time near a rocky point or cape, but the commander being under the influence of liquor, refused, saying that “he would follow the admiral, if he went to h—.” Captain Eastman replied, “Well, I have no notion of going there and if you won't alter the course of the vessel, I will.” “If you do,” replied the captain, “your head shall be a button for a halter in the morning.” Relying on the support of his company, Eastman saw that the captain was kept below and that the helmsman changed his course. While the other vessels of the fleet were wrecked this one was saved, and Captain Eastman acknowledged as its deliverer.

In 1721 he was among the petitioners for lands on the Merrimack River, which was to become the future town of Concord, New Hampshire. Many of the meetings of the committee which planned that



THE KING PHILIP WAR - A RAID ON THE SETTLERS

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settlement were held at an inn at Haverhill owned by Mr. Eastman. According to tradition his team of six oxen with a cart was the first to cross the wilderness from Haverhill to Penacock, as Concord was first called. To aid in descending Sugar Ball a pine tree had to be chained to the cart. His name occurs frequently in the early records of the town and he was constantly occupied with work on committees to obtain a ferry, engage the services of a minister, divide land, and the many other necessary duties in founding a town.

He located in the east side of the river, his house-lot being now divided by the track of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railway. The apple trees which he set out remained there for many years. In 1729 he leased the farm land out for Judge Sewell, containing five hundred acres, and among other provisions of the lease he was to plant five hundred apple trees as well as to set out cherry, pear, quince and plum trees.

Soon after settling at Concord he returned to Haverhill on horseback to purchase supplies. To bring home a barrel of molasses he formed a car with two shafts, one end of which was fastened to the horse and the other dragging on the ground. With the barrel securely lashed on the car he proceeded as far as the Soncook River, and after reaching the top of a hill the barrel rapidly descended and was dashed to pieces against a tree.

He continued to take part in all calls for military service. In March, 1745, he commanded a company which went to Cape Breton and took part in the reduction of Louisburg. After spending the winter at home he set out once more the following spring, returning in July. A few weeks later, August 11, 1746, the Indians made an attack on Concord, killing some of the settlers and taking others for prisoners. His home was made a fort and a garrison was stationed there during the attack. He later began building a large two-story house on the same lot, but before it was finished he died, July 28, 1748.

He married, March 4, 1710, Sarah Peasley. (Peasley III.) Children: 1. Ebenezer, born September 5, 1711, died in 1778; resided at Concord, New Hampshire; enlisted in Captain Goffe's company in 1745; married Eleanor. 2. Philip, born November 15, 1713, died at Concord, New Hampshire, September 1, 1804; married, May 29, 1739, Abiah Bradley. 3. Captain Joseph, born June 10, 1715, died in 1803; commanded a company at Crown Point in 1775; constable

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and selectman; married Abigail Mellen. 4. Nathaniel, born March 10, 1717; served under Colonel Williams in the battle of Lake George in 1755, and later was in the Revolutionary Army under Captain Ebenezer Webster, at Ticonderoga; married, in 1754, Phebe Chandler. 5. Jeremiah, born August 25, 1719; a merchant at Concord, New Hampshire, but removed to Maine; married, November 29, 1744, Dorothy Carter. 6. Obadiah, born December 11, 1721, died March 28, 1767; resided at Salem, New Hampshire; chosen selectman of that town ten times as well as treasurer and moderator; married, in 1744, Mehitabel Watts. 7. Ruth, born January 17, 1729; married (first), January 30, 1743; married (second), August 14, 1768, Samuel Fowler, a lawyer, of Boscawen, New Hampshire. 8. Moses, of whom further.

(G. S. Rix: "Eastman Family of America," pp. 20, 21, 26, 73, 76, 77, 78. N. Bowton: "History of Concord, New Hampshire," pp. 135, 351, 551-53, 561, 566, 588. E. A. Kimball: "Peaslees and Others of Haverhill," pp. 5-9, 29.)

IV. Moses Eastman, son of Captain Ebenezer and Sarah (Peasley) Eastman, was born at Concord, New Hampshire, February 28, 1732. In September, 1754, he was one of Captain John Chandler's company of scouts and the following year he was a sergeant in a company of rangers under his brother, Captain Joseph Eastman. They marched to Albany and to Fort Edward in the expedition against Crown Point. He was stationed at Crown Point in September, 1762, as a member of Captain Marston's company. Hostilities had hardly started in the memorable year of 1775 before he was taking an active part in the struggle. On April 23, 1775, he enlisted as a sergeant in Captain Baldwin's company, Colonel John Stark's regiment, and served for three months and sixteen days, taking part in the battle of Bunker Hill. On account of many of the troops retiring after a short period of enlistment, General Washington sent a message to the Committee of Safety of New Hampshire for three regiments of militia. In the sixth of the thirty-one companies which answered the call, Moses Eastman was second lieutenant. They served during the siege of Boston and were discharged soon after the evacuation of the city, March 17, 1776. During Burgoyne's campaign he was in Captain Joshua Abbott's company, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Gerrish's regiment. This company marched to reënforce the northern army, and,



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although too late to participate in the battle of Bennington, was at Saratoga and present at the surrender of Burgoyne. In August of the following year he was a sergeant in Captain Aaron Quinby's company of volunteers, which formed part of Colonel Moses Kelly's regiment in the expedition to Rhode Island. After the close of the war he returned to Concord, New Hampshire, where he died, April 14, 1812. In the Old Fort Cemetery in East Concord, where he is buried, a fine granite monolith was erected in October, 1894, to the thirteen Revolutionary soldiers who are interred there. Five of these are Eastmans.

Moses Eastman married, in 1756, Elizabeth Kimball. (Kimball V.) Children: 1. Sarah, married (first) Jacob Curtis; married (second) Benjamin Colby, of Boscawen, New Hampshire. 2. Susannah, of whom further. 3. David, born January 15, 1763, died March 12, 1824; served in the Revolution under Captain Head, in Colonel Reynolds' regiment; resided at Loudon, New Hampshire. 4. Ebenezer, born October 19, 1765, died at Salisbury, New Hampshire, April 10, 1833; resided at Franklin, New Hampshire, which town he presented with a school lot as well as one for the Congregational Church; married Esther Farnum. 5. Abiel, born October 3, 1767, died March 28, 1814; married Sally Thompson. 6. Judith, born September 7, 1769; married, November 25, 1800, Aaron Austin. 7. Phineas, born January 20, 1772; married Susan Cogeswell. 8. Simeon, born May 11, 1774; married, January 7, 1796, Abigail Virgin. 9. Jemima, born October 13, 1776. 10. Betsey, born April 2, 1779; married a Mr. Lathrop, of Cleveland, Ohio. 11. Persis, born May 31, 1781; married Jacob Trussel, of Canaan, New Hampshire.

(G. S. Rix: "Eastman Family of America," pp. 78, 164, 165, 168. Morrison and Sharpler: "History of Kimball Family," Vol. I, pp. 27, 28, 44, 59, 60, 89.)

V. Susannah Eastman, daughter of Moses and Elizabeth (Kimball) Eastman, was born at Concord, New Hampshire, October 30, 1759; she married John West. (West II.)

(The Barnard Line)

Arms—Argent on a bend azure three escallops or. (Burke: "General Armory.")

Barnard, like the name of Barnett and Barnet, means "son of Bernard," a Christian name which became very popular in the thirteenth century due to the prominence of St. Bernard. Barnett and

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Barnet were the result of a provincial pronunciation of Bernard. The family is found at an early date at Enderby in Yorkshire, and spread from there to Oxford and Nottingham. The name is also found in Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, Suffolk and Lancashire.

(C. W. Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames," p. 79. "Harleian Society Publications," Vols. IV, V, XI, XIII, XXII, XXXIX.)

I. Thomas Barnard came to this country from England as early as 1639 and was one of the first settlers of Salisbury, Massachusetts. His town lot is shown on a map of East Salisbury, dated 1639. He was among those who signed the "Articles of Agreement" between the Inhabitants of the Old Town and those of the New Town, May 1, 1654, and was one of the first eighteen commoners in the division of land the same year. He and another were chosen for ordering the prudential affairs of the company, January 1, 1658, and in the latter part of that month was one of ten chosen "standing lot layers," a position which he held for many years. In 1659 he was one of the ten original purchasers of the island of Nantucket. It had originally belonged to Thomas Mayhew, who reserved a small part for himself, and July 2, 1659, admitted nine purchasers who paid £30 and two beaver hats to Mayhew and one hat for his wife. Robert Barnard, brother of Thomas, probably represented him on Nantucket. He was later admitted as a partner and was assigned half of the interest of Thomas Barnard, who continued to reside in that part of Salisbury which was set aside as Amesbury. In 1665 he served on the committee to build a meetinghouse, and June 15, 1666, was chosen moderator at the meeting which organized the town of New Salisbury. He was a member of the committee appointed July 9, 1667, to seat the people in the new church. According to the records of that occasion "Thomas Barnard, Sr., is to set in the seat behind the Tabell" and "Good wife Barnard is to set in the second seate in the soweth side of the metten house." April 18, 1670, he was chosen one of three prudential men of the town. He took the oath of allegiance at Amesbury, December 20, 1677. It is stated in an old record that he died abroad, but that expression applied to any place away from Nantucket Island. He was probably among those killed in an Indian raid on Salisbury in 1677. He married Eleanor, who administered his estate, dividing it among nine children, or children-in-



Kimball

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law. She married (second), July 19, 1681, George Little, of Newbury, and died November 27, 1694. Children: 1. Thomas, born May 10, 1641; married Sarah Peasley. 2. Nathaniel, born January 15, 1642. 3. Martha (twin), born September 22, 1645; married (first), December 26, 1667, Thomas Haynes; married (second), about 1685, Samuel Buckman. 4. Mary, of whom further. 5. Sarah, born September 28, 1647; married, January 31, 1666, William Hackett. 6. Hannah, born November 24, 1649; married, October 28, 1673, Benjamin Stevens. 7. Ruth, born October 16, 1651; married, January 21, 1671, Joseph Peasley. 8. John, born January 12, 1654-55; married, December 27, 1676, widow Frances Hoyt Colby. 9. Abigail, born January 20, 1656-57; married, June 2, 1681, Samuel Fellows.

(L. Hinchman: "Early Settlers of Nantucket," pp. 62-64. Hoyt: "Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury," pp. 49-50.)

II. Mary Barnard, daughter of Thomas and Eleanor Barnard, was born September 22, 1645, a twin sister of Martha Barnard. She married (first), November 10, 1669, Lieutenant Anthony Morse, Jr., of Newbury, Massachusetts. He died February 23, 1677. She married (second) Philip Eastman. (Eastman II.)

(Hoyt: "Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury," pp. 49-258.)

(The Kimball Line)

Arms—Argent a lion rampant gules, upon a chief sable, three crescents or.

Crest—A lion rampant, holding in the dexter paw a dagger, all proper.

Motto—*Fortis non Ferox.* (Morrison and Sharples: "Kimball Genealogy.")

Of ancient English origin, the name of Kimball is found with great frequency in County Suffolk, England, where it is of great antiquity. The name appears in early records under various forms, Kimball and Kimbell being most used at the present day.

The American families of the name Kimball were established in the early part of the seventeenth century in the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut by two brothers, Richard and Henry Kimball. These families have been prominently identified with life and affairs in New England for a period of more than two and one-half centuries.

("New England Families," Rhode Island Edition, p. 218.)

I. Richard Kimball, progenitor and immigrant ancestor of the family, was a native of the parish of Rattlesden, County Suffolk, Eng-

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land. He emigrated to New England with his family in 1634, arriving at the port of Boston in the ship "Elizabeth," and going thence to the settlement of Watertown, Massachusetts. He later became one of the first citizens of the place and took an active part in public affairs in the Colony. He was made a freeman in 1635, and in 1636-1637 became a proprietor. Shortly afterward, however, he removed to the new settlement of Ipswich, where he became prominent in community life. Richard Kimball was a skilled mechanic and a wheelwright by trade, and found ample work in the early Colony, removing to Ipswich in response to a demand of the colonists there for an able wheelwright.

Richard Kimball married (first) Ursula Scott, of Rattlesden, England, daughter of Henry Scott; she accompanied her husband to America, where she died. He married (second), October 23, 1661, Mrs. Margaret Dow, of Hampton, New Hampshire, who died March 1, 1676. He died June 22, 1675.

(L. A. Morrison and S. P. Sharples: "History of the Kimball Family in America." Robert M. Darbee: "Record of Kimball Family.")

Children, all by first marriage, the first eight born in England: 1. Ursula. 2. Henry, born in 1619. 3. Elizabeth, born in 1621. 4. Richard, Jr., born in 1623. 5. Mary, born in 1625. 6. Martha, born in 1629. 7. John, born in 1631. 8. Thomas, born in 1633. 9. Sarah, born in Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1635. 10. Benjamin, of whom further. 11. Caleb, born in Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1639.

(Joseph Kimball: "Joseph Kimball Family." "Vital Records of Ipswich, Massachusetts.")

II. Benjamin Kimball, son of Richard and Ursula (Scott) Kimball, was born in 1637, about the time his father moved from Watertown to Ipswich, Massachusetts, and died June 11, 1695. He was a carpenter by trade and was probably a resident of Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1659. He removed to Salisbury, Massachusetts, and was on the trial jury in 1662. Benjamin Kimball was a resident of Rowley, Massachusetts, May 12, 1663, when he bought land in Rowley of Elizabeth Starrett, of Haverhill, Massachusetts. On February 20, 1668, he was made overseer of the town. He was called of that town March 16, 1670, and March 15, 1674, and was cornet of horse

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troops. The gravestones of Benjamin and Mercy or Marcy (Hazel-tine) Kimball are in the cemetery at Bradford.

Benjamin Kimball married, in Salisbury, in April, 1661, Mercy or Marcy Hazeltine. (Hazeltine II.) Children: 1. Anna, born December 23, 1661, died January 1, 1774; married, April 21, 1682, Richard Barker, of Andover, Massachusetts, son of Richard and Joanna. 2. Mercy, born December 27, 1663, died February 5, 1664. 3. Richard, born December 30, 1665, and died January 10, 1711; married Mehit-able Day. 4. Elizabeth, born July 24, 1669; married Edward Carle-ton, of Bradford. 5. David, of whom further. 6. Jonathan, born November 26, 1673, died September 30, 1749. 7. Robert, born March 5, 1675-76, died at Bradford, February 24, 1744. 8. Abra-ham, born March 24, 1677-78, died at Bradford, February 25, 1707-1708. 9. Samuel, born March 28, 1680, died in 1739; married Eunice Chadwick. 10. Ebenezer (twin), born June 20, 1684, died in Brad-ford, January 28, 1715. 11. Abigail (twin), born June 20, 1684, died January 23, 1715; married, June 2, 1703, Moses Day, son of John and Sarah (Pengry) Day, of Ipswich, Massachusetts.

(L. A. Morrison and S. P. Sharples: "History of the Kimball Family in America," Vol. I, pp. 44-45. "Biographical Review," Vol. XXVIII, p. 287. J. D. Kingsbury: "Memorial History of Brad-ford, Massachusetts," p. 35. "Bradford, Massachusetts, Vital Rec-ords," pp. 93, 97.)

III. David Kimball, son of Benjamin and Mercy or Marcy (Hazel-tine) Kimball, was born in Bradford, Massachusetts, July 26, 1671, died there June 14, 1743. He married (first) Elizabeth Gage. (Gage III.) His house-lot of six acres was laid out from his father's estate, January 21, 1796. He married (second), about 1717, Ruth, born in 1682 and died March 14, 1770. Children of first marriage, born in Bradford: 1. Hannah, born September 15, 1695, died Feb-ruary 18, 1696. 2. Samuel, born January 14, 1696-97, died February 14, 1760; married, November 14, 1722, Abigail Kimball, born April 12, 1702, daughter of Thomas and Deborah (Pemberton) Kimball. 3. Hannah, born March 10, 1698; married, October 25, 1722, Jona-than Chadwick. 4. David, Jr., of whom further. 5. Rebekah, born August 16, 1703; married, December 18, 1724, Joseph Wilson. 6. A son, born November 7, died November 11, 1705. 7. Jeremiah, born October 15, 1707, died in May, 1764, at Warner, New Hamp-

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shire; married, January 20, 1732, Elizabeth Head. 8. Aaron, born at Haverhill, June 7, 1710, died at Hopkinton, New Hampshire, July 30, 1760; married, December 17, 1731, Susannah Smith. 9. Elizabeth, born January 14, 1712-13. 10. Abraham, born February 18, 1715, died November 26, 1782; married, December 30, 1736, Judith Hall. Children of second marriage: 11. Ruth, born September 4, 1719; married Rapha Hall. 12. Abigail, born April 28, 1723; married Rapha Hall, of Salem, Massachusetts.

(Morrison and Sharples: "History of the Kimball Family," Vol. I, p. 60.)

IV. David Kimball, Jr., son of David and Elizabeth (Gage) Kimball, was born in Bradford, Massachusetts, and was baptized June 22, 1701. He died in Concord, New Hampshire, November 20, 1745. He was one of the earlier settlers of Concord, New Hampshire, living there on April 8, 1732, when he sold property to Thomas Richardson. He married, February 19, 1730, Mary Wilson, who died November 12, 1745. Children, except the first, all born in Concord: 1. Reuben, born in Bradford, Massachusetts, January 3, 1730-31, died June 13, 1814, at Concord; married, December 25, 1754, Miriam Collins, who died at Concord, February 17, 1792. 2. Mary, born August 14, 1733. 3. Asa, born March 26, 1736. 4. Elizabeth, of whom further. 5. Asa, born November 25, 1741, died May 18, 1804; married Mary Eastman, born February 16, 1740, died in 1805. 6. Hannah, born July 11, 1745. 7. William, married, April 26, 1764, Mary Haggett, and they lived at Bradford.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 89, 165.)

V. Elizabeth Kimball, daughter of David, Jr., and Mary (Wilson) Kimball, was born at Concord, New Hampshire, September 23, 1738. She married Moses Eastman. (Eastman IV.)

(*Ibid.*, p. 89.)

(The Gage Line)

Arms—Gyronny of four argent and azure.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

The Anglo-Norman family of Gage is said to descend from DeGage, who accompanied William the Conqueror into England and received from him grants of land in the forest of Dean, County Gloucester, and is said to be the ancestor of the Anglo-Saxon form of Gage. He died in Cirencester and was buried in Cirencester Abbey. His

BARNARD

Arms—Argent on a bend azure three escallops or.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

HATCH

Arms—Gules, two demi-lions rampant or.

Crest—A demi-lion rampant or, between the paws a sphere, a cross pattée fitchée, stuck therein.

Motto—*Fortis valore et armis.*

(Crozier: "General Armory.")

GAGE

Arms—Gyronny of four argent and azure.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

CLARKE (CLARK)

Arms—Sable three plates.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

STICKNEY

Arms—Ermines, three lozenges ermine.

(M. A. Stickney: "The Stickney Family," p. v.)

FORD

Arms—Gules two bends vair, a canton or.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

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Arms—A sword and a pair of pistols
(Baker, General Army)

WACH

Arms—A sword and a pair of pistols
Arms—A sword and a pair of pistols
(Crozier, General Army)

GAGE

Arms—A sword and a pair of pistols
(Baker, General Army)

WALKER (CLARK)

Arms—A sword and a pair of pistols
(Baker, General Army)

STICKNEY

Arms—A sword and a pair of pistols
(Mr. A. Stickney, General Army)

WALKER

Arms—A sword and a pair of pistols
(Baker, General Army)



Barnard



Hatch



Gage



Clarke
(Clark)



Stickney



Ford

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posterity remained in County Gloucester for many generations, John Gage, Esq., being mentioned in deed nine Henry IV, 1408.

(W. Berry: "Sussex Genealogies," pp. 294-95. Collins: "Peerage of England," Vol. VIII, pp. 249, 261.)

I. John Gage first appears in Massachusetts as one of the signers of the covenant of the First Church in Boston, headed by Governor Winthrop, August 27, 1630, and from his position in the list it is inferred that he came in Winthrop's fleet, and like the Governor, was of County Suffolk. He remained in Boston until March, 1633, when he went with John Winthrop, Jr., to begin a plantation at Agawam, afterwards called Ipswich, where on March 4, 1633, he was admitted a freeman. He received several small parcels of land, and worked as carpenter, farmer, and often laid out boundaries between Ipswich and other towns, and was once chosen as one of the seven men (selectman). In 1639 he is first called "corporal" in Ipswich. He settled in that part of Rowley called Merrimack village, and afterwards at Bradford, before 1661. In the latter town he was called "Sergeant" in a Bradford vote April 18, 1670. He deposed March 25, 1662, that his age was fifty-eight years. He died March 24, 1672-73. He married (first) Aimee (probably Wilford), who died about June 15, 1658. He married (second), November 7, 1658, Sarah Keyes, widow of Robert Keyes, of Newbury. She died July 7, 1681. Children of first marriage, born in Ipswich, Massachusetts: 1. Samuel, of whom further. 2. Daniel, born in 1639, died November 8, 1705; married, May 3, 1674, Sarah Kimball, born about 1654, died September 15, 1692, daughter of Henry and Mary (Wyatt) Kimball, of Wenham, Massachusetts. 3. Benjamin, died October 10, 1672; married (first), February 16, 1663, Mary Keyes, born June 16, 1645, died December 20, 1668, daughter of Sarah and Robert Keyes; married (second), October 11, 1671, Prudence Leaver, born June 11, 1644, died October 26, 1716, daughter of Thomas and Damaris (Bayley) Leaver. 4. Nathaniel, born in 1645, died April 30, 1728; married Mary (Weeks) Green, widow of Thomas Green, of Malden, Massachusetts. 5. Jonathan, born in 1645, died March 15, 1674-75; married, November 12, 1667, Hester Chandler. 6. Josiah, born in 1647-48, died at Haverhill, Massachusetts, July 5, 1717; married (first) Lydia Ladd, born in Salisbury, April 8, 1645, died August 14, 1696, daughter of Daniel and Ann Ladd; married (second) Martha

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

Dow, born April 1, 1673, died February 10, 1716-17, daughter of Stephen and Ann (Stone) Dow, of Haverhill, Massachusetts.

("New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LXII, pp. 254, 255, 256.)

II. Samuel Gage, son of John and Aimee Gage, was born at Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1638, and died at Haverhill, Massachusetts, July 20, 1676. He was admitted a freeman at Haverhill, May 31, 1671. He married, June 10, 1674, Faith Stickney. (Stickney II.) Children, born at Bradford, Massachusetts: 1. Elizabeth, of whom further. 2. A son, born and died June 22, 1676 (twin). 3. A daughter, born and died June 22, 1676 (twin).

(*Ibid.*, Vol. LXII, p. 255.)

III. Elizabeth Gage, daughter of Samuel and Faith (Stickney) Gage, was born at Bradford, Massachusetts, March 12, 1675, and died there before 1717. She married David Kimball. (Kimball III.)

(*Ibid.* "Bradford, Massachusetts, Vital Records," p. 51.)

(The Stickney Line)

Arms—Ermines, three lozenges ermine.

(M. A. Stickney: "The Stickney Family," p. v.)

The English surname Stickney originated to designate a resident of Stickney Parish, Lincolnshire, England, nine miles from Boston. William Stickney and Dorothy Clenche are in the marriage licenses of London, 1582.

(Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames.")

I. William Stickney, baptized December 30, 1558; married, June 16, 1585, Margaret Peirson. They had a son, William, of whom further.

(The Family in America)

I. William Stickney, Jr., son of William and Margaret (Peirson) Stickney, was, according to Somerby, baptized in St. Mary's Church, Frampton, Lincolnshire, September 6, 1592. He is said to have embarked at Hull in Yorkshire, in 1637, and was admitted with his wife Elizabeth. They became members of the First Church of Boston, Massachusetts, January 6, 1638-39, and on November 24, 1639, was dismissed to the Church in Rowley, Massachusetts. He built a house on his lot on Wethersfield Street, corner of Bradford, and died



Hazeltine
(Hazelton)

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

January 21, 1664-65. He married Elizabeth, who, at the age of seventy, made a deposition, sworn to September 24, 1678, her last known record. Children, first three born in England, the rest in Rowley, Massachusetts: 1. Samuel, born in 1633; married (first) Julian Swan; married (second) Prudence Gage. 2. Amos, born in 1635; married, June 24, 1663, Sarah Morse. 3. Mary, born in 1637; married James Barker, Jr. 4. John, born 1 mo. 14 da., 1640; married, June 9, 1680, Hannah Brocklebank. 5. Faith, of whom further. 6. Andrew, born 3 mo. 11 da., 1644; married (first) Ednah Lambert; married (second) Elizabeth Jewett. 7. Thomas (twin), born 1 mo. 3 da., 1646. 8. Elizabeth (twin), born 1 mo. 3 da., 1646. 9. Mercy (twin), born 11 mo. 4 da., 1648, died January 14, 1676. 10. Adding (twin), born 11 mo. 4 da., 1648, died September 17, 1660.

(M. A. Stickney: "Stickney Family, Descendants of William and Elizabeth Stickney," 1869, pp. 1-4, 11, 12.)

II. Faith Stickney, daughter of William and Elizabeth Stickney, was born in Rowley, Massachusetts, 12 mo. 4. da., 1641, and died about May 20, 1696. She married Samuel Gage. (Gage II.)

(*Ibid.*, p. 12. "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LXII, p. 255.)

(The Hazeltine Line)

Arms—Gules, a cross patonce or, on a chief azure, three round buckles of the second.
Crest—A talbot's head argent. (Crozier: "American Armory.")

Hazeltine or Haseltine is an English surname of locality, derived from "the dweller at the hazel dean." There is a place in Gloucestershire called "Halseden," which is well known for its abbey. This form is often corrupted to Haseltine, Heseltine, Hazeltine, and probably diverges to Hazelton. Bardsley tells us that there were four Heseltines in the early records of London, but is unable to give the exact dates.

(Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames." Lower: "Patronymica Britannica." Harrison: "Surnames of the United Kingdom.")

I. Robert Hazeltine (Hazelton) is the first name recorded. He died August 27, 1674. He came, with about sixty families, from counties Yorkshire and Devonshire under the leadership of the Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1637. He was among

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

the group which cleared the land and settled the village which is now Rowley. On May 13, 1640, he became a freeman. In 1649, Robert, with his brother John, and one William Wilde, extended the borders of their land across the Merrimack River. These were the first men to clear the land and settle where Bradford, Massachusetts, now is. Robert Hazeltine was the first man to establish a ferry between Bradford and Haverhill. He married, in 1639, in Rowley, Massachusetts, Ann. Children: 1. Anna, born in 1640; married, in 1660, Caleb Kimball. 2. Marcy (Mercy), of whom further. 3. David, died August 31, 1717; married, September 26, 1668, Mary Jewett, daughter of Maximilian Jewett. 4. Mary, born December 14, 1646, died young. 5. Abraham, born March 3, 1648; married Elizabeth Langhorne. 6. Deliverance, born January 25, 1651, died young. 7. Elizabeth, born January 15, 1652, died young. 8. Deliverance, married, in 1655, Nathaniel Dane. 9. Robert, born September 7, 1657; married, in 1680, Elizabeth Jewett. 10. Gersham, born January 31, 1661; married, in 1690, Abiah Dalton.

("Genealogical Sketches of Robert and John Hazeltine.")

II. Marcy (Mercy) Hazeltine, daughter of Robert and Ann Hazeltine, was born August 16, 1642, and died January 5, 1707-08. She was one of the first members received into the first church in Bradford, with sixteen other women, all admitted in 1682. Her will, made May 14, 1706, was proved February 2, 1707-08. She married Benjamin Kimball. (Kimball II.)

(*Ibid.*)

(The Peasley Line)

Peasley, Peisley, and Peaslee appear to be variations of the Scottish surname Paisley, originally used to designate an inhabitant of Paisley, an important town in Rumfordshire, southwestern Scotland, near the river Clyde. George Peisley was a citizen of Ascot Parish, Oxfordshire, about 1600, and his son Bartholomew, settling in Ireland, was granted arms there. Several Peasleys were among the officers of 1649 in Ireland who received grants of land there.

(J. O'Hart: "Irish and Anglo-Irish Landed Gentry," p. 402.)

I. Joseph Peasley (Peaslee) came from England with his wife Mary (said to be a Johnson) and was in Newbury, Massachusetts, as early as 1641, and was made a freeman June 22, 1642. He removed



"THE BRICK HOUSE FRONTING ON JAMAICA PATH."



KING PHILIP

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

to Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he had a grant of four acres in the "great Pond meadow" in 1645, and was selectman 1649, 1650, and 1653. In 1650 he had liberty to set up a barn on the common. He was of the Society of Friends, and sometimes in the absence of a minister exhorted the people on the Sabbath, but in 1653 was forbidden. After a year or two he removed to Salisbury, Massachusetts; here he was made a citizen July 17, 1656, and granted twenty acres of land, and 1658, forty acres more. He died in Salisbury, Massachusetts, December 3, 1660. His wife, Mary, was his executor and survived him several years. Children: 1. Jean (Jane); married John Davis. 2. Sarah, born at Newbury, Massachusetts, September 20, 1642; married Thomas Barnard, of Salisbury, Massachusetts. 3. Joseph, Jr., of whom further. 4. Elizabeth, has a bequest in her father's will. 5. Mary, has a bequest in her father's will.

(E. A. Kimball: "The Peaslees and Others of Haverhill," pp. 5-9. Chase: "History of Haverhill," p. 644.)

II. Joseph Peasley, Jr., son of Joseph and Mary Peasley (Peaslee), was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, September 9, 1646, and died there, March 21, 1734-35. He had a brick house in eastern Haverhill, which Mr. Chase says was a house of refuge in King Philip's War, 1675-76. In 1693 he built a sawmill. He was selectman of Haverhill, 1689, 1690, and 1696; constable in 1721; was a farmer; and was said to have practiced medicine. He married (first), January 21, 1671, Ruth Barnard, of Salisbury, Massachusetts. She died November 5, 1723, aged seventy-two. He married (second), 1724, Mary Davis, widow of Stephen Davis, of Haverhill. Children, all except the first, recorded in Haverhill, Massachusetts: 1. Mary, born in Salisbury, Massachusetts, July 14, 1672; married, May 24, 1694, Joseph Whittier, youngest son of Thomas and Ruth (Green) Whittier, and father of Joseph Whittier, Jr., who married Sarah Greenleaf. John, son of these last, was the father of John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet. 2. Joseph, 3d, born July 19, 1674; married, September 18, 1699, Elizabeth Hastings. 3. Robert, born February 3, 1677; married, December 16, 1701, Alice Currier. 4. John, born February 25, 1679; married (intentions), March 22, 1704-05, Mary Martin. 5. Nathaniel, born June 25, 1682; married, before 1723, Judith Kimball. 6. Ruth, born February 25, 1684; married, July 11,

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

1705, Samuel Clement. 7. Ebenezer, born March 29, 1688, died April 11, 1689. 8. Sarah, of whom further.

(Chase: "History of Haverhill, Massachusetts," p. 156. E. A. Kimball: "The Peaslees and Others of Haverhill," pp. 10, 14, 25, 26. "Haverhill, Massachusetts, Vital Records," Vol. I, p. 246.)

III. Sarah Peasley, daughter of Joseph, Jr., and Ruth (Barnard) Peasley, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, August 15, 1690. She married Captain Ebenezer Eastman. (Eastman III.)

(E. A. Kimball: "The Peaslees and Others of Haverhill, Massachusetts," p. 29.)

(The Strong Line)

Arms—Gules, an eagle displayed or, within a bordure engrailed of the last.

Crest—Out of a mural coronet or, a demi-eagle with wings displayed of the last.

Motto—*Tentanda via est.*

(Crozier: "American Armory.")

One of the most characteristic designations of marking out men from each other has always been the simple usage of nicknames. That rapid, concise, blunt method of description has ever been highly satisfactory and accurate, and though we of today use similes to express our distinctive characterizations, the Anglo-Saxon is to be commended for the simplicity for which the language is known. Physical qualities were the most direct, and in those days the most important, and thus we have the surname Strong. The owner of such a name was undoubtedly one of the strongest men in the whole countryside. Some added to this, as Strongfellow, Strongarm, Strongman, while in France it was *Le Fort*. The name is far too popular to imply any special locality, for it is found on all the early records throughout England.

(C. W. Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames.")

I. "Elder" John Strong (called "Elder" to describe his church office) came to New England about 1630, perhaps from the vicinity of "Southcard, in the parish of Chard," Somersetshire, England, where his first wife's father, William Deane, died. The statement is found that John was a son of Richard Strong, of Taunton, England, but no definite proof is found. While it is stated that previous to coming to Taunton, in 1637, he divided his time between Dorchester and Hingham, Massachusetts, his name is not found in the printed town records of Dorchester.



Strong

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

John Strong had granted to him, in Hingham, Massachusetts, September 18, 1635, five acres of land on North Street, near Ship Street. He was a freeman, 1636-37. He removed from there to Taunton, Massachusetts, where he was one of "the forty-six ancient purchasers of Taunton" in 1638; others were John Deane and Walter Deane. John Strong was the first constable of Taunton, which officer represented the Plymouth government in that new settlement in 1638. He was one of the seven freemen of Cohannet "sworn in" that same year. He was again appointed constable in 1639. He was deputy in 1641, 1642 and 1643, and was one of the foremost, most influential citizens. His house-lot was on Deane Street, next west of John Deane's lot. Mr. Strong appointed Walter Deane attorney to dispose of his real estate in Taunton, after he left. At some time before February, 1647, Elder Strong removed to Windsor, Connecticut, where several of his younger children were born. There he was appointed, with four others, "to superintend and bring forward the settlement of that place." In 1659 he removed to Northampton, Massachusetts, of which he was one of the first and most active founders. He lived in Northampton for forty years, and was a leading man in town and church affairs. His business as a tanner was prosperous. He owned, at different times, some two hundred acres of land in and around Northampton. He died in Northampton, Massachusetts, April 14, 1699, leaving about one hundred sixty descendants.

John Strong married (first) probably in England, Eleanor Deane, who died probably about 1635, and who, there is strong evidence to believe, was a daughter of William Deane, of Southcard, in the parish of Chard, Somersetshire, England, and a sister of John and Walter Deane, of Taunton, Massachusetts. "Elder" John Strong married (second), about 1636, Abigail Ford. (Ford II.) Children of first marriage: 1. John, Jr., born probably about 1630-32, died in Windsor, Connecticut, February 20, 1698; married, November 26, 1656, Mary Clarke, daughter of Frances Clarke. 2. An infant, said to have died about two months after its mother's death, in 1635. Children of second marriage: 3. Thomas, born about 1637, died October 3, 1689; married, December 6, 1660, Mary Hewett. 4. Jedediah, of whom further. 5. Return, born about 1641, died April 9, 1726; married, May 11, 1664, Sarah Warham. 6. Ebenezer, born about 1643, died February 11, 1729; married, October 14, 1668, Hannah

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

Clapp. 7. Abigail, born about 1645, died April 15, 1704; married (first) Rev. Nathaniel Chauncey; (second), September 8, 1686, Medad Pomeroy. 8. Elizabeth, born in Windsor, Connecticut, February 24, 1647, died May 12, 1736; married, March 17, 1669, Joseph Parsons. 9. Experience, baptized in Windsor, August 4, 1650; married, May 27, 1669, Zerubbabel Filer. 10. Samuel (twin), born in Windsor, August 5, 1652, died October 29, 1732; married, June 19, 1684, Esther Clapp. 11. Joseph (twin), born in Windsor, August 5, 1652, died young. 12. Mary, born in Windsor, October 26, 1654, died December 8, 1738; married, March 20, 1679, as his second wife, "Deacon" John Clark. 13. Sarah, born in Windsor in 1656, died February 10, 1733; married, December 19, 1675, Joseph Barnard. 14. Hannah, born May 30, 1659, died January 31, 1693-94; married, July 15, 1680, Captain William Clark. 15. Hester, born in Northampton, June 7, 1661, died March 4, 1726-27; married, October 15, 1678, Thomas Bissell, Jr. 16. Thankful, born July 25, 1663; married Mr. Baldwin, of Milford, Connecticut. 17. Jerijah, born December 12, 1665, died April 24, 1754; married, July 18, 1700, Thankful Stebbins.

(Samuel Hopkins Emery: "History of Taunton, Massachusetts," pp. 29, 78. "Fourth Report of the Record Commissioner of the City of Boston, Massachusetts, Index." "History of the Town of Hingham," Vol. III, p. 225. "The History of the Descendants of Elder John Strong, of Northampton, Massachusetts." "Benjamin W. Dwight," pp. 16, 228, 1076, 1120, 1291, 1305, 1465, 1473, 1475, 1568. "History of Ancient Windsor, Connecticut," Henry R. Stiles, Vol. II, p. 743. "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. VIII, pp. 214, 383; Vol. LI, pp. 432-35; Vol. LVII, p. 209. "Records of the First Church at Dorchester in New England, 1636-1734" (published 1891), p. 149.)

II. Jedediah Strong, son of "Elder" John and Abigail (Ford) Strong, was born probably in Dorchester, Massachusetts, and was baptized there, in infancy, April 14, 1639. He died in Coventry, Connecticut, May 22, 1733. He was a farmer at Northampton, Massachusetts, until 1709, when he removed to Coventry, Connecticut. During the years 1677 and 1679 he was paid eighteen shillings a year for blowing the trumpet on Sunday to summon the people to church. He was constable in 1683. The following account of the death of his third wife has been preserved at Northampton: "Octo-

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

ber 9, 1710, Jedediah Strong, and wife set out early in the morning to visit their children, at Coventry; but when they came against the Falls (at South Hadley) among the broad smooth stones, the horse's feet slipped up and he fell flat on the off side and by the fall killed the woman: though she was not quite dead then, but had life in her until the next day—yet never spoke a word."

He married (first), November 18, 1662, Freedom Woodward. (Woodward II.) He married (second), December 19, 1681, Abigail Stebbins, born September 6, 1660, died July 15, 1689, daughter of John and Abigail (Bartlett) Stebbins. He married (third), January 5, 1691-92, Mrs. Mary (Hart) Lee, widow of John Lee, and daughter of Stephen Hart, of Farmington, Connecticut. Children of first marriage: 1. Elizabeth, born June 9, 1664, died February 17, 1691-92; married, September 16, 1684, Ebenezer Wright. 2. Abigail, born July 9, 1666, died December 26, 1711; married, November 17, 1683, Thomas King. 3. Jedediah, born August 7, 1667, died October 12, 1709; married, November 8, 1688, Abiah Ingersoll. He was killed by Indians at Wood Creek, New York. 4. Ford, born September 2, 1668, died November 1, 1668. 5. A child unnamed, born October 11, 1669, died soon. 6. Hannah, of whom further. 7. Thankful, born April 15, 1672, died April 16, 1742; married, March 4, 1691, "Deacon" Thomas Root (married the same day as her sister Hannah). 8. John, born November 15, 1673, died the same month. 9. Sarah, born in 1674, died December 25, 1726; married Thomas Cushman. 10. Lydia, born November 9, 1675, died July 16, 1718; married, September 5, 1695, David Lee. 11. Mary, born in May, 1677, died soon. 12. Experience, born August 19, 1678, died September 16, 1678. 13. Preserved, born March 29, 1680, died September 26, 1765; married, October 23, 1701, Tabitha Lee. 14. John, born May 10, 1681, died April 21, 1699. Child of second marriage: 15. Mary, born in 1683; married, April 18, 1711, Ebenezer Pixley.

("The History of the Descendants of Elder John Strong of Northampton, Massachusetts" (1871), pp. 769, 770, 771, 772, 952, 956, 986. "New York Genealogical and Biographical Record," Vol. LII (1921), p. 177. "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LXXII, pp. 11-13.)

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

III. *Hannah Strong*, daughter of Jedediah and Freedom (Woodward) Strong, was born February 3, 1671, died March 20, 1762. She married Benjamin Carpenter. (Carpenter V.)

("The History of the Descendants of Elder John Strong of Northampton, Massachusetts," by Benjamin W. Dwight (1871), pp. 770, 952.)

(The Woodward Line)

Arms—Barry of six or and sable on a canton gules a demi-woodman with a club on his shoulder proper.

Crest—A squirrel sejant proper in the paws a nut or.

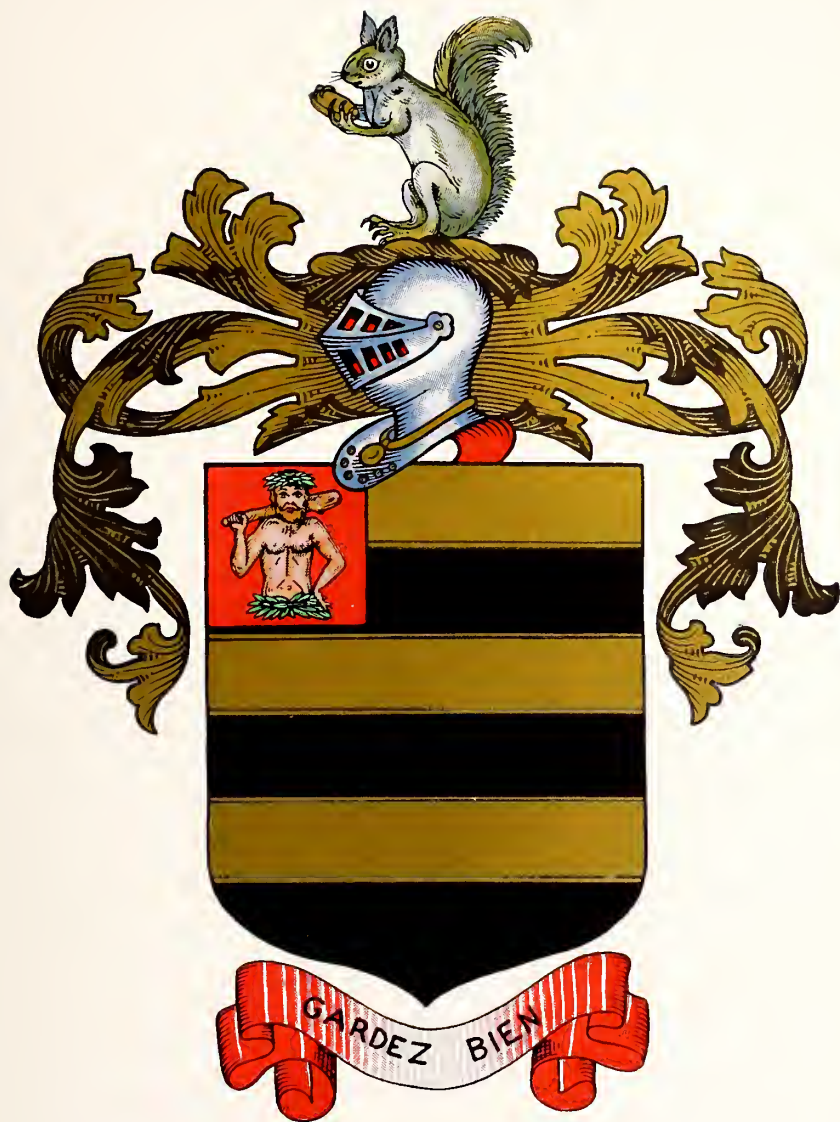
Motto—*Gardez bien.*

(Burke: "General Armory.")

In Nelson's "Laws of Game," we find the definition of Woodward: "An officer of the forest, whose charge is to look after the woods and vert there; his very name denotes his office; he must present all offences within his charge at the court of attachments, or swain-mote, to the chief foresters or verderers; and if he see or know any malefactors, or if he shall find any deer killed or hurt, he must acquaint a verderer thereof, and present the same at the next court of the forest. And by law he must not walk with bow and arrows, but with a forest-bill or hatchet." It is added that "the Woodward ought to appear at every justice-seat, and when he is called, he must present his hatchet to the Lord Chief Justice in Eyre." Aylward le Wodward is in the Hundred Rolls of County Essex, A. D. 1273; Adam le Wodward in those of County Oxford, and Richard le Wodeward in Placita de Quo Warranto, County Sussex, 1293.

(Lower: "Patronymica Britannica.")

I. *Henry Woodward*, a physician, came from Bristol, England, with Richard Mather in the ship "James," Captain Taylor, arriving August 17, 1635, settling in Dorchester, Massachusetts. He removed to Northampton, Massachusetts, about 1658, and was one of the seven pillars when the church was organized there June 18, 1661. He was killed in his gristmill, April 7, 1685. His wife Elizabeth died in Northampton, August 13, 1690. Children, born in Dorchester, Massachusetts: 1. Experience, married, November 21, 1661, Medad Pomeroy. 2. Freedom, of whom further. 3. Thankful, married, December 18, 1662, John Taylor. 4. John, lived in Northampton until after the death of his father. He removed first to Westfield, Massachusetts, and then to Lebanon, Connecticut. He married, May



Woodward

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

18, 1671, Anna Dewey, of Westfield, daughter of the emigrant Thomas Dewey, of Windsor, Connecticut.

(Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society: "History of Dorchester, Massachusetts," p. 141. H. Bronson: "History of Waterbury, Connecticut," p. 551. James Savage: "Genealogical Dictionary of New England," Vol. III, p. 174; Vol. IV, p. 644.)

II. Freedom Woodward, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Woodward, was baptized in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1642, and died at Northampton, Massachusetts, May 17, 1681. She married Jedediah Strong. (Strong II.)

("New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. III, p. 399.)

(The Ford Line)

Arms—Gules two bends vair, canton or.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

In order to designate a dweller or a helper at a ford, the name arose as a surname, and ford, which in itself is a shallow place in a river, which may be crossed without bridge or boat, is now a common termination of local surnames.

"In Ford, in Ham, in Ley, in Ton,
The Most of English Surnames run."

—VERSTEGAN.

There are parishes of this name in almost every county of England, and the name is to be found in all the early records, in the Hundred Rolls of 1273, and the Kirby's Quest of 1327.

(Lower: "Patronymica Britannica.")

I. Thomas Ford came with the Dorchester company on the ship "Mary and John," in 1630, probably a descendant of the numerous Fords or Atford family of Fordsmore, Devonshire, of the reign of Edward I, about 1300. Thomas Ford was made a freeman at Dorchester, Massachusetts, October 19, 1630. On June 27, 1636, he was chosen one of the twelve men for ordering the affairs of the town; but soon after removed to Windsor, Connecticut, where he was representative, 1638-41, 1644 and 1654; constable 1654, grand juror 1662. He afterwards removed to Northampton, Massachusetts, where he died November 28, 1676. He married, in England, a wife who died in Windsor, buried April 18, 1643. He married (second),

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

November 7, 1644, widow of Thomas Scott, of Hartford, Connecticut, and had, perhaps, Ann, who married, March 12, 1677, Thomas Newbury, of Windsor, Connecticut. Children, born in England, of first marriage: 1. Abigail, of whom further. 2. Joanna, born in 1617; married, November 6, 1633, Roger Clap, of Dorchester, Massachusetts. 3. Hepzibah, married (first) Richard Lyman, of Northampton, Massachusetts; married (second), October 7, 1664, John Marsh, of Northampton, originally of Hartford, Connecticut, who died in 1683. 4. Mary, married, as second wife, Captain Aaron Cooke, of Northampton.

(H. R. Stiles: "History and Genealogy of Ancient Windsor, Connecticut," Vol. II, pp. 270-71. "Visitations of the County of Devon in 1531, 1564, 1620, With Additions," J. C. Vivian, pp. 347-351.)

II. Abigail Ford, daughter of Thomas Ford, was born in England and died in Northampton, Massachusetts, about July 6, 1688. She married "Elder" John Strong. (Strong I.)

(*Ibid.*)

(The Benton Line)

Arms—Sable six fusils in bend argent.
Crest—A griffin's head erased argent.

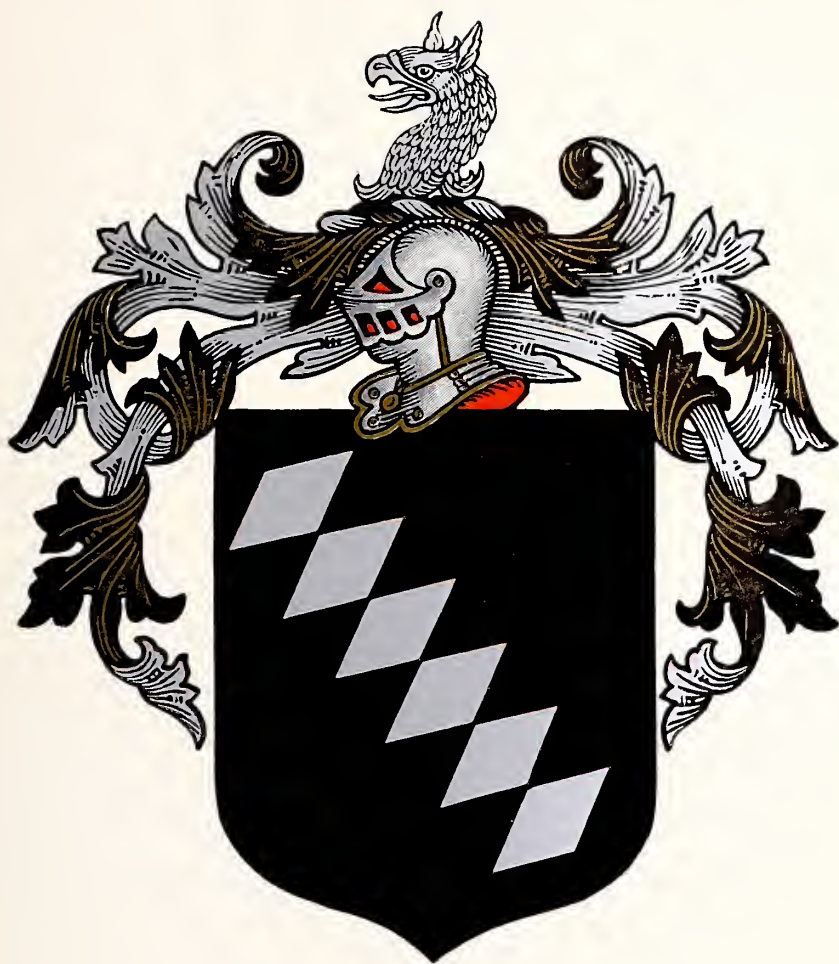
(Burke: "General Armory.")

The Benton family is of Norman origin, and the English records of it are said to be traced back to the twelfth century. It is found at an early date in the southeastern parts of Wiltshire, about fifty miles from Guilford, Surrey County, England, and much of interest regarding the family is found in the history of that place.

The name is also found engrafted in the names of places as Little Benton, Long Benton, and Benton Hall, in the county of Northumberland. Bentons also abound in other portions of England, and in Scotland. The present spelling of the name is very ancient, but some who have investigated the matter believe that the Boyntons and Bentons were descended from a common ancestry. The names are similar and the arms are almost identical, and both families came from Wiltshire. Old spellings are Baynton, Bayntun, Bayntin, and Bentun.

Search of parish registers in England has brought to light the origin of the New England Benton families.

(Charles E. Benton: "Caleb Benton and Sarah Bishop, Their Ancestors and Descendants" (1906), pp. 9-11.)



Benton

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

I. Edward Benton lived and was buried in Epping, Essex County, England, September 16, 1605. He married there on May 10, 1563, Joane Halloway, who also was buried there on November 4, 1599. Children, baptized at Epping Parish: 1. Joane, baptized February 13, 1564. 2. Andrew, of whom further. 3. Edward, baptized March 19, 1568; buried in November, 1603. 4. Elizabeth, baptized March 12, 1570. 5. Rachel, buried April 3, 1582. 6. Mathew, buried April 3, 1588.

(*Ibid.*)

II. Andrew Benton, son of Edward and Joane (Halloway) Benton, was baptized in Epping, Essex County, England, December 2, 1565, died in 1623 or 1625. He resided in Epping Parish. He married Mary. The register says: "Marie the widowe of Andrew Benton buried January 3, 1642." Children, baptized in Epping Parish: 1. John, of whom further. 2. Andrew, baptized January 1, 1598. 3. Edward, baptized February 24, 1600, died, at Guilford, Connecticut, October 28, 1680; married (first), January 15, 1626, Alice Purden; married (second) Anne. He emigrated to New England with his nephew Andrew, where both were in Wethersfield as early as 1639. 4. Ralph, baptized June 13, 1602. 5. Susan, baptized March 10, 1605. 6. Mary, baptized October 16, 1608, buried March 6, 1610. 7. Marie, baptized December 3, 1612.

(*Ibid.*)

III. John Benton, son of Andrew and Mary (Marie) Benton, was baptized in Epping Parish, Essex County, in 1595, and probably died in England. The parish shows a burial of a John Benton, probably the same one, in February, 1662. He married, at Epping, May 25, 1618, Mary Southernwood. Children, baptized at Epping Parish: 1. Andrew, of whom further. 2. Thomas, baptized August 25, 1622. 3. Marie, baptized June 29, 1625. 4. Elizabeth, baptized August 31, 1628. 5. John, baptized March 10, 1639.

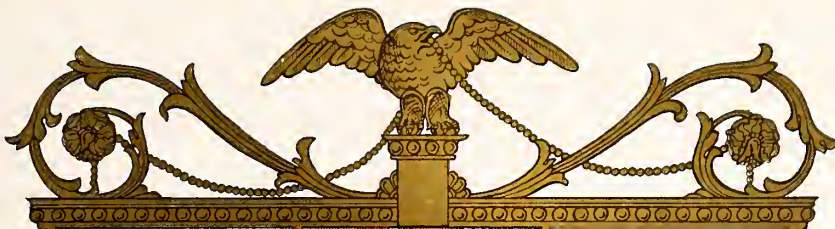
(*Ibid.* "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LX, p. 300.)

IV. Andrew Benton, son of John and Mary (Southernwood) Benton, was baptized in Epping, Essex County, England, October 15, 1620, and died in Hartford, Connecticut, July 31, 1683, where he

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

was buried in Center Church Cemetery. He emigrated to New England as early as 1639, and in November of the same year was allotted parcel No. 64 at the land apportionment in Milford, Connecticut, bought from the Indians in February of that year. It contained three acres and was situated on the west side of Half Mile Brook, near the crossing of what are now Spring and Hill streets. To this were added several other pieces of land. He joined the church at Milford, March 5, 1648, and his wife joined October 13, 1650. Both were dismissed to Hartford in March, 1666, where they had moved as early as 1662. Here he was a fence viewer in 1663 and 1664; a juror in 1664 and 1667; a freeman in May, 1665; a suppressor of "disorder during public worship" (at the time of the Hartford Controversy), and collector of minister's rates in 1667. With his wife and his daughter Hannah, he separated to the Second Church in February, 1670. His homestead was at the junction of the roads leading to Wethersfield and Farmington, and on the west side of the present Wethersfield Avenue. At the death of his widow, it became the property of his son Joseph, who sold it in June, 1693. He married (first), about 1649, Hannah Stocking. (Stocking II.) He married (second), probably in 1673, Anna Cole, who died April 19, 1685, daughter of John Cole. Children of first marriage (first seven born in Milford, Connecticut): 1. John, born April 9, 1650, died May 24, 1650. 2. Hannah, baptized November 23, 1651, died before 1675; married John Camps, Jr. 3. Andrew, Jr., baptized August 12, 1653, died February 5, 1704; married Martha Spencer. 4. Mary, born April 14, 1655; married (first) Nathaniel Cole; married (second) Jonathan Bigelow; married (third) John Shepard. 5. John, born October 7, 1656, living in 1673, died before May 30, 1680. 6. Samuel, born August 15, 1658, died April 10, 1746; married Sarah Chaterton. 7. Joseph, of whom further. 8. Dorothy, probably born in 1662, was living in 1689. Children of second marriage (born in Hartford): 9. Ebenezer, baptized January 4, 1674, living in 1708. 10. Lydia, baptized February 13, 1676, joined the Second Church, April 25, 1697. 11. Hannah, baptized January 26, 1679; her half-sister Hannah, twenty-seven years her senior, died before 1675. 12. John, baptized May 30, 1680, died before September 4, 1683.

("New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LX, pp. 300-01. "Middletown Upper Houses" (1908), p. 677.)



Plymouth in 1622



Hartford attends church



Stocking came with T. Hooker

Wm Norton, b.abt. 1535 in England

Nicholas Norton, d.1616 in Eng.

Edward Benton, b.d. Sept. 16, 1605;

m. May 10, 1563 Joane Halloway

Robert Codman
of Martha's
Vineyard

James Skiff of
England; d. 1688

Mary Reeves
d. Sept. 21, 1673

Nicholas
Norton, Jr.
b. 1610 in Eng.
d. 1676 in Mass.
m. about 1659
Elizabeth—

Andrew Benton,
b. Dec. 1565;
d. 1623-5; m. Mary (Marie) d. Jan. 1642

George
Stocking
b. 1582 in Eng.
m. May 1618 Mary
Southernwood m. Anna, b. in Eng.

Hepzibah
Codman,
b. 1657;
d. July 19, 1696

Nathan Skiff
b. May 1658;
m. prob. Feb. 1679

Isaac Norton
b. May 3, 1641
in Plymouth
Colony; d. abt.
1723; m. abt. 1663
Ruth Bayes

Andrew
Benton
b. Oct. 15, 1620;
d. July 31, 1683
in Hartford, Conn.; m. abt. 1649

Hannah Stock-
ing, admitted
to the Milford
church Oct. 1650

Hepzibah
Skiff
b. 1679 in Mass.
d. May 1, 1769

Thomas
Norton
b. abt. 1678;
d. after 1753

Joseph
Benton
b. 1660, Conn.
d. Aug. 12, 1753

Bevil Waters
b. abt. 1648;
d. Feb. 14, 1729

Sarah Waters
m. Feb. 10, 1698

Ruth Norton
b. 1708 in Mass.
d. aft. 1760 in Conn.
m. March 16, 1730

Isaac Benton
b. Feb. 8, 1703; d. Sept.
17, 1757 in Salisbury, Ct.

Nathan Benton, b. Feb. 28, 1743
d. ae. 70 yrs; In American Rev.
m. abt. 1765 Esther, d. in Vt.

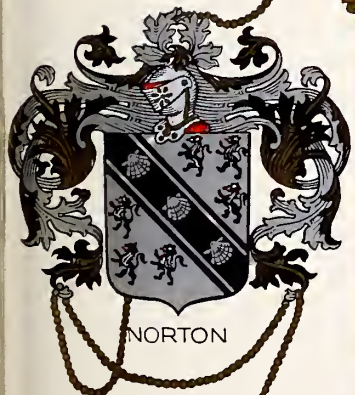
Anne Benton, b. Aug. 9, 1773; d. ae. 71 yrs
m. Cephas Carpenter
b. July 8, 1770; d. April, 1859

Ira Carpenter
b. Apr. 29, 1798; d. Oct. 23, 1862
m. Esther Ann Luce

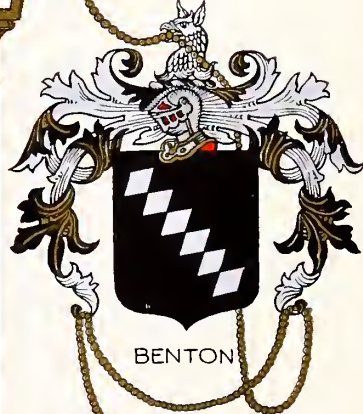
Col. Cephas Warner Carpenter
b. Aug. 2, 1832; d. Aug. 10, 1902; In Civil War,
m. Jan. 1858 Cynthia Elizabeth West

Annie Isabella Carpenter
b. Sept. 13, 1860 in St Paul, Minn.

HWJ 36



NORTON



BENTON

CARPENTER AND ALLIED FAMILIES

V. Joseph Benton, son of Andrew and Hannah (Stocking) Benton, was born in Milford, Connecticut, in 1660, died at Kent, Connecticut, August 12, 1753, and was buried there at the west side of Good Hill Cemetery. He removed probably in 1714 from Hartford to the town of Tolland, Connecticut, where he was an inhabitant and first proprietor on May 14, 1716. He was the first town clerk of Tolland, from December, 1717, to December 1720; a selectman in 1721 and 1722; a first deacon of the church and largely "intrusted with public affairs." At a survey of the line between the towns of Tolland and Coventry, in 1722, his house and three acres of land fell within the latter, but by agreement he was still accounted an inhabitant of Tolland. He was at Newington, Connecticut, November 23, 1739, and in 1742 he removed to Kent, Connecticut, probably with his son Jehiel. He married (first) Martha Peck, who died before 1698, daughter of Deacon Paul Peck, of Hartford, Connecticut. He married (second), February 10, 1698, Sarah Waters. (Waters II.) Child of first marriage: 1. Joseph, Jr., died at Farmington, Connecticut, in 1767; married, December 11, 1718, Sarah Pynchon. Children of second marriage, born in Hartford: 2. Ruth, born February 9, 1699, died October 6, 1712. 3. Sarah, born January 28, 1701, died October 7, 1712. 4. Isaac, of whom further. 5. Aaron, born March 24, 1705. 6. Jemima, born March 21, 1708; married, January 24, 1731, Benjamin Strong. 7. Jehiel, born January 27, 1710, died October 30, 1789; married, in October, 1731, Sarah Berry. 8. Kezia, baptized September 19, 1714.

("New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LX, pp. 301, 303.)

VI. Isaac Benton, son of Joseph and Sarah (Waters) Benton, was born in Hartford, Connecticut, February 8, 1703, died at Salisbury, Connecticut, September 17, 1757, and was buried in the old cemetery there. He was in Tolland, Connecticut, as early as 1716, removed from there to Kent in 1743, where he and his wife joined the church, March 14, 1744, and from there went to Salisbury in 1746. He became a freeman April 8, 1751; was a sealer of weights and measures in 1753 and 1755; a tither in 1754; and a lister and grand juror in 1756. His estate of seventy-nine acres in the southwest corner of the town, near Ore Hill, and personal property of £43 19s. 8d.,

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were distributed August 16, 1760, to his widow and his eight surviving children. He married, on March 16, 1730, Ruth Norton. (Norton IV.) Children, first six born in Tolland, seventh in Kent: 1. Sarah, born June 14, 1731; married John Towsley. 2. Isaac, born November 13, 1732, died in January, 1812; married, October 30, 1755, Jemima St. John. 3. David, born January 23, 1734, died August 6, 1797; married, probably in 1758, and had eight children. 4. Stephen, born July 10, 1737, died November 10, 1820; married, May 4, 1759, Prudence Reynolds. 5. Joseph, born September 3, 1740, died about 1761 or 1762. 6. Nathan, of whom further. 7. Levi, born March 20, 1746, died in Franklin County, Indiana, at "an advanced age"; married, October 30, 1769, Mary Woodworth. 8. Ruth, born July 23, 1748. 9. Jehiel, born August 9, 1752, died June 3, 1753.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 304, 305, 342, 343.)

VII. Nathaniel Benton, son of Isaac and Ruth (Norton) Benton, was born in Tolland, Connecticut, February 28, 1743, and died in Moretown, Vermont, aged seventy years. He was accepted as a free-man at Salisbury, Connecticut, April 9, 1770. He was a private in the Revolutionary War, from Guilford, in Captain Daniel Hand's company, Connecticut Militia. He married, probably about 1765, Esther, who also died in Moretown. Children (births on Salisbury records): 1. Esther, born November 13, 1766. 2. Betty, born December 22, 1768. 3. Lucy, born February 9, 1771, died August 8, 1836; married, August 19, 1789, Royal Spaulding, who died in Moretown, Vermont. 4. Anna, of whom further. 5. Nathan, born April 13, 1776, died in Moretown, aged seventy-nine; married, in 1802, Eunice Hand.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 305, 343. "Vermont Historical Gazetteer," Vol. IV (1882), pp. 602, 603. C. W. Spalding: "Spalding Memorial," p. 232. "Sons of the American Revolution (National) Official Bulletin," Vol. XXI, issue of June, 1926, p. 138.)

VIII. Anna Benton, daughter of Nathaniel and Esther Benton, was born in Salisbury, Connecticut, August 9, 1773, and died in Moretown, Vermont, aged seventy-one. She married Cephas Carpenter. (Carpenter VIII.)

(*Ibid.*)

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(The Waters Line)

Waters is of Norman origin and is credited by Bardsley with being a nickname of Walter. It is possible that two or more distinct families existed in England as well as in Scotland and Ireland, where the name frequently occurs. Arms are recorded as early as Richard II (1377-99). The name is found in the counties of Kent, Salop, Shropshire, and York. Three of the name were Lord Mayors of York, the first of these holding office in 1436 and in 1451. His descendant, Sir Robert Water (or Watter), was also Lord Mayor of York in 1591 and 1603, and was knighted by King James VI of Scotland, while en route to London to be crowned King of England as James I.

The earliest record of the family in America is that of Edward Waters, who sailed for Virginia with Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Yates in the "Sea Venture," in 1609, and although wrecked in the Bermuda Islands, finally reached his destination. Among others of the name to locate in New England were Richard Waters, of Salem; William, of Boston; and Lawrence, of Watertown; all of whom came at an early date. And Edward Waters took the oath of fidelity at New Haven in 1647, and a John Waters who came as a servant of Governor Winthrop in 1630 from Neyland, County Suffolk.

(W. Waters: "Ancestry of the Waters Family.")

I. Bevil Waters, as early as 1661, was residing in Hartford, Connecticut, where he was made a freeman in 1669 and a townsman in 1682. His home was on Wethersfield Lane. He is frequently mentioned in the early land records, his first grant being dated September 16, 1668, when he secured property from Samuel Willys, who was subsequently the grantor in many deeds. Other tracts were received from John Andrews, Jonathan Gilbert, Nathaniel Bacon, John Hull, Caleb Watson, and others. At the time of his death, his estate was valued at £1,483 16s. His will, dated February 1, 1721, mentions his three daughters, the three daughters of his son, Thomas Waters, and two grandsons, Joseph and Samuel Waters, who were bequeathed his real estate. Sarah Benton is mentioned as his eldest daughter and received £100 in money. Provision was also made for the support of the ministry of South Church. Bevil Waters died in Hartford, Feb-

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ruary 14, 1729, in his ninety-seventh year, and is buried in Central Church Cemetery. The name of his first wife is unknown, but he married (second), at the age of ninety-two, Sarah (Webster) Mygott, widow of Joseph Mygott, and daughter of Robert Webster. Children: 1. Thomas, died before his father; married, May 19, 1696, Sarah Fenn, of Milford, Connecticut. 2. Sarah, of whom further. 3. Hannah, married, in 1708, Wilterton Merrills. 4. Mary, married, in 1711, Thomas Seymour.

(J. H. Trumball: "Memorial History of Hartford County, Connecticut," Vol. I, p. 276. Woodhouse, Burnham, and Robbins: "General Index of Hartford and Land Records," p. 565. J. H. Benton: "David Benton, Jr.," p. 62. Savage: "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," Vol. IV, pp. 433, 435.)

II. Sarah Waters, daughter of Bevil Waters; married Joseph Benton. (Benton V.)

(The Stocking Line)

The Stocking family were in England at an early date, the name being a geographical one. Stocking ham, or home of the Stockings, is mentioned in the Domesday Book. When Edward III returned from Palestine, in 1273, he caused an inquiry to be made regarding the royal revenues and demesnes of the crown. It is recorded in the Rotuli Hundredorum (Rolls of the Hundreds) and contains the name of the Stockings, De Stocking of Suffolk, England. The name was spelled in early times Stocken and Stockin, as well as the modern form Stocking.

(C. H. W. Stocking: "The Stocking Ancestry," pp. 1-2.)

I. George Stocking was born in Suffolk, England, about 1582. He was a dissenter and came to America with the Rev. Thomas Hooker in the ship "Griffin," which landed in Boston in 1633. Two years later he located at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and built a house on the corner of the present Holyoke and Winthrop streets. He was made a freeman May 6, 1635. On account of dissensions which arose among different congregations in the Colony, Hooker, with about one hundred companions, including George Stocking, journeyed through the wilderness for two weeks, and at the end of that time reached the Connecticut River. They founded the present city of Hartford in 1636. George Stocking was one of the original proprie-



Norton

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tors. He received twenty acres "on the south side of the road from George Steel's to the south meadow" in the first general distribution, and later received other grants. In 1647 he was selectman, in 1654 and 1662 surveyor of highways, and in 1659 chimney viewer. Owing to "great age" he was excused from military duty in 1660. His will is dated July 15, 1673. It provided that his widow Anna should have the use of his estate during her life and that it should later be divided, his daughter Lydia receiving £14, Sarah £10, and the six children of Andrew Benton the sum of £12, to be divided among them. The remainder was left to his only son, Samuel Stocking. George Stocking died May 25, 1683, at the age of one hundred and one years. His name is inscribed on a large monument erected to the memory of Hooker's party. It stands in the old Center Church burying ground in Hartford.

George Stocking married (first), in England, Anna, and is claimed to have married (second) Agnes (Shotwell) Webster, widow of Governor John Webster. Since his first wife Anna is mentioned in his will in 1673, and Agnes, widow of John Webster, died in 1667, the latter statement is not correct. Children: 1. Samuel, one of the founders of Middletown, Connecticut, deacon of the church there, and a sergeant in King Philip's War, an extensive ship builder, died about 1683; married, May 27, 1652, Bethia Hopkins. 2. Sarah, married Samuel Olcott, of Hartford. 3. Lydia, married John Richards, of Hartford. 4. Hannah, of whom further.

(C. H. W. Stocking: "The Stocking Ancestry," pp. 2-3.)

II. *Hannah Stocking* was a daughter of George and Anna Stocking. She was admitted to the church at Milford, October 13, 1650. She married Andrew Benton. (Benton IV.)

(*Ibid.*, p. 5.)

(The Norton Line)

Arms—Argent on a bend cotised between six lions rampant sable, three escallops of the field. (Burke: "General Armory.")

In the *Gazetteer* we find mention of over forty parishes and townships, and there are hundreds of farms and minor localities bearing this name. The word means simply, the northern homestead or enclosure, and corresponds to Sutton, Easton, and Weston. The original name of Lord Grantley's family was Coigniers, until the time of Edward II, when Roger married the heiress of Norton, of Nor-

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ton, County York, England, and their son took the maternal name. The Hundred Rolls of 1273 fairly teems with the name, in especial, from York County.

(Lower: "Patronymica Britannica.")

I. William Norton, a tanner, appears in White Lackington, a parish between Broadway and Ilminster, in Somersetshire, about 1540, with younger brothers, John, who made his will in 1576, and Robert, who died without issue in 1590. William Norton was born about 1535 and was living in Broadway in 1604. He had among other children, two sons: Nicholas, of whom further; and William, executor of his uncle Robert, of St. Cuthbert Parish in Wells. William Norton, Senior, moved from White Lackington, when Nicholas was a child.

(C. E. Banks: "History of Martha's Vineyard," Vol. III, p. 342 (1925).)

II. Nicholas Norton, son of William Norton, was in White Lackington, in 1562, and died there in 1616. He was a church warden of the parish in 1599, but the register of that parish does not begin until 1678, as the hamlet was earlier a part of Broadway parish. Three of the children are in the other parish registers, and the name of his oldest son, John, appears in a chancery suit, begun by Joan, his father's widow, in 1594. Mr. Banks considers the connection of Nicholas, Jr., satisfactorily established by his business dealings with Richard Standerwicke, a clothier of Broadway Parish, who in 1639 sold to Norton "all the cattle whether cowes, steers or calves, whatsoever I have with Mr. Hull in New England." ("Plymouth Colony Records," Vol. I, pp. 159-60.) Mr. Norton is thought to have emigrated with Rev. John Hull. Children known, born in Broadway, Somersetshire: 1. John, born about 1590. 2. Joan, buried 1598. 3. James, buried in 1678 at Broadway. 4. Joseph, baptized February 3, 1607. 5. Nicholas, of whom further. 6. Elizabeth, baptized in 1612.

(*Ibid.*, p. 344.)

(The Family in America)

I. Nicholas Norton, Jr., son of Nicholas Norton, was born in 1610. He died at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, and was buried in 1676, aged sixty-six years. He is thought to have come with Rev. John Hull's company in 1635, but first appears in Wey-

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mouth, then in Plymouth Colony in 1637. He removed to Martha's Vineyard about 1657. He married, in Weymouth or vicinity, two or three years later, Elizabeth. Children, first seven born in Weymouth, Plymouth Colony: 1. Isaac, of whom further. 2. Jacob, born March 1, 1643, living in Barnstable in 1691; unmarried. 3. Elizabeth, born in 1645; married James Pease. 4. Hannah, born in 1648; married (first) Augustine Williams, of Stonington, Connecticut; (second), before 1703, Browne, of Killingworth, Connecticut. 5. Joseph, born in March, 1651. 6. Sarah, born in 1653; married John Stanbridge, of Newport, Rhode Island. 7. Priscilla, born in 1655; married John Butler. 8. Ruth, born in 1657; married Moses Cleveland. 9. Benjamin, born in 1659. 10. Esther, born in 1662; married (first) Samuel Huxford; (second) Jonathan Dunham. 11. Mary, born in 1666; married Thomas Woollen.

(*Ibid.*, p. 345.)

II. Isaac Norton, son of Nicholas, Jr., and Elizabeth Norton, was born in Weymouth, Plymouth Colony, May 3, 1641, and died at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, about 1723. He was a farmer and married, about 1663, Ruth Bayes. Children: 1. Hannah, born in 1664; married Joshua Daggett. 2. Abigail, born in 1666; married Richard Weeks. 3. Jacob, born in 1668. 4. Benjamin, born in 1671. 5. Samuel, born in 1674. 6. Sarah, born in 1676; married, February 22, 1699-1700, Ebenezer Hawes, of Yarmouth, Massachusetts. 7. Thomas, of whom further. 8. Isaac, born in 1680. 9. Ruth, born in 1681; married, January 31, 1700-01, Israel Daggett. 10. Joseph, born in 1682. 11. Mercy, born in 1687; married, November 30, 1715, James Claghorn.

(*Ibid.*, p. 346.)

III. Thomas Norton, son of Isaac and Ruth (Bayes) Norton, was born in Edgartown (New York), now Massachusetts, about 1678, and died after 1753. He married Hepzibah Skiff, born in 1679 and died May 1, 1769, daughter of Nathan Skiff, of Edgartown. (Skiff III.) Children: 1. Nathan, born in 1699. 2. Silas, born in 1701, died about 1738; unmarried. 3. Jemima, born in 1703; married, in 1725, John Consins. 4. Ruth, of whom further. 5. Mercy, born in 1711; married, October 24, 1744, Zebulon Wade, of Scituate, Massachusetts.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 347-48.)

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IV. Ruth Norton, daughter of Thomas and Hepzibah (Skiff) Norton, was born at Edgartown, Massachusetts, in 1708, and died in Salisbury, Connecticut, after 1760. She married Isaac Benton. (Benton VI.)

(*Ibid.*)

(The Skiff Line)

None of the authorities on British surnames list the name Skiff, although in the United States the forms Sciff, Skiff, Skeff, Skiffe and Skift are to be found. Whether the name has undergone a change is a matter of conjecture, possibly adding a final syllable or two as Skeffington is to be found. However, this supposition lacks definite proof.

("General Census, 1790," p. 262.)

I. James Skiff is said to have come from County Kent, England. He was a proprietor in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1637, and emigrated with a colony from there which settled Sandwich, Plymouth Colony, in 1637. He is in a court record of Sandwich, October 3, 1639, and was town deputy from Sandwich in 1659, but rejected by the General Court for his toleration of Quakers. He died at Sandwich after 1688 (at which date he is known to have been living).

James Skill married Mary Reeves, who died in Sandwich, September 21, 1673. Children, born in Sandwich, Plymouth Colony: 1. James, Jr., born September 12, 1638, died at Martha's Vineyard; married (first), November 18, 1659, Elizabeth Neighbor, of Boston; married (second), in March, 1677, Sarah Barnard, of Nantucket, born about 1648, died October 24, 1732, daughter of Robert Barnard, of Roxbury, Massachusetts. 2. Stephen, born April 14, 1641, died June 19, 1710; married Lydia Snow, born about 1640, died March 17, 1713, daughter of Anthony and Abigail (Warren) Snow, of Plymouth, Massachusetts. 3. Nathaniel, born March 20, 1645, died at Windham, Connecticut, April 24, 1723; married (first), in February, 1688, Mary Chipman, daughter of John Chipman, of Barnstable; married (second), Ruth West, born in 1651, died December 31, 1741. 4. Sarah, born October 12, 1646, died December 30, 1740; married Thomas Mayhew, 3d, of Martha's Vineyard. 5. Bathshua, born April 26, 1648; married, in 1666, Shearjashub Bourne. 6. Mary, born March 24, 1650, died May 1, 1690; married Mat-

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thew Mayhew, brother of Thomas, 3d. 7. Miriam, born March 25, 1652. 8. Patience, born March 25, 1653; married, October 26, 1675, Elisha Bourne. 9. Benjamin, born November 15, 1655, died February 17, 1717-18; married, February 20, 1680, Hannah Merry. 10. Nathan, of whom further. 11. Elizabeth.

(F. L. Pierson: "Descendants of James Skiff of London, England," 1895, pp. 3, 4. "American Ancestry," Vol. II, p. 115. Freeman: "History of Cape Cod," Vol. II, p. 86. C. E. Banks: "History of Martha's Vineyard," 1911-25, Vol. III, pp. 302, 432-33.)

II. Nathan Skiff, son of James and Mary (Reeves) Skiff, was born at Sandwich, Massachusetts, May 16, 1658. His will was probated in Chilmark, Massachusetts, February 19, 1725-26. From 1680-86 he was town clerk of Tisbury, and was constable there in 1693. He married, about 1679, Hepzibah Codman, born in 1657, died July 19, 1696, daughter of Robert Codman, of Martha's Vineyard. He married (second) Mercy Chipman, born February 6, 1668, died June 19, 1724, daughter of John and Hope (Howland) Chipman. Children, except the first, born at Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard: 1. Hepzibah, of whom further. 2. Patience, born in 1682; married, in Tisbury, about 1711, Ralph Thatcher, Jr., son of Rev. Ralph Thatcher. 3. James, born March 10, 1689; married Lydia. 4. Elizabeth, born in September, 1690; married Mr. Sturgis. 5. Benjamin, born April 29, 1691, died at Sharon, Connecticut, December 2, 1781; married (first), September 13, 1722, Abigail Pease, born August 2, 1700, died March 4, 1738-39; married (second), before 1742, Miriam Merry, born April 8, 1705. 6. Stephen, born May 26, 1693, died in Tolland, Connecticut, February 25, 1737. ("New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LXXII, p. 117.) He married Elizabeth. Seven children, all born in Tolland. 7. Mary, born May 26, 1695; married, September 9, 1721, Thomas Bacon. Children of second marriage, born at Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard: 8. Sarah, born February, 1697-98; married, July 24, 1717, Solomon Athearn. 9. Mercy, born July 5, 1701, died April 24, 1781; married (first), November 10, 1727, Prince Coffin, married (second) Nathaniel Coffin. 10. Samuel, born December 24, 1703; was in Scituate and Honover, Massachusetts, in 1729, Duxbury, 1750; married, July 1, 1744, Mrs. Elizabeth (House) Dwelley. 11. John, born August 22, 1705, died March 6, 1728; married Jane. 12.

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Joseph, born November 18, 1707, died November 7, 1778; married, July 7, 1740, Remember Gibbs, born at Sandwich, August 31, 1714, died May 21, 1815.

(C. E. Banks: "History of Martha's Vineyard," Vol. III, pp. 95, 434-35. F. L. Pierson: "Descendants of James Skiff," p. 5.)

III. Hepzibah Skiff, daughter of Nathan and Hepzibah (Codman) Skiff, was born in Sandwich, Massachusetts, in 1679 and died at Eastville, Edgartown, Massachusetts, May 1, 1769. She married Thomas Norton. (Norton III.)

(C. E. Banks: "History of Martha's Vineyard," Vol. III, pp. 346-47, 434-35.)

(The Ladd Line)

Arms—Or, a fesse wavy between three escallops sable.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

Ladd is an early English surname whose origin is varied. It may be a nickname or from the office of a page, yet at any rate it is found in most early records, though not denoting any particular locality. We find a Roger Ladde in the Hundred Rolls of Huntingdonshire of 1273; Thomas Ladd in those of Cambridgeshire, and John le Ladde in the Writs of Parliament, 1322.

(Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames.")

(The Family in America)

I. Daniel Ladd took the oath of supremacy and allegiance to pass to New England in the ship "Mary and John," March 24, 1633-34. He appears first in New England records in a grant of six acres of land at Ipswich, Massachusetts, February 5, 1637. He next appears in a grant October 29, 1639, at Salisbury, Massachusetts, and on March 31, 1648, in a deed of his house at Ipswich. He is of Haverhill, Massachusetts, of which he was one of the first settlers. In 1668 he was one of the selectmen of Haverhill. He and his wife Ann signed a confirmation of sale of an acre of meadow of his son Samuel, dated April 28, 1693. He died at Haverhill, July 27, 1693, and his wife Ann died February 9, 1694. Children, first three born in Salisbury, the rest in Haverhill: 1. Elizabeth, born November 1, 1640; married, May 14, 1663, Nathaniel Smith. 2. Daniel, born July 26, 1642; married, November 4, 1668, Lydia Singletery. 3. Lydia, born April 8, 1645; married Josiah Gage. 4. Mary, born February 14,



Ladd

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1646; married, July 31, 1682, Caleb Richardson, of Newbury, Massachusetts. 5. Samuel, of whom further. 6. Nathaniel, born March 10, 1651; married Elizabeth Gilman. 7. Ezekiel, born September 16, 1654; married Mary Folsom. 8. Sarah, born November 4, 1657; married, December 12, 1685, Onisiphorus Marsh, Jr.

(W. Ladd: "The Ladd Family," pp. 1, 6, 9, 11.)

II. Samuel Ladd, son of Daniel and Ann Ladd, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, November 1, 1649, and died there, killed by the Indians, on February 22, 1698. His house stood on the spot where the Haverhill West Parish Church stood in 1889. He married, December 1, 1674, Martha Corliss. (Corliss II.) Children, born in Haverhill, Massachusetts: 1. Daniel, born November 19, 1676; married, November 17, 1701, Susannah Hartshorn. 2. Lydia, born September 25, 1679, died May 22, 1684. 3. Samuel, born May 22, 1682; married, September 26, 1705, Hannah Hartshorn. 4. Nathaniel, of whom further. 5. Ezekiel, born February 14, 1686; married Jemima Foster. 6. David (twin), born April 13, 1689; married Hephziba Hazen. 7. Jonathan (twin), born April 13, 1689; married Susannah Kingsbury. 8. Abigail, born September 29, 1691; married Samuel Roberts. 9. John, born June 22, 1694; married Mary Merrill. 10. Joseph, born May 26, died June 9, 1697.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 11-13. "Haverhill, Massachusetts, Vital Records," Vol. I, p. 203.)

III. Nathaniel Ladd, son of Samuel and Martha (Corliss) Ladd, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, September 9, 1684, and died in Coventry, Connecticut, January (or June) 11, 1757. He removed first to Norwich "West Farms," now Franklin, Connecticut, where he was selectman in 1721, and before 1734 removed to Coventry. He married (second), June 16, 1748, Abigail Bodwell, daughter of Henry and Bethia (Emery) Bodwell, of Methuen, Massachusetts. She died at Coventry, Connecticut, August 7, 1778. Children by first wife: 1. Timothy, born February 12, 1710; married, at Coventry, Connecticut, June 17, 1734, Esther Parker. 2. Sarah, born January 6, 1712; married, June 20, 1734, Jonathan Porter, of Coventry, Connecticut. 3. Nathaniel, Jr., of whom further. 4. Henry, born January 30, 1716, died April 6, 1768; married, September 8, 1740, Abigail Lilly. 5. Abigail, born March 30, 1719; married, May 14, 1741,

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Samuel Lilly. 6. Phebe, born February 23, 1723. 7. Samuel, born September 14, 1727; married, October 18, 1750, Ann Woodward. (W. Ladd: "The Ladd Family," pp. 15, 16.)

IV. Nathaniel Ladd, Jr., was the son of Nathaniel Ladd and his first wife. He died at Coventry, Connecticut, December 19, 1744. He married, November 16, 1738, Elizabeth Rust, of Coventry, Connecticut. (Rust V.) Children, born in Coventry, Connecticut: 1. Phebe, born January 3, 1741. 2. Irene, of whom further.

(*Ibid.*, p. 19.)

V. Irene Ladd, daughter of Nathaniel, Jr., and Elizabeth (Rust) Ladd, was born at Coventry, Connecticut, March 20, 1744, and died in Vermont, January 19, 1817. She married James Carpenter. (Carpenter VII.)

(*Ibid.*, p. 20. "Coventry Records," p. 132.)

(The Rust Line)

Arms—Argent a saltire between four crosses crosslet fitchée sable.

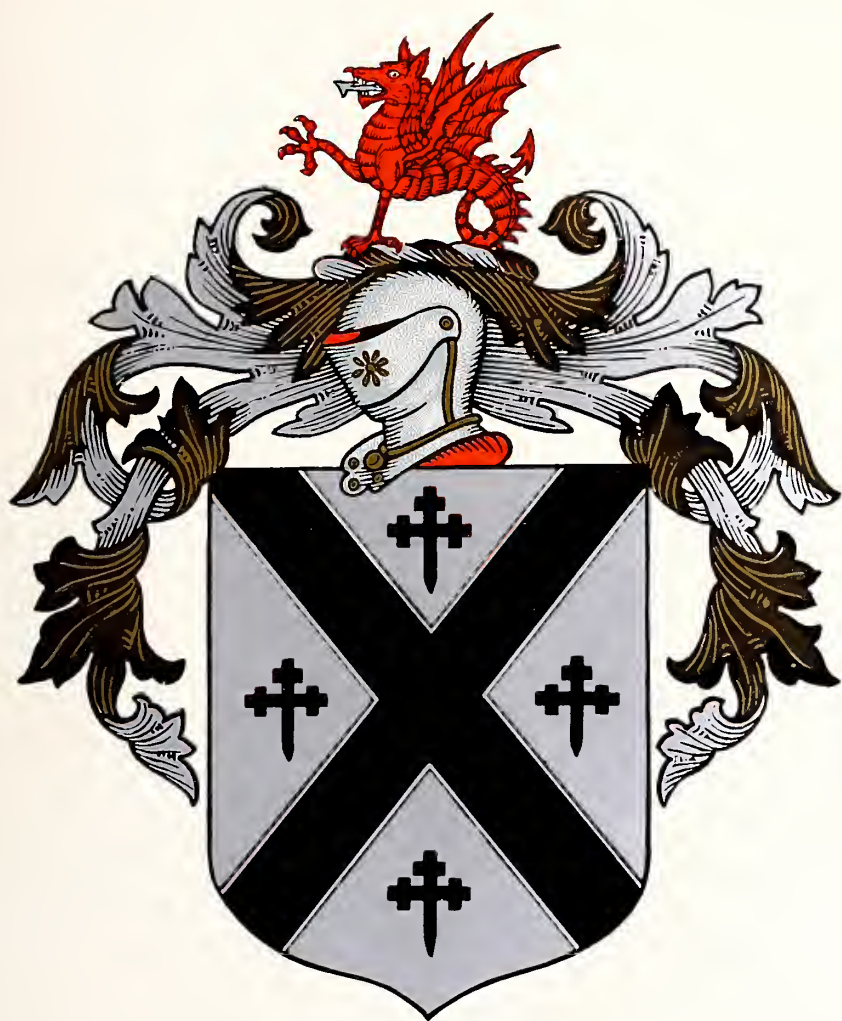
Crest—A wivern gules.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

Rust as a surname is a shortened form of Russet, from the Anglo-Norman russet, reddish in color. The name Peter Rust appears in the Hundred Rolls, 1273. Dr. George Rust was a learned English prelate, a native of Cambridge, who received the degree of Master of Arts from Cambridge University in 1650, and was Bishop of Dromore, Ireland, in 1667. Archdeacon Bonney said of him: "A person of whom no commendation could be extravagant." Reverend Edgar Rust, rector of Drinkston, Suffolk, England, was great-grandson of John Rust, of Stowemarket, where the Reverend Edgar Rust had his seat, Abbot's Hall. It is believed by the outline of the Rust record that this family had the same origin as the Norfolk family of the name, and it is possible that Henry Rust was descended from this Norfolk family.

(Albert D. Rust: "Record of the Rust Family," iii-vi introduction.)

I. Henry Rust came from Hingham, Norfolk County, England, in 1633-35 and settled in Hingham, Massachusetts, being the first of the name to settle in America. He subsequently received territory at various dates, either by grant or by purchase up to 1637. Henry



Rust

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Rust was of considerable importance, as he, with eight others, was chosen, in 1637, to "have full power to put into their hands to agitate and to determine of all such business as shall concerne the town within the same—to give, grant, let and set all and every parcel of the same to the good of the whole after the date thereof." Everything except the making of rates was entrusted to them. Sometime between 1645 and 1651 Henry Rust removed to Boston, where he purchased property there as a citizen. He purchased property of Audrey Palower, August 5, 1653. ("Records," Vol. I, pp. 313-15.) It is of interest to note that this early property was the site of Trinity Church, on April 15, 1728, and located in what is now a very busy section of the town. Henry Rust and his wife, whose name is unknown, were admitted to the First Church of Boston, December 20, 1669. In January, 1684, he conveyed land to his son-in-law, Robert Earle, between which date and 1685 he must have died. The land was known as "Seven Star Inn," and under this name his son-in-law ran it, selling it in 1698.

The fact that Henry Rust came from Hingham, England, is very interestingly verified by the fact that on April 26, 1638, the ship "Diligent" set sail from England for the colonies. Twelve of the families who were coming to make their home in the new land were from Hingham, and embarked for the purpose of joining the colony in Hingham, Massachusetts, where their friends and neighbors had settled. This fact comes down to us from old records. From the three sons of Henry the American families of the name have sprung. Children: 1. Samuel, baptized in Hingham, August 5, 1638; married Elizabeth Rogers. He settled in Boston. 2. Nathaniel, baptized in Hingham, February 2, 1639-40; married Mary Wardwell. He settled in Ipswich. 3. Hannah, baptized in Hingham, in November, 1641; married Robert Earle. 4. Israel, of whom further. 5. Benjamin, baptized April 5, 1646, died young. 6. Benoni, recorded as died "23 Oct. 1649," but it is possible that this refers to the death of Benjamin, about whom no later records appear.

(Albert D. Rust: "Records of the Rust Family," pp. 1-13.)

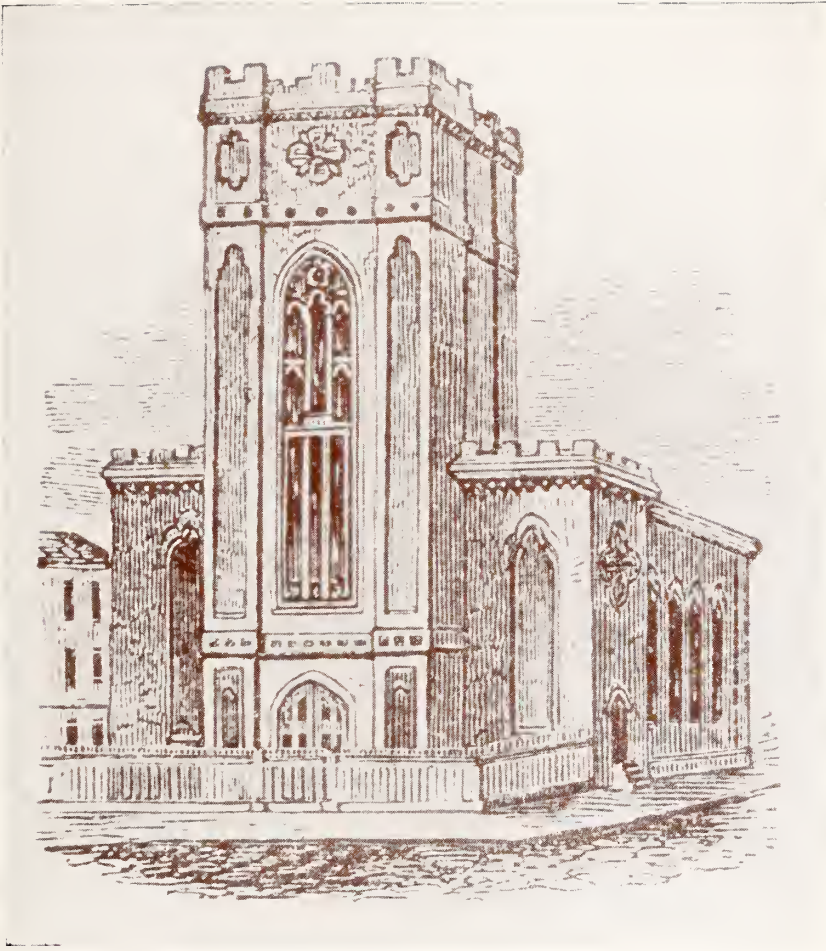
II. Israel Rust, son of Henry Rust, was baptized in Hingham, Massachusetts, November 12, 1643. He removed from Hingham to Northampton when a young man. He took the oath of allegiance December 8, 1678, and the freeman's oath in Northampton, March

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30, 1690. He died intestate, November 11, 1712. His estate was divided among his children, in an agreement by his wife and her children, the inventory of the estate taking place December 6, 1712. He married, in Northampton, December 9, 1669, Rebecca Clark. (Clark II.) Children: 1. A son, born September 12, died September 29, 1670. 2. Nathaniel, of whom further. 3. Samuel, born August 6, 1673, died January 1, 1701, unmarried. 4. Sarah, born May 29, 1675; married, in Northampton, February 20, 1699, Samuel Allen, born July 6, 1675, died March 29, 1739. He was a deacon in Rev. Jonathan Edwards' church at Northampton. 5. Experience, born July 30, 1677, probably died young. 6. Israel, born July 15, 1679; married Sarah North, April 3, 1704. 7. Jonathan, born June 11, 1681; married (first), Elizabeth Allen; married (second), Anna Lyman. 8. Rebecca, born about 1683; married, December 31, 1702, Robert Danks, Jr., son of Robert and Elizabeth Danks, born February 24, 1679-80, died April 29, 1755. 9. John, born about 1685; moved to Westfield in 1736, then to Poughkeepsie, New York.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 25-31.)

III. Nathaniel Rust, son of Israel and Rebecca (Clark) Rust, was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, November 17, 1671. He left his home at an early age to seek a better land, and in this youthful venture followed down the Connecticut River, arriving at Hartford, then a young village, cut across the wilderness and reached Coventry, in Tolland County, Connecticut, arriving there in 1700. Here, on the south side, in what is now South Coventry, he built the first house ever situated thereabouts. He was most important in the town, being chosen selectman in 1714 and 1715, was taven keeper the next two years, town moderator, several times member of the school committee. He married before he went to Coventry, and all his children, save probably the last two, were born in Northampton. He married (first), May 17, 1692, Mary or Mercy Atchinson "from Hatfield," born in 1673 and died January 21, 1754. He married (second), widow Mary Rose, September 9, 1754, when he was past eighty-two years of age. His second wife is mentioned in his will, dated in 1760. Children: 1. Experience, born November, 1693, died February 23, 1760; married, about 1712, Samuel Gurley, of Coventry, and later of Mansfield. 2. Nathaniel, Jr., of whom further. 3. Margaret,



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born May 11, 1698, died September 18, 1712. 4. Lydia, born November 20, 1700, died December 2, 1703. 5. Samuel, born May 10, 1703; married Sarah Hawkins. 6. Mary, born July 7, 1705, died November 3, 1706. 7. Noah, born July 24, 1708; married Keziah Strong. 8. Daniel, born February 18, 1711; married (first), Anna White; married (second) Mary Mead. 9. Elizabeth, born June 11, 1713; married, in 1731, Daniel Herrick. 10. Lydia, born May 9, 1716, died in 1764; married, in February, 1734-35, Joseph Herrick.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 39-45.)

IV. Nathaniel Rust, Jr., son of Nathaniel and Mary (Atchinson) Rust, was born probably in Northampton, in 1695. His will, proved in August, 1740, named his brother Samuel as executor. He served on the first jury ever impaneled in Windham County, Connecticut, June 26, 1726. He married, April 26, 1716, Hannah Hatch. (Hatch IV.) Children: 1. Simeon, born in Coventry, September 24, 1717; married, October 22, 1741, Sarah Long. 2. Elizabeth, of whom further. 3. Margaret. 4. Melthiah. 5. Mathias. 6. Abigail. 7. Jehial. 8. Hannah. 9. Rebecca. 10. Nathaniel. 11. Joseph. 12. Nathaniel.

(*Ibid.*)

V. Elizabeth Rust, daughter of Nathaniel, Jr., and Hannah (Hatch) Rust, was born in Coventry, Connecticut, July 9, 1720. She married Nathaniel Ladd, Jr. (Ladd IV.)

(The Hatch Line)

Arms—Gules, two demi-lions rampant or.

Crest—A demi-lion rampant or, between the paws a sphere, a cross pattée fitchée, stuck therein.

Motto—*Fortis valore et armis.*

(Crozier: "General Armory.")

Hatch is a local surname, from a residence beside a half door, still called a hatch. While definite proof is lacking, it is thought that Thomas Hatch, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, came from the Devonshire family. It is said that "he came from England in the ship 'Mary and John,' 300 tons, Captain Squib, master, to Dorchester, Massachusetts." Further emphasis of the probable Devon origin lies in the fact that Thomas' descendants helped to name towns in the new land where they were first settlers, using names of old Devon and Cornwall cities such as Falmouth and Barnstable. The inference is

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that they chose names familiar to them through earlier family connections.

(The Hatch Genealogical Society: "Genealogy and History of the Hatch Family" (1925), p. 1. C. W. Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames.")

I. Thomas Hatch is supposed to have been born about 1603, and married Grace, said to have been of Welsh extraction and probably his second wife. Circumstances point to the likelihood of Thomas having come to America early in 1634 during the great Puritan emigration from England to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He was an early proprietor of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and was propounded as a freeman, May 14, 1634. ("Massachusetts Bay Records," Vol. I, p. 369.) Later he became a freeman of Yarmouth, January 7, 1638 or 1639, and on June 1, 1641, was made a freeman of Barnstable, where in August, 1643, he was on the list of those able to bear arms. He took the oath of fidelity in Yarmouth in 1657 and owned land both there and in Barnstable. In the latter place his name appears under date of January, 1644, on the "list of approved inhabitants of Barnstable," showing that he was a man of good character and esteemed by his fellow-townsmen. He died in Barnstable, 1661, probably April or May. May 27, 1661, an inventory of his personal estate was taken by Isaac Robinson and Thomas Ewer, and sworn to by his widow Grace, amount £17 18s. Children: 1. Jonathan, of whom further. 2. Lydia, married, December 19, 1650, Henry Taylor.

(The Hatch Genealogical Society: "Genealogy and History of the Hatch Family," pp. 3-5, 7. A. Otis: "Genealogical Notes of Barnstable Families" (1888), pp. 461-63.)

II. Jonathan Hatch, son of Thomas and Grace Hatch, was born in England, about 1625, and died at Falmouth, December, 1710. His will was dated September 15, 1705. Jonathan came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony with his father in 1634, and is referred to as "a man of daring enterprise and romantic adventure." He appears to have been a lad of high spirits, at times somewhat difficult to manage. When about twelve years of age his father apprenticed him to Lieutenant Davenport, of Salem, Massachusetts. Evidently the boy was unhappy under the military discipline, and probably homesick. By the end of two years he could endure it no longer and deserted, going

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to Boston, where he probably intended to get passage to Yarmouth, where his father then resided. In the meantime, however, he was discovered, arrested September 2, 1640, as a fugitive from service and "was censured to be severely whipped and for the present is committed for a slave to Lieutenant Davenport." This severe measure was never carried out for the reason that Jonathan had quick wits and stout legs and made such good use of them that he reached his father's home in Yarmouth in safety. His lively spirits and unruly disposition led him into various other scrapes, but finally we find him, in 1644, in Barnstable, Massachusetts, on the list of those able to bear arms. In 1645, with three other men, to complete the Barnstable quota, he went on an expedition, August 15, against the Narragansett Indians. They returned September 2 and were dismissed the following day.

In 1653 Jonathan applied for a grant of land and after it had been laid out, built a log house, and October 7, 1654, moved the family to this new home in Sepneset. Jonathan took the oath of fidelity in 1657, and was later made a freeman, June 24, 1690. In 1660, Jonathan, in search of greater advantages, bought land in Succunneset, now Falmouth, and his son Moses was the first white child born there, and was named Moses, it is said, because so many bulrushes grew near his father's house. No regular church was established at Succunneset until 1708, but there was often preaching at the house of Jonathan Hatch, whose home became a popular place for the holding of town meetings, as he became more prominent in the affairs of the place. He acquired a large estate and was considered wealthy for those times. He married, at Barnstable, Massachusetts, April 11, 1646, Sarah Rowley, daughter of Henry and Ann Rowley. Children, all born in Massachusetts: 1. Mary, born at Barnstable, July 16, 1647; married, as second wife, William Weeks. 2. Thomas, born at Barnstable, January 7, 1649; married, February 22, 1679, Abigail Codman. 3. Jonathan, born at Barnstable, May 17, 1652; probably married, December 4, 1676, Elizabeth Weeks. 4. Joseph, born at Barnstable, March 7, 1654. 5. Benjamin, of whom further. 6. Nathaniel, born June 5, 1657, probably died in 1705. 7. Samuel, born October 11, 1659. 8. Moses, born at Falmouth, March 4, 1662. 9. Sarah, born at Falmouth, March 21, 1664, died July 8, 1731; married Nathaniel Wing. 10. Mercy, born at Falmouth, April 27, 1667;

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married Nathan Rowley. 11. Lydia, born at Falmouth, May 16, 1669, died in 1681.

(The Hatch Genealogical Society: "Genealogy and History of the Hatch Family" (1925), pp. 9-11, 12-13, 15, 18, 20-21, 22. A. Otis: "Genealogical Notes of Barnstable Families" (1888), pp. 467-68.)

III. Benjamin Hatch, son of Jonathan and Sarah (Rowley) Hatch, was born at Barnstable, Massachusetts, September 7, 1655. He was a cordwainer by trade and a farmer in Falmouth. After 1721-22 most of his children removed to Connecticut.

Benjamin Hatch married (first), at Falmouth or Barnstable, Massachusetts, June 17, 1678, Mary Hamblin, of Barnstable, born at Barnstable, June 15, 1655, died at Falmouth, Massachusetts, March 6, 1681-82. He married (second), March 16, 1682-83, Ellis (Alice) Eddy, of Martha's Vineyard. She was born May 3, 1659 (Falmouth record), daughter of John and Hepzibah (Daggett) Eddy, of Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard. She died about 1710. He married (third), February 13, 1711-12, Mrs. Experience (Linnell) Davis, daughter of David and Hannah Linnell, of Barnstable, Massachusetts, and widow of Jabez Davis, at Barnstable, Massachusetts, by whom she had seven children. Children, all born at Falmouth, Massachusetts, of the first marriage: 1. Abigail, born August 4, 1679. 2. Mary or Mercy, born March 3 or November, 1681. 3. Benjamin, died April 8, 1682; married, August 11, 1715, Mary Bangs. Children of second marriage: 4. Benjamin, born December 23, 1683, died January 10, 1683-84. 5. Nathaniel, born in 1684; married (first), in 1707; married (second), February 5, 1712-13, Bashaway Davis. 6. Benjamin, born October 17, 1686, died February 14, 1769; his will was dated June 4, 1764; married, August 11, 1715, Mary Bangs. 7. John, born February 16, 1689-90. 8. Elizabeth, born March 25, 1692; married, at Falmouth, Massachusetts, December 13, 1710, John Hathaway. 9. Maletiah, born October 4 or 24, 1693, said to have been lost at sea; married, March 1, 1715, Johanna Willes. 10. Timothy, born October 19, 1695, died March 30, 1766-67. 11. Hannah, of whom further. 12. Eddy, born August 2, 1700, died August 19, 1781; married Sarah, who died April 26, 1789. 13. Jedediah, baptized August 3, 1701. 14. Jonathan, baptized August 13, 1704-05. 15. Solomon, born May

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7, 1704. 16. Zephaniah, born about 1709-10, said to have died in 1792; married, April 3, 1735, Hannah Bodfish, born in September, 1710-11, died March 1, 1742-43.

(The Hatch Genealogical Society: "Genealogy and History of the Hatch Family," pp. 26-27, 28, 43, 44-45, 48, 49. A. Otis: "Genealogical Notes of Barnstable Families," pp. 469-70.)

IV. Hannah Hatch, daughter of Benjamin and Ellis or Alice (Eddy) Hatch, was born at Falmouth, Massachusetts, May 7, 1698. She married Nathaniel Rust, Jr. (Rust IV.)

(A. D. Rust: "Record of the Rust Family," 1891, pp. 39, 58. The Hatch Genealogical Society: "Genealogy and History of the Hatch Family," pp. 27-28.)

(The Clark Line)

Arms—Sable three plates.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

The Clark family of ancient lineage in England has representatives in many counties, including the following: Somerset, Berks, Essex, Northampton, Suffolk, Leicester, and others. Because of the derivation of the name, it will be seen that all the Clarks are not necessarily related to each other. Some of this name also settled in Wales.

William Clark, American ancestor of the Dorchester family, came from Dorsetshire, England, but his direct ancestry is not known.

(G. W. Marshall: "The Genealogists' Guide," 1903, pp. 168-69. C. F. Warner: "Representative Families of Northampton, Massachusetts" (1917), p. 209.)

I. William Clark was born in 1609, in Dorsetshire, England. He sailed from Plymouth in the "Mary and John," March 30, 1630, arriving at Nantucket, Massachusetts, May 30, 1630. He and wife Sarah were members of the church of Dorchester, Massachusetts, about 1636. He was a proprietor and witnessed the will of John Pratt in 1647.

William Clark was one of the original owners of the town mill and served as one of the Dorchester Commissioners in 1660. In 1661 he was appointed lieutenant of the first military company of Dorchester; owing to the small number of men, lieutenant was the highest rank to which its members were entitled. William Clark was said to be "a man of great public spirit, resolute and capable." He had

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numerous tracts of land amounting in all to about two hundred acres. Before his death, he gave all but seven and three-fourths acres to his sons and reserved an amount of £24 for himself. He was dismissed 28 (2) 1661, to take part in establishing a church at Northampton, Massachusetts. Later his wife Sarah and son Nathaniel were also dismissed.

William Clark was the first deputy ever chosen from Northampton and he appeared as a member of the court at the May session in 1663. At a town meeting held "the 6th of the 11th mo. 1663" (January 6, 1664), William Clark was chosen selectman. Lieutenant William Clark was elected representative at the General Court in 1663 and was returned each year in succession from 1668 to 1677. In 1687 he served as one of the five justices of the county court, held at Northampton. Lieutenant William Clark died at Northampton, Massachusetts. His will was dated July 10 and probated September 30, 1690.

William Clark married (first) Sarah, who died in Northampton, September 6, 1675. He married (second), November 15, 1676, Sarah Cooper, widow of Lieutenant Thomas Cooper, who was killed by the Indians when Springfield was burned in 1675. Sarah (Cooper) Clark died May 18, 1688. Children, born in Dorchester, Massachusetts: 1. Sarah, born 21 (4) 1638 (June 21, 1638), died young. 2. Jonathan, born 1 (8) 1639 (October 1, 1639). 3. Nathaniel, born 27 (11) 1641 (January 27, 1642); married, May 8, 1663, Mary Meakins. 4. Experience, born 30 (1) 1643 (March 30, 1643). 5. Increase, baptized 1 (1) 1646 (March 1, 1646), died at age of sixteen years. 6. Rebecca, of whom further. 7. John, born in 1651; married (first), July 12, 1677, Rebecca Cooper, who died in May, 1678; married (second), March 20, 1679, Mary Strong. 8. Samuel, baptized 23 (8) 1653 (October 23, 1653). 9. William, born 3 (5) 1656 (July 3, 1656); married, July 15, 1680, Hannah Strong. 10. Sarah, baptized 20 (1) 1658-59 (March 20, 1659); married, December 3, 1675, John Parsons.

(C. H. Pope: "The Pioneers of Massachusetts" (1900), p. 104. C. F. Warner: "Representative Families of Northampton, Massachusetts" (1917), p. 209. J. R. Trumbull: "History of Northampton, Massachusetts," Vol. I, pp. 95-99, 113, 114, 149, 161, 398. J. Savage: "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New



POPLAR LAWN, RESIDENCE OF CHARLES CORLISS
First Settled by George Corliiss, in 1640

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England," Vol. I, pp. 396, 399, 404. "Boston, Massachusetts, Registry Department Report," Vol. XXI, pp. 1, 2, 5, 6. B. W. Dwight: "History of Descendants of Elder John Strong," p. 19.)

II. Rebecca Clark, daughter of William and Sarah Clark, was born about 1648. She married Israel Rust. (Rust II.)

(A. D. Rust: "Record of the Rust Family" (1891), p. 25.)

(The Corliss Line)

The name Corliss and its English equivalents Careless and Carlesse, were not very frequent in England. Bardsley tells us that it was a nickname, "the careless," "free from anxiety and sorrow; merry and jolly." We hear of Willemus Carless as early as 1379, in the Poll Tax of York; of Antony Careless around 1570, and still later of William Careless, Carles, or Carlos, a colonel or major in the Royalist Army during the Civil Wars. He was chiefly instrumental in the preservation of the life of Charles II during the fight at the battle of Worcester and the resultant flight after.

(Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames." Stephens and Lee: "Encyclopedia of English Biography," Vol. IX, p. 105.)

I. George Corliss, progenitor of the family in America, son of Thomas Corliss, was born in Devonshire, England, at or near Exeter, about 1617, and died at Haverhill, Massachusetts, October 19, 1686. He came to New England in 1639 and settled at Newbury, Massachusetts. After a short time, he removed to Haverhill, settling in 1640, in the west parish, on a farm known now as the Poplar Lawn Farm. The remainder of his life was spent in Haverhill, where he was one of the earliest settlers, and where his name appears on a list of freemen in 1645. He was constable in 1650, selectman in 1648-52-57-69-79. He became owner of a fine farm at Haverhill, and it was here that several generations of his family successfully carried on the operation of farming and finally died, George Corliss, and his son, and grandson, by a strange coincidence, being claimed by death while sitting in the same chair. George Corliss married, October 26, 1645, Joanna Davis. (Davis II.) Children: 1. Mary, born September 28, 1646; married William Heff. 2. John, born at Haverhill, March 4, 1648, and died there February 17, 1698; married, December 17, 1684, Mary Wilford. 3. Jonathan, born April 28, 1650; married Joseph

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Huckins. 4. Martha, of whom further. 5. Deborah, born June 6, 1655; married Thomas Eastman. 6. Ann, born November 8, 1657; married John Robie. 7. Huldah, born November 18, 1661; married Samuel Kingsbury. 8. Sarah, born February 23, 1663; married Joseph Ayer.

(Pope: "Pioneers of Massachusetts," p. 118. "American Ancestry," Vol. VII, p. 84. A. W. Corliss: "North Yarmouth, Maine," Vol. III, p. 285.)

II. Martha Corliss, daughter of George and Joanna (Davis) Corliss, was born January 2, 1652. She married Samuel Ladd. (Ladd II.)

(The Davis Line)

Arms—Sable a fesse between three cinquefoils pierced ermine.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

Davis, to all intents and purposes, is identical with Davies, which is fifth in point of numerousness in England and Wales, yielding priority only to Smith, Jones, Williams, and Taylor. It is a modification of David, which did not appear to any extent in England before the Conquest, but which produced many family names, some of which are among the most common in use—Davids, Davidson, Davey, Davie, Daviss and Davis. There was a Henry Davy, of County Somerset, in "Kirby's Quest," Richard Davi, of County Suffolk, and William Davy, from County Oxford.

(Harrison: "Surnames of the United Kingdom." Lower: "Patronymica Britannica.")

The Davis family, so tradition states, traces its origin in Wales, from whose patron Saint, David, the name is derived. The family is found as early as the thirteenth century in Wiltshire. There are now Davis families in practically every county in England. Among the illustrious persons who have borne the name of Davis, are ranked Sir William Davis, Lord Chief Justice, King's Bench, Ireland, and Sir John Davis, Attorney-General for Ireland, in 1606. We also find the name of J. N. C. Davis, surgeon, Deputy Inspector of Army Hospitals, and his son, J. T. Davis, Esquire, Surgeon Royal Artillery and Acting Deputy Inspector of Ordnance Hospitals in the Peninsula.

(D. W. Hoyt: "Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury," p. 944. Burke: "General Armory.")



Davis

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(The Family in America)

I. Thomas Davis, the first of the line recorded in America, was born in England in 1603 and died July 27, 1683. He was a sawyer from Marlborough, in County Wiltshire. He came to America in 1635, sailing in the ship "James," which left Southampton in April and arrived at Boston, June 3, 1635. He was made a freeman, June 2, 1641. After moving to Newbury, Massachusetts, he removed, in the early part of 1642, to Haverhill, Massachusetts. His mark is affixed to an early deed, by which Haverhill was sold to the white people by the Indians in 1642. There had been a settlement in Haverhill at an earlier date, but it was not deemed necessary to buy the land, until there was danger of wars. In 1646 Thomas Davis was a proprietor of the town, and town officer of Haverhill. He was one of the first selectmen. He married, in England, Christian, who died April 7, 1668. Children: 1. Joseph, who died September 15, 1671. 2. Joanna, of whom further.

(Savage: "Genealogical and Historical Dictionary of New England," Vol. II, p. 22. G. W. Chase: "History of Haverhill, Massachusetts," p. 94. C. H. Page: "Pioneers of Massachusetts," p. 133.)

II. Joanna Davis, daughter of Thomas and Christian Davis, married George Corliss. (Corliss I.)

("Haverhill, Massachusetts, Vital Records," Vol. II, p. 86.)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933.

OF AMERICANA, published quarterly at Somerville, New Jersey, for October 1, 1936.

State of New York, }
County of New York, } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared M. L. Lewis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Americana, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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MARION L. LEWIS, President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1936.

(Seal.)

ROSE HALPIN,
Notary Public, New York County,
Clerk's No. 12, Register's No. 8H83,
(Commission expires March 30, 1938.)



Milbur L. Cross

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A M E R I C A N A

April, 1937

The Connecticut Ancestry of Wilbur Lucius Cross

Governor of the State of Connecticut, 1931—

BY ADA R. CHASE

REGISTRAR: THE SOCIETY OF THE FOUNDERS OF NORWICH,
CONNECTICUT



WILBUR LUCIUS CROSS, teacher, writer, editor of the "Yale Review," Dean Emeritus of the Yale Graduates School, the "Uncle Toby" of Yale, was elected Governor of the State of Connecticut in 1930, the first Democratic Governor of the State in nearly twenty years. Since then he has been thrice reelected, and how long he will continue as a State institution is one of the questions that intrigue the voters of the "Land of Steady Habits."

From what stock does Governor Cross inherit his ability, his scholarly mind, his sharp yet good-natured humor, his taste for what he calls "cracker-barrel politics?"

It is presumed upon good evidence that his original Connecticut ancestor was William Cross, probably a sea-faring man, who first settled in Wethersfield, where he enlisted in the Pequot War in May, 1637. An interesting item which comes down to us is that while he was at Wethersfield he was fined by the General Court of Connecticut forty shillings in 1644-45 for having wine sold in his house without a license. He was afterwards of Windsor, then migrated to Fairfield, where he died October 25, 1655. He left a widow named Margaret (apparently his second wife), and several children, but no will, and in the distribution of the estate their names are not mentioned.

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Authorities include among his children, Peter, who may have come from England with his father. The first Peter of whom we are positive is supposed to have been his son, and it is probably correct to accept him as such.

Peter Cross (whom we will call of the third generation), of Norwich, Windham, and Mansfield, Conn., was born in 1653, according to his age as given at his death; he was a soldier in King Philip's War, 1675, and shared in the division of the Volunteers' Land, now Voluntown, in 1706, with other Connecticut soldiers. As a defense against the Indians he built and manned, partly at the expense of the General Court of Connecticut, a stockade on the Natchaug River near the site of the present Willimantic water reservoir.

He came to Norwich, Connecticut, where he married Mary Wade, who was born June 3, 1659, the daughter of Robert Wade, and his second wife, Susanna.

Robert Wade, who first appears at Dorchester in 1635, next appears at Hartford, Connecticut, April 9, 1640, as a freeman, and is listed as one of the founders of Hartford. He appears later at Saybrook, where August 12, 1657, he was granted a divorce by the General Court from his wife Joane: "This Court duely and seriously considering what evidence hath bene prsented to them by Robert Wade of Seabrooke in reference to his wiues vnworthy, sinfull, yea, unnaturall cariage towards him the said Robert, her husband, notwithstanding his constant and comendable care and indeauer to gaine fellowship wth her in the bond of marriage and that either where shee is in England, or for her to lieue wth him here in New England; all w^{ch} being slighted and rejected by her, disowning him and fellowship wth him in that solemne couenant of God betwene them and all this for neare fiteene yeares: They doe hereby declare that Robert Wade is from this time free from Joane Wade his late wife and that former Couenant of marriage betwene them." Thus, Robert Wade seems to have been the first man in the colony to obtain a divorce, though Goody Beckwith, "of Fairefeild" has the distinction of being the first woman to obtain one, which she received from the General Court, 17th of May, 1655, "which doe declare yt by w^{tt} evidences hath been prsented to them of y^e manner of her husbands departure and discontinuance."

Robert Wade was granted certain original rights of land at Saybrook, the sale of part of which, in later years, gives some knowledge

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concerning his three daughters and their husbands. He removed, with other Saybrook settlers, to Norwich, Connecticut, in 1659, and was one of the original proprietors of that town. He was made freeman of Norwich, October 9, 1669. Soon after obtaining his divorce from Joane Wade, he evidently married Susanna, whose surname is unknown, and who became the mother of his four children who inherited his estate. He died in Norwich before June 9, 1682, when an inventory of his estate was presented at a County Court for New London County, held in New London on that date. Distribution was made to the relict, to his son Robert, and to his daughters, Susanna, Mary, and Elizabeth. (It may be of some genealogical value to state here that the son Robert, Jr., left but one child, a daughter, Joanna, so that the Robert Wade male line dies with the second generation in this country.)

The widow, Susanna Wade, removed to Windham before November 7, 1694, with her son and married daughters and their husbands, and settled in that part of Windham which was incorporated as the town of Mansfield, October, 1702, where she was rated as a proprietress. As her name is not noted on the grantors' list, it is not known what became of the land granted to her by the town. Her descendants after the first generation have been identified mainly with the North Society of Mansfield.

Her daughter, Mary, married Peter (3) Cross, who died in Mansfield, April 9, 1737, aged eighty-four years, according to the town records. His wife, Mary, died there January 8, 1739-40. They had nine children, of whom the youngest was Wade (4) Cross.

Wade (4) Cross was born December 15, 1699, in Windham (now the south parish of Mansfield), Connecticut. He died April 22, 1773, in his seventy-third year, and is buried in the North Mansfield burying ground, near Connecticut State College. He married Rebecca Hall, born January 26, 1714-15, in Mansfield, Connecticut, the daughter of Isaac Hall, "Gentleman," and his first wife, Sarah Hall, and granddaughter of Captain William Hall, one of the first settlers of Mansfield. Rebecca and four children are named in Wade Cross's will in 1767. His only son was Peter (5) Cross.

Peter (5) Cross was born in Willington, Connecticut, August 5, 1740, and died in Mansfield between April 16 and April 26, 1808; he married November 20, 1766, Alice Warner, "of Ashford," Con-

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necticut, who survived him. He is called "Lieut. Peter Cross" on the Mansfield records. He was a small farmer who eked out a living as a peddler of earthenware made in Hartford. According to tradition he was noted as a jester and for his convivial habits. Alice Warner, the daughter of Thomas and Delight (5) Warner, was born in Mansfield, August 11, 1742. Through her Governor Cross has "Mayflower" ancestry. [Thomas and Delight (5) (Metcalf) Warner; Rev. Joseph and Abiel (4) (Adams) Warner; Rev. William and Alice (3) (Bradford) Adams; William (2) Bradford, Jr., and Alice Richards, his first wife; Governor William (1) Bradford of the "Mayflower."]

In his will Peter (5) Cross mentions his wife, Alice, his five sons and three daughters. The youngest son and next to the youngest child was Eleazer (6) Cross.

Eleazer (6) Cross was born September 4, 1783, in Mansfield, Connecticut, according to the town records, and died there April or May, 1836. The "Second Church Record" says he died there April 27, 1836, and the gravestone inscription says he died May 13, 1836, aged fifty-five years. He is buried near his grandfather, Wade Cross. Of Eleazer Cross, Governor Cross writes: "Neither my father nor anyone of the Cross family ever told me about the death of my grandfather, Eleazer Cross, in 1836. But when I was a student at Yale, Mrs. Antoinette Anderson Rogers, the wife of Henry Rogers, a lawyer, asked me to come and see her. The family was living in a house no longer standing on Broadway, New Haven. Mrs. Rogers was the daughter of Dwight Anderson and his wife, Eunice Storrs, a sister of Augustus Storrs. They lived near the Storrs homestead at Storrs, Mansfield, where as a boy I often visited them. Mrs. Rogers told me that my grandfather, Eleazer Cross, one day came into the little red schoolhouse at Gurleyville, where her mother, Eunice, then unmarried, was teaching school. He talked to the children in his usual delightful manner and then left for his home which was a scant mile north of Gurleyville. On the way home Eleazer died by the roadside. The cause of his death is unknown."

He married Hannah Williams, baptized June 20, 1784, the daughter of Dr. Jesse and Mary (Storrs) Williams, of Mansfield. Mary Storrs was the daughter of Major Joseph Storrs, the largest landowner in North Mansfield, and a very active and influential man.

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He owned the land upon which the Connecticut State College is built. He was one of the Mansfield group who became proprietors of the new town of Hanover, New Hampshire, and gave one hundred and ten acres of land to Dartmouth College. Dr. Jesse (5) Williams was the son of Captain William (4) Williams, of Newton, Massachusetts, and Mansfield, Connecticut, who was own cousin to Rector Elisha Williams, the president of Yale University from 1726 to 1739. These were all descendants of that Robert Williams, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, who came to Boston with his wife Elizabeth and children in the year 1637, and who died at Roxbury, September 1, 1693, at the age of one hundred years. From the latter a long line of college graduates, scholars, ministers, officers, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, has enriched the history of the Nation.

Samuel (7) Cross, one of the sons of Eleazer and Hannah (Williams) Cross, was born December 6, 1823, died November 16, 1876, "aged 53 years," and is buried in the Gurleyville burying ground, North Mansfield. Death came to him suddenly at the same age as his father, as he was stepping out of the gristmill which he owned and managed. He was described as "a good and honest man." It was said further that "no pleasanter-spoken man resided in the town."

He married, February 1, 1848, in Mansfield, Harriet M. Gurley, born March 4, 1828, in Mansfield, and died there August 19, 1898, the daughter of Lucius and Abigail (Shumway) Gurley, of North Mansfield. She is buried by her husband in the Gurleyville burying ground. There were five children: Adelaide Abigail, George Gurley, John Franklin, Wilbur Lucius, Agnes Maria.

Wilbur Lucius (8) Cross was born April 10, 1862, in Mansfield. He married, July 17, 1889, in Willimantic, Connecticut, Helen Baldwin Avery, born September 3, 1864. She was the daughter of William and Helen M. (Baldwin) Avery. Mrs. Cross died January 19, 1928. There were four children: two living, Wilbur Lucius, Jr., and Samuel Avery; two who died young, Elizabeth Baldwin and Arthur William.

From this heritage has come the present Governor of Connecticut. When Governor Cross received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Union College in June, 1934, President Fox, in presenting the scroll, addressed him thus: "Wilbur Lucius Cross, Governor of Connecticut, graduate of Yale in the class of 1885, and for more than

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twoscore years enriching it with his learning, his wisdom, and his constructive skill; faithful interpreter of robust eighteenth century England in his lives of Sterne and Fielding, discerning critic and creative editor; superannuated by university law at the age of sixty-eight and retiring to the soft and quiet securities of managing a State; now exemplar of Pope's cynical paradox:

“Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear.” . . .

(The compiler wishes to give credit to the late Mrs. Elisha E. Rogers, of Norwich, Connecticut, whose notes have been freely drawn upon, and with whom she worked upon the Cross-Wade lines.)





The Lincoln dishes occupy an entire cabinet in the White House exhibit. They were manufactured in 1864 in the Haviland kilns in Limoges, France. Each piece has a wide border of reddish purple with beaded edge. On each dish is a spirited version of the United States coat-of-arms in colors.

Dishes for the White House

BY MARY F. ANDERSON, WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



CENTURY'S quest was ended in 1918 when the blind potter, Walter Scott Lenox, of Trenton, New Jersey, sent to the White House its present state dinner service—the first set of American manufactured dishes to be placed in the Executive Mansion—and in constant use since that time.

As far back as when the Monroes were refurnishing the rebuilt mansion after the British conflagration of 1814, it was suggested that the President's house, by all means, should be equipped with dishes made in the United States. It was out of the question then, so thought Mrs. Monroe fresh from the diplomatic dinners of Paris, for the product of our undeveloped kilns was decidedly of inferior quality. Monroe ordered his state china made by Degoty in France, who gave it American suggestion by the use of sprays of native flowers for decoration.

Sentiment in favor of the government's making use of home products was crystallized in 1826 when Congress passed a law requiring that, as far as possible, all equipment for the President's house should be bought in this country. Succeeding Presidents sought diligently to comply with this qualified demand, but were unsuccessful, and like Monroe had to compromise with imported china Americanized by the use of such patriotic devices as the eagle, the national seal, or American flowers to give their dishes home individuality.

Presidents Jackson, Polk, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Benjamin Harrison and Theodore Roosevelt bought European china and had their respective sets adapted for White House use by some special style or ornamentation. It remained, however, for Wilson to give the mansion its first complete American product, the Lenox-Belleek dishes, which the Franklin Roosevelts have supplemented with similar china with only a slight deviation of decorative motif.

The particular grade of porcelain of which the Presidential service is made is the finest quality vitrified ivory tone translucent body. Lenox china originally had characteristics similar to Belleek ware, a type of very thin translucent china made in Belleek, Ireland. It was

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sometimes referred to as eggshell china. Lenox perfected this type of china and finally produced one of the strongest and most durable vitrified chinas known in the ceramic industry. Each dish of the set is of two tints, an ivory border and a cream white center. The flat pieces have a border of the Stars and Stripes in formal arrangement etched in gold, and at the top of each piece is the President's seal.

When Frank G. Holmes, chief artist of the Lenox pottery, conferred with President Wilson in regard to the decorations, only one change was made from the artist's draft. "As the dishes are for service in the President's home," observed Wilson with academic precision, "why not use the President's seal instead of the national coat-of-arms?" So the seal was used as it was in Wilson's day, with the eagle's beak turned toward the bundle of arrows instead of the olive branch, the symbol of more peaceful times.

On the rim of the service plates is the only bit of color on the entire set. There is a band of rich lustrous blue, deeper than Wedgwood and more brilliant. The seal is in the center of the service plates, which measure eleven inches instead of the usual ten and a half, thus enabling the beauty of the decoration to be seen while carrying the entree or soup plates. An outer border in tracery of gold bears a motif of the Adam period of design, including the Adam urn and scroll.

Back of the White House dishes, which have come to be recognized as our "state china," is the story of the idealism of the blind potter, Lenox, who never allowed a foreign label to be put on his dishes to help make a sale and from whose factory no "seconds" were ever sold.

Inspired with the mission of improving American pottery, Lenox in early youth worked as an apprentice in a Trenton ceramic factory, mastering the practical details of the work by day and studying decorating at night. The virgin field of applied art opened before him, for up to the centennial year of 1876, little had been produced in American kilns that could be regarded as artistic.

For Lenox, there followed years of struggle; of heavy expense and light income; of straitened circumstance and hectic financing; of pessimistic outlook and discouraged backing. Finally, when the Lenox factory was built at the corner of Mead and Prince streets in Trenton, it was constructed on such a plan that it could be converted

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easily into a tenement building should the pottery fail, so doubtful were some of Lenox's backers that such an enterprise as he envisioned would prove successful.

"You could realize surer and quicker profits in cheaper wares," friends advised.

"My china must equal the highest grade produced in European factories," Lenox insisted.

About the time that Lenox formed a partnership with the late Jonathan Coxan, Sr., there came a challenge that stimulated him to greater effort. Congress had appropriated money for a partial set of china for the White House and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison was searching throughout the country for homemade porcelain, for whose border she had drawn a design incorporating motifs of Indian corn and golden rod, the latter which she wished adopted as the national flower. Not finding the grade of porcelain desired in this country, the order was sent to the Havilands at Limoges.

About ten years later, Theodore Roosevelt was storming up and down his office discussing the subject of new dishes for the newly renovated and refurnished White House. "Is it possible?" he glared at his secretary as if he were responsible for the unfortunate condition. "Is it possible?" he repeated, "that we are dependent upon foreign factories for the very dishes from which the Chief Executives of the United States must eat?"

"Such seems to be the case," Cortelyou acknowledged gravely.

"Well, we will see," and T. R. began a belligerent search from Maine to Texas and from Florida to California to find a pottery equipped to take the executive order for a state dinner set which must accommodate at least a hundred persons.

Very reluctantly, the President accepted his agents' reports that there were no American kilns producing china of the desired quality. Eventually Wedgwood porcelain was imported, its Colonial border holding an inset of the United States coat-of-arms in colors.

Several years before Theodore Roosevelt turned his searchlight on American potteries, Lenox had been stricken with paralysis and blindness. Not even then did he consider turning out a mediocre product and giving the struggle over to those physically more competent to take up the burden of debt emancipation. Having acquired his partner's interest a few months before he became lame and blind,

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Lenox conducted the business alone until 1906, when Lenox, Incorporated, was organized, under which form it has since operated.

Long after American china had reached a high degree of excellence, and experts had recognized its merits, there persisted the unreasonable prejudice that only imported dishes were worth buying where high quality was desired. So sold were consumers to the superiority of foreign wares that many manufacturers were in the habit of resorting to the subterfuge of using a foreign label on home manufactured dishes.

"The world must pass judgment on my china at its intrinsic worth. No false labels shall ever be used on Lenox dishes," the blind potter declared determinedly when drawn into this conflict between honor and expedience.

Visiting his factory daily in a wheel-chair and "seeing" the output of his kilns only with his finger-tips, Lenox, with the help of his faithful assistant, Harry A. Brown, secretary of the company, whom he called "Dominie," continued active direction of the factory until the financial breakers began to recede. Keenly "watching" each stage of transition of the selected clays and New England feldspar through the pebble-grinding process; through the ageing of the "slip"; casting on the "jiggering-machine"; through the thirty-hour firing period in kilns heated to 2,200 degrees Fahrenheit; passing from there through the hands of the glaze-dippers, back for a reheating in the glost kilns where the glaze is fused, emerging with the rich lustrous glaze, so resistant in quality that the china cannot be chipped nor cracked easily nor broken under severe conditions, ready for the finishing touches of the decorators—feverishly the blind potter kept the Lenox standard high before each operator.

When Dominie brought word one day that the last note had been paid at the bank, a grand jubilee was held. At Lenox's request a miniature kiln was set up in his office and in it every note and paper relating to the factory's indebtedness were burned. Sometime before, the first complete dinner set manufactured by Lenox, Incorporated, had been displayed by Tiffany and Company, who had strongly encouraged Walter Scott Lenox in his ideals and efforts. The highwater mark of the success of Lenox, Incorporated, was the order from the White House by President Wilson, an order that was completed a few months before the blind potter's death.

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A review of the dishes used by the Chief Executive in the century and half of the Republic's existence may be seen in a room set apart for the collection in the east wing of the White House. The famous potteries of the Old World are represented there, as well as a few specimens of American porcelain at various stages of its evolution. The exhibit is one of the most interesting and valuable collections, peculiarly its own, that the Nation possesses. Each presidential period is memorialized in the exhibit from Washington's through Wilson's, with the exception of that of Andrew Johnson.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison was much interested in preserving relics of her predecessors, and to her may be ascribed the credit for starting the collection, although the plans were not carried out until long after her death. The Clevelands and McKinleys became White House relic-conscious, but it remained for Theodore Roosevelt to put the plan into execution. A china expert and magazine writer, Mrs. Abby Gunn Baker, was drafted into service to identify the odds and ends of china left on the pantry shelves and to correspond with heirs and legatees of former Chief Executives, enlisting their coöperation.

The china representing the Washington régime consists of two pieces of Martha Washington's Van Braam set, a white and gold gravy boat, a Sèvres cup and saucer, a Cincinnati dinner plate, a platter and a plate of blue and white Nankin china. The Nankin platter and plate are remnants of a set which had been in every-day use at Mount Vernon and at the President's house in New York. When the executive residence was transferred to Philadelphia, they were bought in a "decayed furniture sale," offered by Mrs. Washington in house-cleaning, by a man whose descendants, more than a century later, sent them to the White House to become the nucleus of its historic china collection.

A letter written by Washington in 1785 probably refers to their purchase. An advertised sale offered a load of Oriental goods to be sold at "Publick Vendure" on the arrival of a ship at Baltimore. Washington's order accompanying the latter, still in existence, includes among other things: "A Sett of the Best Nankin Table China. Ditto—Evening Cups and Saucers. A Sett of large Blue and White China, etc." His "Sett of Best Nankin Table China" may have been brought to Baltimore on the "Pallas," the second American-made ship to furrow the waters to and from Canton, the only port in China then open to American trade.

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Washington, who had wanted to run away to sea in early youth, must have found those visitations challenging—the great weather-beaten ships with strained sails and blackened ropes, that spoke of “far away lands and foreign sights” and the “magic and mystery of the sea.” There must have been satisfaction, too, in their precious cargoes of silks, china, tea, and spices; for an increase in our trade meant an increase in the Federal Nation’s prosperity.

The white and gold Sèvres cup and saucer belonged to a set presented to Mrs. Washington by French officers who had aided in the Revolution. The white and gold gravy boat, which may have belonged to the same set, was brought to the mansion by Mrs. Kate Upshur Moorehead, and was given in memory of her son, who had served with honor in the World War, Captain John Upshur Moorehead, fourth great-grandson of Martha Washington.

Mrs. Washington evidently prized greatly her French white and gold china. When the Presidential days were over, and they were back at Mount Vernon, a room was built especially for it and other valued possessions not in general use. “My gold and white tea set” was a legacy mentioned in her will. The Van Braam dishes, which also figured in her will, are often referred to as the “Martha Washington States Set.” Around the rim of the flat pieces and deep bowls is a chain of fifteen links, each link enclosing the name of one of the first fifteen states. In the center of each plate is the interlocking monogram M W in a wreath of laurel and olive leaves, beneath it being a scroll upon which is traced “Decus et tutam ab illo.” From the wreath spring rays of gold, and what at first appears to be a stripe around the extreme edge of the plate is in reality a gold serpent with its tail in its mouth—a symbol of immortality.

The Cincinnati plate and sugar bowl of old Canton ware recall Washington’s membership of the Order of the Cincinnati. The design, which occupies the center of the plate, with a border of blue Oriental scroll and leaf ornaments, consists of a figure of winged Fame in a light green robe and a pink scarf, blowing a trumpet and holding suspended from one hand a colored representation of the society’s badge. The dishes were brought as gifts to the White House by Mary Custis Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, and great-granddaughter of Martha Washington.

Washington’s appreciation of good china is illustrated by the Princeton incident when the general was served wine in a very ugly



The Martha Washington dishes in the White House exhibit include a Nankin plate and platter used in the first presidential home in New York, a Cincinnati plate and a white and gold Sèvres cup and saucer. To this has been added a white and gold gravy boat.

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cup. "The man who made these cups afterward turned Quaker," the host remarked.

"It's a pity that he didn't turn Quaker before he made the cups," Washington commented.

The precedents of dignity and elegance in matters pertaining to the Presidential residence established by the Washingtons were observed by the Adamses when they set up the Presidential home in Washington under difficulties.

"The vessel which has my clothes and other matters is not arrived," Abigail Adams wrote to her daughter soon after taking up residence in the new Capital on the Potomac. "The ladies are impatient for a drawing room . . . my tea china is more than half missing. Georgetown affords nothing." In addition to the trials of moving, the Adamses experienced much discomfort in setting up housekeeping in the incomplete, unfurnished President's house, which had few servants, no bells to save time and steps, and even firewood was lacking although the wilderness almost touched its doors.

Sweeping the shavings from the front hall when ministers were expected, hanging the family wash in the East Room, and making the best of things in general, Abigail showed the spirit of her Puritan ancestors. Neighborliness was not lacking in the "wilderness," however. Mrs. Adams added that with an offering of venison from G. W. P. Custis, who later lived at Arlington, Mrs. Washington sent her love and an invitation to visit Mount Vernon.

The fate of the particular missing dishes of which Mrs. Adams wrote we do not know. For many years a lone celery glass, with an old English A etched on its side, represented in the china collection the tenure of the first First Lady to live in Washington. Quite recently a Boston descendant of the Adamses sent five pieces of massive china, gay with old-fashioned flowers, from a set that the second President bought probably when he represented our country in France during its formative years.

John Adams wrote of his successor, "I dined a company once or twice a week, Jefferson dined a dozen every day." Thomas Jefferson's appreciation of the social and political value of a well-cooked meal is shown in the result of the historic dinner given by him while Secretary of State in 1789, in Philadelphia, to President Washington and the prominent members in the House and Senate. A fierce dis-

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pute between Northern and Southern members was raging about the proposed location of the Federal Capital. Alexander Hamilton, who was having difficulty in getting sufficient legislative support for his financial program, was leader of the faction that opposed the removal of the government seat to "the outlandish swamps of Maryland and Virginia." Through the harmonizing influence of Jefferson's dinner, Hamilton was pledged enough Virginia votes to further his policies, and Jefferson and his supporters emerged triumphant with sufficient support for the Potomac location of the Capital.

Jefferson's profuse hospitality in Washington necessitated frequent trips to Monticello for food reënforcements. Several times during the winter season, a wagon loaded with potatoes, cabbage, turnips, pumpkins, meal, flour, apples and cider, drawn by four mules, came trundling over the mountains to replenish the depleted cellars and pantries of the President's house. The people who lived along the Valley Road could tell how low Jefferson's stock of supplies was by the speed of the wagon as it rumbled out of Charlottesville.

His fame for hospitality, however, was Jefferson's undoing, for after his return to Monticello, guests alone and in delegations came early and remained late, their stay often lengthening into weeks and months. Contracting debts that were impossible to pay, the "Sage of Monticello" was literally eaten out of house and home. In desperation, he built a lodge, Poplar Forest, off the Bedford Road, whose very entrance was kept secret, that he might have a place for quiet and study whenever visitors proved too many for him.

The pirates that gave his administration so much trouble delayed the arrival of the shipment of Jefferson's state china for nearly a century. Captured en route from France to America, the dishes were not regained by the Jefferson heirs until many years later. In 1909, T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Boston, sent to the White House representative pieces of the delayed piratical loot, adding its adventure to the White House china saga.

The Jefferson china is accompanied by a cook book, "The Virginia Housewife," in which are recipes penned by Jefferson's own hand. Besides his state banquets, legends persist of small informal dinners given for congenial friends, on whom he may have tried these favorite concoctions. Jerome Bonaparte, Tom Moore, Humboldt, Tom Paine and others, whose liberal views in intimate conversation may not have

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stood careless repeating, were reputed guests at these exclusive affairs. Strict privacy was insured by the absence of servants, their services rendered unnecessary by the use of mechanical contrivances, like dumb-waiters, invented and operated by the host.

While Jefferson seemed to have delighted in shocking the gold-braided diplomats on their Presidential calls by his careless attire, receiving them in a dressing gown with its corners flapping around his gaunt figure, his slippers run down at the heel, his shock of sandy hair disheveled, yet none of our Chief Executives have been more sensitive to beauty in many developments—literature, architecture, music, horticulture, mechanical and decorative arts. The Lowestoft state china, of piratical experience, reflects this artistic discrimination. Few dishes in the collection can compare with it in beauty and elegance of design. The rim and inner border of the dishes are diapered in dark blue, relieved by dainty lines of gold. A blue and gold helmet with a closed visor is above the heart-shaped shield in blue enamel which encloses the letter "J" in gold. Around it are thirteen stars, representing the original thirteen States which had been changed from the status of thirteen dependent colonies by the aid of Jefferson's immortal Declaration of Independence.

The Madisons continued Jefferson's practice of extravagant hospitality. Dolly Madison, as the wife of his Secretary of State, had been the widowed Jefferson's hostess on many occasions. With eight years more as social arbiter, Mrs. Madison, with her charm, friendliness of manner, exotic turbans from Paris, and opulent dinners, left a colorful impress on the mansion's traditions. Her popularity seemed to overshadow that of her husband, "the great little Mr. Madison" of Constitution-framing fame.

Washington Irving wrote of them: "Mrs. Madison is a fine portly buxom dame who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody; but as to Jemmy Madison—ah! poor, poor Jemmy!—he is but a withered little apple-John!"

Mrs. Madison was fully aware of the fact that to be popular with people you "must feed them and flatter them." A few critics, now and then, complained that their table was overloaded, their hospitality overdone. "Every way I turned," one complained, "a waiter was offering me seed-cake and punch." Like Jefferson, the Madisons had recourse to a nearby Virginia estate, Montpelier, when provisions for the table ran low.

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Reminiscent of those bountiful days is the punch bowl in the china exhibit, said to be the oldest dish used in the mansion that was bought specifically for it. There are cups and saucers to match, identifying them as the set of French porcelain ordered by the Madisons after they went to the President's house to live. Another well-known Madison plate has a border of deep buff, carrying a series of wheel patterns outlined with black, alternating with white branch-like motifs. A sugar bowl and cream pitcher of white, gold and light blue porcelain, with knobs of butterfly design, have been brought to the mansion within the last year.

The punch bowl is set high on a slender stem supported by the three Graces. The design is a dainty one of blue and gold, its distinct characteristics being wide borders filled with gold dots, outlined with fine blue and gold lines, and a dot-filled blue and gold shield. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison found the punch bowl broken in three pieces on a shelf in an unused closet blanketed with the dust of unknown years. She had the pieces riveted together so well that the seams can scarcely be detected. Until T. R.'s time, it stood on a small table in the family dining room, then it was transferred to the china collection, becoming a "charter member" in that august assemblage.

Mrs. Madison prepared a dinner that was eaten by the only unbidden, unwanted guests to visit the mansion. At the approach of the British, when Washington was attacked in 1814, she left a table spread in honor of our supposedly victorious officers to pack a wagon with treasures, as the Washington portrait, the punch bowl and other things that she could collect hurriedly to send away to safety in Virginia. At her departure the dinner was leisurely eaten by the British officers, who then proceeded to set fire to the mansion.

Periodic attempts have been made to restore and to keep the White House appointments in the style that President Monroe used in refurnishing the rebuilt mansion. The house and furnishings throughout at that time were of the same period, and a greater degree of harmony existed between the exterior and interior than at any subsequent time.

Mrs. Hoover emphasized everything of Monroe's time that she could find about the place. The gold and blue Empire "parlor set" was rescued from a basement room and was given a place of honor in the East Room near the gold piano. She also restored the Monroe

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sitting room on the second floor of the mansion by the use of original furniture and replicas of missing pieces. The entire lower floor had been furnished in the Empire style of the early nineteenth century by Theodore Roosevelt when the structure was completely worked over in 1902.

In the forty-one packages of furnishings which came from France to Alexandria, Virginia, for President Monroe, was the dinner set made by Degoty, priced at 362 francs, including dishes enough to serve thirty persons, indicating the size of the state dinners of that period. It was accompanied by a dessert set from the same factory with its amaranth borders and five vignettes representing Strength, Agriculture, Commerce, Art and Science, with the arms of the United States in the center. The famous *surtout de table* was also in the shipment, bought at a cost of 6,000 francs—a piece of unwarranted extravagance in the eyes of adverse critics, as was the expenditure of \$75 for its repair made about twenty-five years later by Van Buren.

Mrs. Monroe sought to invest the Presidential hostess position with more formality, and in so doing brought about a social feud in the first years of her husband's administration. Many of her dinners had last-minute "excused vacancies"; invited guests staying away in protest of the change from the free and easy ways of Dolly Madison.

James Fenimore Cooper wrote of a dinner during the Monroe régime: "The dining room was in better taste than is commonly here, being quite simple and little furnished. The table was large and rather handsome. The service was in china, as is uniformly the case. The dinner was served in the French style, a little Americanized. The dishes were handed around, though some of the guests, appearing to prefer their own customs, coolly helped themselves to what they found at hand!"

The efforts to recover as much *Monroalia* as possible have resulted in the return of only four of his dishes to the collection. A matching cup, saucer and plate have dainty scroll and lattice designs in red, blue and gold, while a plate of another set has a dull orange rim broken by six groups of white leaves with a spray of American flowers in the center.

Precise, painstaking John Quincy Adams made an inventory of all the equipment of the mansion when he first went there. Of the dinner service, there were 270 pieces left, and of the crimson and gold dessert set, 157 pieces remained, including "four elegant ice cream urns."

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As the cupboard shelves were filled, no new dishes were ordered by the fifth President. He bought a silver service from Crawford—an opponent in the Presidential campaign—and a chest of silver belonging to De Tuyl, a Russian nobleman whose gambling proclivities made it necessary for him to sell his family plate. The baron's chest remained the storage place for the White House silver until Mrs. Taft had a special closet built for it. In dim outline the baron's coat-of-arms may still be seen on a coffee pot, a tray and several waiters, although efforts were made to erase it when the words "The President's House" were substituted.

The long diplomatic service of the younger Adams is reflected in the pieces of china which have been secured to represent his term. These dishes were probably bought when he represented the United States in Germany or Russia. There are an old Meissen plate, three wine glasses, and two blue and white salt cellars bearing hallmarks in which are incorporated the crossed swords of Saxony with the letter K printed between the hilt of the swords. A large rosette is in the center of the plate and the flat rim bears five small panels of pale lavender outlined in gold, enclosing two white interwoven figures resembling sea-horses.

"Old Hickory," as Andrew Jackson was called, had never turned his back on Indian, Spanish or British foe in battle, but from the mob of friends that welcomed him to the White House, he was forced to slip out a back door and go to a hotel for a little peace his first night there. Such hilarious jollification did not promise security for Monroe's fragile china. Jackson soon had to buy new dishes. While he partly complied with the Congressional measure, passed in the previous administration, and bought his glassware in Pittsburgh, he sent to France for his china.

The American eagle was used on the made-to-order dinner set imported by Lewis Veron, of Philadelphia. It consisted of 440 pieces and cost \$1,500. The dessert set, consisting of 412 pieces, cost \$1,000. The French china has long since disappeared from the White House shelves, but a cup and saucer more representative of the homespun, intensely patriotic Jackson remain. It is thought that they are of home manufacture and were humble porcelain offerings in the deluge of gifts received by the hero of the battle of New Orleans. On the yellowed surface there are decorations in brown suggestive of the foliage of the Southern States.

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"Old Hickory had all the coffee he wanted," and similar remarks in comradely tones are often heard when tourists stop to look at the huge cup hanging on a nail in the back of the china cabinet.

Until the marriage of his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., to Sarah Yorke, of Philadelphia, the widowed President designated as his official hostess Mrs. Emily Donelson, wife of his private secretary, who was a nephew of his wife. The secretary's child was the first baby to be born in the White House, and when she was christened, so important did the President regard the event that all official Washington was invited. Congress was adjourned, and it is said that most of the members were present! It was her daughter that sent, as a memorial to her mother, the Jackson display of glassware, china and silver plate. A two-branched candelabra in the collection was presented to President Jackson by Tammany Hall on the occasion of a visit to New York, one side of the pedestal bearing the name of Jackson and the other the inscription "Our Federal Union! It must be preserved!"

The popularity of the hero of New Orleans seems to have prevented him from receiving the criticism that fell upon his successor, Martin Van Buren, when he ordered a set of blue, gold and white china from France which cost the taxpayers \$1,000. An arraignment before a congressional committee has preserved in government records full details of the "elegant Van's" unseemly extravagance.

The most savage attack on the White House incumbent came from a Mr. Ogle, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, whose fulminations doubtless were intended for campaign purposes. Mr. Ogle waxed wroth over a "Court Banqueting Room resembling in style and magnificence the banqueting halls of Oriental Monarchs."

"How delightful it must be," he declared sarcastically, "to a real genuine *Loco Foco* to eat his *pâté de foie gras*, *dinde desosse* and *salade a la volaille* from a silver plate with a golden knife and fork! And how exquisite to sip with a golden spoon his *soupe a la Reine* from a silver tureen!"

Mr. Van Buren was represented as being a *bon vivant* of first water and excelled in giving little dinner parties, many of which his Congressional critic had attended, giving him the basis of authority for his attacks. Ogle denounced the purchase of the 440-piece dinner service and the supplementary dessert set, which he indignantly listed

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as consisting of 60 Greek form cups and saucers, 6 stands for *bon bons*, 6 *tambours*, 12 *compotiers* on feet, 6 huge fruit baskets on feet, 4 ice cream vases and covers, with inside bowls, and numerous other "useless and extravagant vessels."

Van Buren's extravagance was used as a political issue in the bitter "Log Cabin Campaign" of 1840, and probably had something to do with the election of his successors, Harrison and Tyler. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too," the aggressive campaign cry, and the refrain, "Van, Van's a Used Up Man!" caught the imagination of the people, giving the campaign an enthusiasm only approached when another military leader, Andrew Jackson, was a candidate.

As an echo of that lively political battle, three Harrison dishes represent in the exhibit the warrior who was President for only a month. A plate, cup and saucer, thought to be of home manufacture, are decorated with landscape scenes, which are possibly intended to represent our western spaces which witnessed his Indian campaigns. There is also an old luster pitcher with Harrison's picture on one side and a log cabin and a cider barrel on the other.

Tyler, the first Vice-President to be called to the executive chair, broke new ground in adjusting himself to an office which many believed filled only by Harrison's substitute. He brought to the White House, as his second wife, the first of the Presidential brides—Julia Gardiner Tyler. A porcelain plate and a pair of Sheffield plate fruit baskets have been loaned by Judge D. Gardiner Tyler, of Williamsburg, Virginia, to represent his father's administration. The dinner plate has a chocolate colored center against which is painted a bunch of nasturtiums, while around the border is a design of wheat in gold. The fruit baskets are of a peculiar design of twisted cord upon which none of the original silver plate remains, and from which both standards have been melted. They harken back to the troublous days of the Civil War, having been sent, among other articles, by Mr. Tyler from Williamsburg to Richmond for safe keeping, and were burned in the partial destruction of the place by Union soldiers in 1866.

From 1840 to 1860—five Presidential periods—seven Presidents occupied the executive mansion. The country was seething with political and sectional differences which flamed into the Civil War. This hectic period gave little opportunity for the mansion's furnishings to



Service plate of the Lenox china bought by President Wilson in 1918 for the White House—the first set of American manufactured dishes to be used in the mansion, and in constant use since that time, justifying the pride that Walter Scott Lenox, the blind potter, took in the product of his kilns.

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receive much attention. It seems that only enough china was bought to tide various occupants through their respective terms. Several of the hostesses brought their dishes with them from home.

Among the First Ladies who preferred their own dishes to the miscellaneous assemblage of cracked and chipped left-overs was Mrs. James K. Polk. According to newspaper accounts, perhaps tinged with political propaganda, Mrs. Polk found the mansion in a sorry state. She instituted a cleaning-up campaign within its walls and had carted away broken furniture, dishes and other useless utensils, and in their place supplied property of her own. She gained a reputation as a reformer by abolishing cards and dancing from the mansion. With part of the White House budget money, she bought a few dishes, on the plates of which are to be found the first version of our national colors in the form of a shield with a scroll attached bearing the U. S. motto.

The most arresting dish in the Polk display is a tall diamond-shaped lattice-work fruit compote which has a border of pink and gold, broken by vignettes enclosing brilliantly plumaged birds, the matching plates, cup and saucer bearing sprays of violet tinted morning glories. With these pieces of old Dresden, Mrs. George W. Fall, of Nashville, Mrs. Polk's niece, presented several glass goblets, a glass vase, and a curious old-time finger bowl with a separate compartment for each member to be cleansed.

No porcelain represents the brief administration of General Zachary Taylor, who came to the President's house with reluctance from his plantation near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, accompanied only, it is said, by family negro servant, a favorite dog, and a horse which the general had ridden through the Mexican War. Mrs. Taylor was bitterly opposed to his "worrying" with the Presidency, and did not go to the Capital until the weather was safe for traveling such a distance. The high honor had been literally thrust upon "Old Rough and Ready," as his soldiers called him, because of his success in the Mexican War.

His great-grandchildren have contributed certain mementoes to the heirloom collection, including a pair of Mexican spurs, a decanter, three wine glasses, the gold head of a walking cane, and a black enameled brooch containing a lock of President Taylor's hair, which had been worn by his wife.

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An epoch in the culinary history of the mansion was marked in the Fillmore régime by the introduction of its first cook stove. Up to that time the old black cook who had served many Presidents had managed to prepare a fine meal for thirty-six people every Thursday in a huge fireplace with cranes, hooks, pots, pans, skillets and kettles. He was greatly upset when a range of small hotel size was brought to his quarters.

"For de Lawd's sake, Misteh Fillmore, who cu'd cook on sich a contraption as dat?" he asked in despair after struggling with the regulating devices.

For the sake of peace in the kitchen, President Fillmore laid aside his executive duties and journeyed to the Patent Office to inspect the model with its drafts, dampers, and numerous gadgets that had so plagued the old darkey, returning to engineer, himself, the first meal cooked on a stove in the White House.

Three pieces of china comprise the Fillmore collection. A light blue and white breakfast plate of willow pattern and scroll edges is of Canton ware. A deep blue and white Staffordshire platter has the old Worcester mark under a glazed circle bearing the letters J H. The third is a vegetable dish in the green shade of the late Staffordshire with the hallmark of a round basket of fruit and flowers marked "Stockt-on-Tees. 1820."

There was little social activity in the White House during the Pierce administration. An only child of the President-elect, a boy thirteen years of age, had been killed in a railway accident within sight of Mrs. Pierce, a short time before the inauguration. Consequently, few dinners, except the necessary state affairs, were given by the grief-stricken parents. A number of dishes, however, of the "Pierce red-edged set" have been preserved in the White House and in the National Museum. The deep rose borders, outlined in gold, strike rather a distinctive note in the array of faded mid-Victorian decorations on dishes in near cabinets. Aside from his executive services, a distinct contribution made by President Pierce was the appointment of his friend and classmate, Nathaniel Hawthorne, consul to Liverpool, enabling him to make extended European studies, with rich results to American literature.

In direct contrast to the sobriety of the Pierce administration, there was much entertaining during the Buchanan term with the lovely

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Harriet Lane as her uncle's hostess. When Thackeray visited Washington about that time, he found "politics and gayety straggling all over the place."

Frequent dinners for groups of forty were arranged by Miss Lane and the President's secretary, Mr. Henry. It was Mr. Henry's duty to pair the guests for dinner, and to introduce them when it was necessary. The fifteen minutes before dinner time was always an anxious period for the secretary. Sometimes a gentleman guest, unaccustomed to such procedure, would wander away, leaving the lady alone and very much embarrassed. In swift pursuit, Mr. Henry would have to locate the deserter, then start them toward the table all over again.

The Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, traveling incognito as Baron Renfrew, and the members of the newly-created Japanese Embassy were honor guests at high water mark official dinners of that period.

A plate which had belonged to a Sèvres set purchased by President Buchanan from a retiring French minister, has a deep pinkish border outlined in gold, enclosing as a frame for a picture a landscape of Dresden characteristics. A small white and gold tea cup, bought at a White House "decayed furniture sale," and later a possession of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, is another Buchanan dish in the heirloom collection.

A noticeable feature of the dishes of that period is that the saucers are disproportionately large, holding much more than the cups. People of fashion, even at that date, had not wholly given up drinking from their saucers. A lady at whose home Justice Story and Daniel Webster were frequent visitors tell that those two representative men of that day often drank their cooled tea from their saucers.

"As cool as the tea in his saucer," thus was Henry Clay described by an observer at a dinner after Clay had been hectored during a campaign speech.

The first official dinner that Lincoln gave had a disastrous start. An elegant banquet had been prepared by Mallaird, of New York—so elegant that the White House steward took special care to protect it from curious eyes and hands. After the first phase of the reception, dancing in the East Room, was over, at the hour of eleven, the guests were marshalled toward the dining room. Lo, and behold! the door was locked and the flustered steward had lost the key!

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President Lincoln, with hands thrust in his pockets, led the joking in which the group good-naturedly indulged, while search was made for the key. "Ladies and Gentlemen, everything good comes to those who wait," he banteringly consoled. General McClellan, who was present, was target for much of the good-humored raillery. "I believe in a forward movement," one guest declared. "It's these high officials who are holding things back," another said, quoting rabid war proponents.

When the key was found, and the door opened, a sumptuous feast was revealed spread around a confectionery centerpiece, representing the Ship of State anchored placidly on the reflective surface of the Monroe plateau.

After the war began Mrs. Lincoln brought much criticism upon herself from dinner-loving officialdom by abolishing state dinners. "These are war times," she said, "and we must be as economical as possible."

The china closets were almost empty when the Lincolns moved in, so the need of a new set of dishes was imperative. The purple borders of their Limoges-Haviland china might suggest the period of national mourning when the Civil War President was engrossed with long casualty lists from the battlefields. In the center of the plates or on the sides of the dishes is a very spirited version of the national arms with the motto upon a clouded background of gold. An entire cabinet in the china exhibit has been given over to representative pieces of Lincoln china, and in the pantries there are enough Lincoln dishes to serve a luncheon for thirty guests. Mrs. Taft delighted in using them with other dishes for small dinners. Mrs. Hoover, too, worked out artistic combinations with the reddish purple of the Lincolns', the white and gold of the Roosevelt china, and Mrs. Cleveland's Wedgwood plates with the full-blown rose borders. When a magnificent carved oak cabinet from Sulgrave Manor, ancestral home of George Washington in England, was brought to the White House, Mrs. Hoover had it set up in the China Room and on it placed pieces of Lincoln china.

When President Johnson succeeded to the Presidency, the Lincoln dishes were still new and adequate for another administration. When General Grant was inaugurated, however, his eight years were destined to cover a peak of the most elaborate dining of the century. The

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general brought with him his old habits of army punctuality; dinner at five, rain or shine; simple menus of roast beef; "spuds," with such simple desserts as tapioca pudding; and each family member present on the dot, whether or no.

Grant's great popularity and the growing luxurious spirit of the times brought about a different routine. Banquets beginning at seven and lasting two and a half or three hours, consisting of twenty nine courses, interspersed with frozen punch in the middle of the meal, were frequently given. At these spreads six wine glasses were the adjuncts of each gentleman's plate. The decorated table was said to have resembled a flower garden with mounds of blossoms every few feet apart and borders and festoons of vines and flowers around the edge. Gentlemen's places were marked with boutonnières, and ladies' with bouquets tied with long streamers of satin ribbon.

The average state dinner of Grant's time cost about \$700, and special dinners to distinguished guests, twice as much, the President paying the extra amount. The dinner given in honor of Prince Arthur of England cost \$1,500. The planning of these elaborate affairs became increasingly more of a problem for Melah, the Italian steward. The inadequate supply of silver and china necessitated the dividing of groups into parties of thirty-six, resulting in about twice as many dinners a season as former Chief Executives had given.

Grant's state china was decorated with the Monroe buff border with an inset of the United States coat-of-arms and sprays of native flowers. When Nelly Grant was married to Algernon Sartoris, additional dishes matching the state china, lacking the coat-of-arms, were ordered.

The Hayes dishes went farther than any in expressing pictorial patriotism. Theodore Davis was commissioned by President Hayes to decorate each of the 1,000-piece of Haviland-Limoges china ordered from France with illustration of American flora and fauna. A florid pageant of flowers, birds and animals was the result. Some of the salad plates are shaped and colored like leaves with landscapes nestling in the bottom. An ice cream plate has a snowshoe for a decoration, and a dinner plate shows a deer in a forest setting. Bears finding honey in hollowed trees, black beetles sucking ripe tomatoes, beavers gnawing logs, and squirrels climbing trees are among the scenes from native haunts displayed. The most spectacular dish in

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the collection is a large platter with curled corners across the center of which a large turkey stands meditatively against a background of a Turneresque flaming sunset.

The Garfield period, so tragically brief, is represented by several pieces of family china with the letter G in old English and conventional floral and fruit decorations. The Garfields left etched in White House traditions a picture of filial devotion. "And the little mother's place at the table is beside her son and his arm is always ready for her support. It is she who is always served first, whoever may be present," wrote one who had broken bread at their table.

President Arthur, who was described by a lady at one of his receptions as looking as "if he had just stepped out of a picture," who wore in his office a Prince Albert buttoned closely in front, with a flower in the upper buttonhole, and the corner of a silk handkerchief visible from a side pocket, was to impress his elegance visibly upon the White House. Refusing to live in the mansion until it was cleaned up, he stayed at General Butler's home on Capitol Hill until twenty-four loads of broken and worn out furniture and equipment were removed and new appointments bought for the redecorated rooms. An opalescent screen of Tiffany glass was built across the front hall, dividing the front vestibule from the long corridor. The tableware which Arthur added was in keeping with his ornate decorative scheme. A plate holding a large red rose attended by butterflies is one of his china mementoes. Another is a large plaque covered with huge chestnut burs.

President Arthur, like Jefferson and Van Buren, delighted in giving small dinners. His menus abounded with such delicacies as terrapin and canvasbacks. Visiting artists were often invited to give musical programs. Adelina Patti sang at one of his first receptions.

On June 2, 1886, the staid old dining room blossomed out in bridal decorations, the occasion being President Cleveland's wedding—the only marriage of a President ever to take place in the White House. On the bridal table the Monroe plateau held the centerpiece, a floral ship Hymen with numerous white flags bearing the monogram C. F.

The ruddy faced President, who would not neglect his work for one moment—not even to go to the station to meet his bride—did have many changes made in the mansion for her. A quantity of cut glass was ordered from Corning, New York, and there were new rugs and pictures for her apartment.

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"Anything else?" he asked the steward.

"Some dishes—that she might like." The steward had reviewed mentally the purple Lincoln dishes, the Grant buff bordered china, the Hayes dishes of natural history illustrations, and the spectacular dishes of the Arthur régime. "Dishes with pretty pink roses on them," the steward suggested, trying to think of something suitable for a twenty-two year old bride.

So the beautiful Wedgwood dishes, only a part of a set, with borders of full-blown roses came to the White House, and since have been associated with the memory of the youngest hostess ever to preside there.

For the six dozen plates ordered in 1892 for the mansion, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison designed a border incorporating in formal arrangement specimens of Indian corn and golden rod, the flower which she wished to have made the national flower of the United States. The larger plates were similar to the Lincoln plates in shape and size. Mrs. Harrison also used the Lincoln idea of an inner border of stars to represent the number of states in the Union, which had increased in thirty years from thirty-nine to forty-four. The coat-of-arms is also suggestive of that on the Lincoln china.

Some of the plates have a band around the rim of lustrous blue against which the gold tracery of corn and flowers gleam effectively. Others are altogether white with the floral motif in gold their only decoration.

Not finding a suitable grade of china made in the American kilns, like the Lincoln and Grant orders, the Harrison china was bought from the Haviland company at Limoges, France.

Souvenir hunters had become such a nuisance at the White House that pieces of silver and china disappeared regularly from state dinners. For identification purposes, each one of the new plates had stamped on its back the mark "Harrison, 1892."

During the Harrison régime orchids were first used as a decorative feature on the dinner table. Since that time the tropical flower has grown so in popularity that it is one of the most commonly used centerpieces, its massing clusters conforming gracefully to the contour of the Monroe plaque.

Mrs. Harrison not only gave to the mansion china of distinctive decorations and beauty and individuality, but she helped preserve

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many pieces of old dishes, forgotten and long in disuse, that were in danger of being thrown out as discards. A china mender came regularly to the mansion to gather up and restore Mrs. Harrison's china discoveries.

Official dinners had grown so large by the McKinley administration that the table was often set in the corridor behind the Tiffany screen. When the Peace Commissioners were entertained on January 9, 1899, covers were laid for seventy-two guests on a long table stretching from the East Room to the state dining room. No state china was bought in the McKinley term, although the exhibit contains several pieces of family china brought by them to Washington. Among the number are a modern Minton plate with pink, gold and blue decorations, and a Haviland plate bordered in green outlined in gold.

Mrs. Harrison's plates, the Roosevelt gold and white china of Colonial suggestion, which had been replenished by the Tafts where broken dishes were found, and the Wilson Lenox dishes complete the Presidential china display.

For several years two walnut cabinets in a lower corridor held the collection. We are told that Quentin Roosevelt and other members of his "gang," while roller skating in the corridor, fell against one of the cabinets and almost wrecked the china remains of seven or eight administrations. The exhibit was removed from traffic dangers by the second Mrs. Wilson, who had a room set apart for it with built-in cabinets and closed glass doors which could reveal yet protect their priceless contents.

Many of the dishes had been salvaged by amateur collectors from the frequent sales of "decayed furniture" which had flourished from the days of Martha Washington until Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Harrison became interested in mending and keeping the cast-off china instead of having it ruthlessly carted out of the house.

The thrifty Martha Washington not only simplified her moving problem by selling broken and worn out furniture and equipment, but with the proceeds bought additional new furnishings for the President's house on Franklin Square in Philadelphia. The Polks, Buchanans, Johnsons, Grants, Arthurs and others used the same method of housecleaning, often realizing a neat sum to supplement the Congressional appropriation for the upkeep of the mansion. At such a sale in General Grant's day a lot of old truck, as it was irreverently called, valued at \$500, brought \$2,700.



FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT CHINA, BY LENOX

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President Arthur's "decayed furniture sale," in which twenty-four wagon loads of discards was sold at public auction, was probably the most thorough housecleaning of all, and the most paying, as it netted about \$6,000. An old newspaper account relates: "Fully five thousand people stood for four hours until the long list of offerings were exhausted. Excitement waxed high as the auctioneer drew on his imagination to enliven the bids when some shabby piece seemed likely to be passed by."

"What will you give for this skillet? Fifty cents, do I hear? Who will make it a dollar? In it were fried eggs for six Presidents' breakfasts. A dollar, do I hear?"

"A dollar," a shrill voice answered.

"A dollar—who will make it two dollars? The handle was broken off in Grant's administration—frying eggs for President Grant and six Civil War Veterans—members of the Grand Old Army of the Republic! A dollar and a half, do I hear? Make it two dollars? Two dollars, do I hear?"

"Two dollars, do I hear? Make it two dollars and a half!"

"Two dollars," the shrill voice persisted.

Quickly the auctioneer sang out, "Going for two dollars! Going! Going!! Gone!!!"

The lady came forward and proudly claimed her skillet, which was cracked and rusty, minus a handle and a goodly portion of the edge.

Included in the array of prized discards that were sold were vases, a map that had belonged to Nelly Grant, lead piping, old iron, lace curtains, broken down stoves, ottomans, two high chairs used by the Hayes for their small guests, cuspidors, carpets from the dining room and corridor floors, chairs, tables, and dishes. Several rat traps were disposed of, including the historical one in which was caught the rat that ate up President Lincoln's suit of clothes.

Soon after the Arthur administration Congress passed a law prohibiting these "decayed furniture sales," closing forever this opportunity for collectors to procure historical objects whose value would increase with the years.

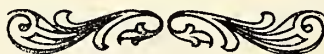
A more ceremonious pageant, however, has taken its place. When dishes or other White House equipment can no longer be used, they are destined for a grave in the Potomac. On the last day of June, the end of the government fiscal year, a list of condemned articles, at

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the end of which appears the President's signature, is called for by the Director of Public Buildings and Grounds. A truck, or several trucks, are driven to the rear of the White House and loaded with broken pots, kettles, cracked dishes, glassware and other discards. The caravan starts toward the river, where the load is emptied on the edge. After all breakables are further demolished so that no piece could be of possible use if rescued from the bottom, the entire cargo is dumped into the Potomac, with two government officials solemnly witnessing the act!

SUMMARY

<i>Administration</i>	<i>Dinnerware Used</i>
George Washington (1789-97).....	Early Canton and Nankin Ware
John Adams (1797-1801).....	Dresden China
Thomas Jefferson (1801-09).....
.....	Early Canton Ware (Lowestoft Ware ordered but never received for use)
James Madison (1809-17).....	French China
James Monroe (1817-25).....	French China (Degoty)
John Quincy Adams (1825-29).....	German China (Meissen)
Andrew Jackson (1829-37).....	French China—Early American Earthenware
Martin Van Buren (1837-41).....	French China
William Henry Harrison (1841-41).....	French China
John Tyler (1841-45).....
James Knox Polk (1845-49).....	German China (Dresden-Meissen)
Zachary Taylor (1849-50).....	English China (Staffordshire)
Millard Fillmore (1850-53).....	Early Canton Ware
Franklin Pierce (1853-57).....	French China
James Buchanan (1857-61).....	French China (Sèvres)
Abraham Lincoln (1861-65).....	French China (Haviland)
Andrew Johnson (1865-69).....	French China (Haviland)
Ulysses S. Grant (1869-77).....	French China (Haviland)
Rutherford B. Hayes (1877-81).....	French China (Haviland)
James A. Garfield (1881-81).....	French China (Haviland)
Chester A. Arthur (1881-85).....
Grover Cleveland (1885-89)-(1893-97).....	English China (Wedgwood)
Benjamin Harrison (1889-93).....	French China (Haviland)
William McKinley (1897-1901).....	English China (Minton), German China (Meissen)
Theodore Roosevelt (1901-09).....	English China (Wedgwood)
William Howard Taft (1909-13).....	English China (Wedgwood)
Woodrow Wilson (1913-21).....	American China (Lenox)
Warren G. Harding (1921-23).....	American China (Lenox)
Calvin Coolidge (1923-29).....	American China (Lenox)
Herbert C. Hoover (1929-33).....	American China (Lenox)
Franklin D. Roosevelt (1933—).....	American China (Lenox)



Letters Home

BY EMMA MAYHEW WHITING, WEST TISBURY, MASSACHUSETTS



GAIN I read the old letters. They had interested me greatly when my mother-in-law showed them to me many years ago. Now I was reading them aloud to my son, to whose great-great-grandmother they were written.

"But who were these Adamses? Why did they leave Martha's Vineyard and go to Ohio? Have they any descendants?"

We noted Adeline's ultra-modern lack of capitals. We laughed together over the spelling while realizing its value in showing the common pronunciations of that day; "Pastor" for pasture, "Rusha" for Russia, were said that way by old country folk in my memory. But our concern is with the background of our letter writers, pieced together from all too scanty records; with their industry, fortitude, and family love as shown in their own accounts of their daily life.

The genealogy of Henry and Edith Adams, of Braintree, Massachusetts, and of Barton David, Somersetshire, England, is well known, since they were the founders of "The Adams Family" of patriots and presidents. Eliashib, one of their great-grandsons, settled on Martha's Vineyard. There he married Reliance, daughter of the noted missionary to the Indians, Rev. Experience Mayhew, and became the progenitor of the Vineyard Adams family. Reliance died at the birth of their only child, Mayhew, who, when twenty-one, married his distant cousin, Rebecca Mayhew, who bore him seventeen children.

One son, James Adams, who, like his father and four brothers, was a courageous coasting shipmaster, married Dionis Coffin Allen, called "Dinah." In the summer of 1800 Captain James came home from his last voyage smitten with "Savannah fever," to die at forty-four, leaving a widow and seven young children. The doctor, "a transient person," drove their only cow down the hill to his own home to pay for his services. Dinah, undaunted, supported her family as the village tailoress. All her children helped. James, Jr., the oldest, was soon pursuing the cod as far as the coast of Labrador, where they cured

LETTERS HOME

their catch, bringing the dried fish back to the Boston market. The winter before he was twenty he wrote this letter home:

LETTER TO DINAH ADAMS

BOSTON January the 6 day 1805

HONOURED MOTHER I take this opportunity to write to inform you that I am well and I hope these will find you all the same I have been in boston eight weeks and have not sold our fish. I suppose they will be put in store and sold towards spring.

I went on bord the brig Mary of boston Obed Rich commander. I went on bord last fryday the brig is bound to Norfolk and from their to lisbon and then to rusha and from their home I expect to be gone about ten months John Cottle [his cousin, also from Martha's Vineyard] is agoing in the same vessel Wm Nicolls [another paternal cousin] is taking care of a ship and he expects to stay by her two months. I expect to be ready to sail in about two or three weeks the captain says he shall go through the vineyard sound but it is unsertain whether we stop or not I shall write home again before we sail. Give my compliments to all enquiring Friends—

So I remain your obedient Son

JAMES ADAMS

Kittredge, the chronicler of Cape Cod shipmasters, says that this Captain Obediah Rich, of Truro, could "find his way between Boston and Archangel with no more elaborate reckoning than a few chalk marks on the cabin door." This crude system of navigation evidently worked, for James returned home safely from his voyage in the brig "Mary."

Soon came the War of 1812 with its perilous adventures for Yankee vessels. Prudence Adams, nineteen, was with relatives in New York State at the time, and her brother James accomplished the difficult feat of running her through the British blockade. Safely home, she promptly lost her heart to the tall young stranger, Asa Johnson, an expert weaver who had come from Connecticut to make satinet in the little waterpower mill in Tisbury. When a "granny" nearly ninety, Prudence used to boast that she had been "way out West to Buffalo," and to relate her wildly exciting, blockade-running experiences.

The next summer James, visiting his oldest sister, Louisa, and her husband, Captain Thomas Norton, in Edgartown, gives bond "in the sum of one hundred and ten dollars" to their neighbor, Captain Thomas Arey, as he was anxious for more blockade-running. This document, dated "the fifth of July A D 1814," mentions a contem-

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plated "voyage to New York or Elsewhere in a Sprit Sail Boat" and refers to the contingency of being "Captured by any British Cruiser or Craft Whatsoever—or by any other Casualty be lost or Otherwise destroyed any time betwixt the day of the above date and her safe return to this Port."

Was there a "safe return" for James? We have only this entry on the yellowed records of the Tisbury Congregational Church, "died Aug 27, 1814." Now Dinah has but one son, twenty-three-year-old Joshua.

Meanwhile George Athearn (Harvard, 1775) had returned to his former Vineyard home from Nantucket, having married capable Hepsibah Hussey while he was a teacher there. "Squire George," long time judge of probate, had eleven children, of whom pretty Adeline was next to the youngest. She was always the one girl in Joshua Adams' eyes, and he married her in 1821 as soon as he had saved enough money to have a place of his own, "8 acres more or less on the road that leads from William Lumbert's to the Academy," in Tisbury. Here later his mother and youngest sister, Lucretia, came to live with them.

In 1825 the Erie Canal was opened and Adeline's older brother, Cyrus Athearn, joined the westward trend, settling near Buffalo. Joshua and Adeline were ambitious, and letters from their pioneering relatives fired their imagination. Lucretia was engaged to Henry Robinson of Chilmark, and her mother would make her home there when they were married. Mother Adams urged Joshua to go, loaning him money to make the venture possible.

So, at the close of the summer of 1826, with their two little boys, George and James, and the baby, Joshua, Jr., they set sail from Martha's Vineyard. Here are their letters home:

LETTER TO MRS. DINAH ADAMS

Newburg State of Ohio

SEPTEMBER 24th 1826

DEAR MOTHER: I take this opportunity to inform you that we are all well after a journey of twenty days. And hoping that you enjoy the same blessing. We have got a plaice with a Comfortable house and Barn with a plenty of Fruit trees there is about two hundred Bushels of Aples and Sixty of Peaches & Cherie trees and Quinces &c. I stopped at Rogister two days but did not find a place to sute me from thence I went to Buffalo Cyrus (Adeline's brother) had left before I gut there. I gut a Board of a schoner and Came to Cleaveland State of

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Ohio. Stopped there three days. From thence I moved to where I now live which is Newburg four miles and a half from Cleaveland. Tell Asa that I looked around in Rogister and saw no chance for him there. Where I am now I have not been heare long anuff to find out. There is a fulling mill and Carding machine the upper part of a stream that runs through my farm Six feet from my line. There is a better place for a mill on my place than that. But watter is rather scarce. They tell me that fifty Dollars will Cut a cannall so as to git watter a nuff. Watter is very plenty in this Country there is a river two miles from heare where the canall runs alonge which is not finished yet.

Land is good produces well and healthy and reasonable. I will look around and see what I can doe. I will write you as soon as I find a place for you I want you should write a few lines to let us know how you doe.

This fulling Mill and Carding Machine he will sell the price I have not ascertained.

Mother I shall write more pertickler the next time. I wish you had some of thease peaches and Apples that lie on the ground a rotting. I have a hundred Acres sixty under Improvement. Cuts fifteen tons of hay, pastor and plain land a nuff. tell Lucretia to write soon as you get this letter, (Direct it to Cleaveland State of Ohio) Give my love to All inquiring Friends.

JOSHUA A. ADAMS

DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER Joshua has left a small space of his letter for me to fill and with pleasure I engage in the task I expect you will be somewhat surprised when you find that we are in the state of Ohio it was not what we calculated upon when we left you I traveled very contentedly as far as Rochester for I expected to pitch our tent there but J. could not suit himself without giving a great price and thought he must travel farther west and we have come the whole length of the canal and about two hundred miles on lake Erie We have at last found a snug comfortable home which I am very well suited with it poses many charms about it which will make up for some things that are not so agreeable We have the greatest abundance of fruit of different kinds it would be a great pleasure to us if you could partake of some of it with us as that is not possible this year I intend to preserve some and if it can be done to send you a pot full. I have not been round the place much but what little I have think it will suit you to live here I tell Joshua he must build you a Cottage among some of the fruit trees where you will have a plenty of wood without any trouble no need for a person to sit with cold feet on this place where there is cords of wood lays rotting on the ground You may perhaps think it will be a long journey but it is very

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easy travelling I had no difficulty no sickness till I come on lake Erie and then it was uncommon rough We have been favored by a kind Providence ever since we have left you for which I desire to have a thankfull heart Oh may I ever be thankfull for the blessings that I daily receive at his hands. I cannot tell you much about our neighbors as I have not seen any of them I am told they are very clever [good-natured] people some of them are professors of Religion My neighbors on one hand are nearer than Mr. Lumberts on the other side thay are about as far there is a settled minister in the village and a circuit preacher of your persuasion there was a quarterly meeting held last sabbath not far from here.

the people round here are generally from Connecticut they appear rather different from those I am used to. I thot when I first moved here that I should be glad to have Aunt Polly Adams to come in and see me.

James talks about home when we first left he was very homesick it used to make me feel very disagreeable to hear him ask when shall we go home Ma? I want to see Grandma he has got reconciled now and says he will get a little horse and go to see Aunt Lucretia for he loves her one hundred bushels and carry her some peaches.

Write to us soon Lucretia and do give us all the real good news that you can. Give my love to all inquiring friends and my best respects to all kind neighbors.

ever your Affectionately

ADELINE

LETTER TO MISS LUCRETIA ADAMS

NEWBURGH April 22nd 1827

DEAR SISTER: Our little family are all well the children grow and are fleshy James and Joshua are as rosey as the morn he does not go alone yet is so tall and slim he cant steady himself he is a very pretty child with brown curly hair James looks just like your mother such a little short figure George has done going to school which I am very sorry for he never had so good a master since he went to school

Joshua wants to write a few lines and I must quit Give our love to all our respects to all our kind friends

ever yours Affectionately

ADELINE

DEAR BROTHER [his brother-in-law Asa Johnson] As Adeline has left a small piece of paper I thought I would fill it out I have been very busy ever since I have been hear I gut in lumber a nuff for twelve thousand feet of Board this winter I have raised me a shed Sixty feet in length Set me out another orchard &c. &c. You mentioned about satinet in your letter that is cheaper hear than it is on

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the vineyard and everything is cheaper Except Iron salt and fish I can buy coffee for 20 cents by the single lb. and Tea cheaper than with you. The Mill that is close by me the man dont care about selling. Ther is one About thirty miles from heare for sale but I could not leave home to go and see it Adeline did not like to stay alone. I want you should tell Mr. Luce not to sell my place short of a thousand Dollars I have not heard yet wether Mother means to come heare or not My love to all

JOSHUA A. ADAMS

LETTER TO LUCRETIA ADAMS ROBINSON

NEWBURG Jan 9th 1831

DEAR SISTER After a long sickness on my part I once more renew the pen in order to write you a few lines and let you know of our well-fare and that of our family. We all enjoy good health at this time our children were one or the other of them sick all thro. the warm weather but are now tuff as Knots we had an addition to our family four weeks since of a pair of twin sons just of a size and appearance we were very much pleased with them altho we have such a family. We called them Frederic and Francis but we were not permitted to keep them long together Our little Frederic was taken from us when it was just three weeks old.

Jan. 30th I began this letter some time since but owing to my babes sickness and my own bad feelings have not been able to finish it our babe has been sick most ever since the other died we were fearful he would be taken from us too but appears now to be a little better is very small we weighed him today he weighs only $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds is just 7 weeks old [He lived to be over 76.] I have so much work to do and no help but my little boys that it keeps my strength down and I cannot afford nourishment sufficient for a babe am obliged to bring it up partly by hand. I assure you that my time and my mind is so taken up that I can hardly think whether I am lonesome or not but when I sit down and reflect a little time, O then my mind returns back to my native Isle and I see and converse with my friends in immagination till the charm is broken and I ponder that I am far far from any of you. Oh how I have felt the want of friends this winter when I have been confined to the house so long not but what I have kind neighbors that are ever ready to assist when needed they are not like a relation but I never shall enjoy that privilege again tis not very likely

We have a great stir up this way respecting a new society that has sprung up called the Golden Bible society have you heard of it down your way I have never seen any of the people that belong to it and only know what I have heard from others they say they have a new Bible which was found under the ground in some part of York State

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by an ignorant young man he states that an Angel appeared to him and told him to dig in a certain place and he would find brass plates with writing on them from which he was to make a new Bible I cannot write you half the singular circumstances that have taken place since they came here some of the people that have joined them speak in unknown tongues and some prophesy future events they say the sun is not to shine any more after the Eclipse which is on the twelfth day of next month they hold meetings most all the time and are baptising and taking into their society all the time they have great faith in Baptising by immersion and some of them have been Baptised twice and three times they live as they did in the days of the apostles have all their goods in common and neither call the things they have their own in short it is a very singular thing and I presume you would think so if you knew all their circumstances. [The Mormons were then living in Kirtland, Ohio, near Cleveland.]

I must abbreviate my letter this time as it is getting late and my babe must be attended to I am setting all alone here every one is fast asleep but myself Oh how I wish you was here with me that I might sit and talk till midnight I have had very little company this winter.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE SISTER ADELINE.

do write soon and let me know how you do I think I shall write you again soon for I have not writ half what I wanted to

LETTER TO MRS. DINAH ADAMS

NEWBURGH July 26 1829

DEAR MOTHER I wish that you was near by that I could help you along I hope that I am thankful that I have a plenty to Eat and Drink and ware But not so thankfull as I orter be Mother I think you would be pleased with my little place If you should see it I have five hundred Fruit trees on it quince trees and currents In a bundence So remain your dutifull Son

JOSHUA A. ADAMS

LETTER TO MRS. DINAH ADAMS

DEAR MOTHER AND SISTERS: How shall I begin my letter to you and in what words to express the heavy trouble I have met with I know not. Oh my mother my kind and affectionate husband is no more. Oh how can I realize that I shall not see him again that he will no more be here to be a guide and counselor to his children. he left home last week for a short trip to York State for some business. while on his passage home he laid down to sleep in the evening on some things that were piled on deck near the railing and fell off—

Oh Mother may God in his mercy support us all under this heavy trial. I need your prayers Oh think of the heavy charge that has

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now developed on me My dear children how shall I be able to bring them up as I ought Oh do pray for me that I may be enabled to do my duty by them, six boys are a great charge

James looks thin my little Francis looks as if he had the consumption I hope they will get over it the rest enjoy good health

Lucretia do write me soon I beg it as a favor

Yours Affectionately

ADELINE ADAMS

Concerning the children about whose health and up-bringing the mother was naturally so deeply worried, all seven grew up to a respected old age to honor the name and memory of Joshua and Adeline Adams.

At the turn of this century an occasional descendant visited Martha's Vineyard—a judge, a teacher, a doctor—making pilgrimage to the birthplace of their Adams forebears. How many descendants there are now, and where they are, I do not know. Of the existence of these letters they do not know, and will never know unless they see these printed pages and recognize here the story of their own kin.



The Greatest American Woman

Life of Lucretia Mott, Social Pioneer


BY LLOYD C. M. HARE

(AUTHOR OF "THOMAS MAYHEW: PATRIARCH TO THE INDIANS"
[1932])

(LAST OF FOUR PARTS)

CHAPTER XXI

THE FERMENTING 'FORTIES

HE history of man indicates that it is not what one says, but that one says it too soon, that brings down upon the reformer's head the wrath of Tory brethren. Were a Christian clergyman to advocate, on Biblical grounds, the reintroduction of African slavery into twentieth century America he would be called insane, where once the charge had been the other way.

The acts on the stage in the great drama of Human Evolution in which Lucretia played an active rôle are largely done. The scenery has been shifted, but characters speak old lines in new situations. Fresh "isms" and phases of old "isms" are attacked in the twentieth century in the same language and with the same hysteria that anti-slavery, woman's rights, and similar reforms were abused in Lucretia's generation.

The 'forties of the last century was an era of new hopes and a marvelous multiplication of ideas to promote human happiness. A handful of intellectuals, called "infidels" and "traitors," made it their business to break the mental fast day of conservatism. They gave utterance to thoughts long pent up. They stirred the Nation with currents of inquiry and criticism—many reactionaries became seasick.

Their outbreak was against the hard shell of precedent in which Emerson saw the tendency of the priest to become a form, the attorney a statute book, and the mechanic a machine. They promoted the idea of the possibility of the evolution of man to a degree of perfection, contrary to the dogmas of moral depravity and human helplessness. The keynote of the message of the ripest minds of the day was liberty and freedom for all mankind, irrespective of race, color, or sex.

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The Reformation had been a struggle to democratize religion, the American and French revolutions to democratize government; the movement to democratize industry was many years yet to come.

The ferment of the 'forties was a phase of the first two agitations. Out of the welter of nineteenth century discord in time came freedom for the negro slave, partially equal rights for women, the abolition of property and religious tests as prerequisites for the ballot, and the breakdown of harsh religion. Humanitarian movements for world peace, prison reform, the education of the deaf and the blind, and the intelligent and humane treatment of the insane and criminal, made enormous gains.

The advocate of one reform is nearly always the espouser of others, and Lucretia was no exception. While her enthusiasm went for a number of primary reforms she had minor interests in which she played no small part. The words of Whittier might have been written of her that the purpose of her life was "to render less the sum of human wretchedness." She followed none of the now considered follies of her generation excepting only an interest in phrenology, the nineteenth century equivalent of the twentieth century flurry for applied psychology.

Even as Americans once thought they could become healthy, wealthy, and wise by reciting, "Every day in every way I am growing better and better," in Lucretia's day professors of phrenology traipsed the Nation measuring cranial protuberances in order to determine predilections for banking, medicine, or matrimony. The science became so exact that it could be determined by measurements of the head whether a man or woman was fond of water for drinking purposes, or shrank from a sea voyage. Phrenology was eminently respectable, much more so than anti-slavery or woman's rights, yet it was the only reform in which Lucretia appears to have been wrong by the test of time.

Her interest in the pseudo-science, or fad, was stimulated by her admiration for the social teachings of George Combe, who was one of the foremost exponents of phrenology.

Of Lucretia's so-called minor interests, the temperance reform was probably the one most prominent before the public. Lucretia gave the cause, besides personal example of abstinence, some aid and encouragement, but she was not one of the outstanding temperance

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workers of the age nor was she extremely active in the movement. She left the field to earnest workers in order to devote herself to less popular reforms.

The temperance movement (more properly a total abstinence movement) had been one of the strange heresies carried to England by the American anti-slavery delegates in 1840. Lucretia's diary contains several references to the subject. At Samuel Gurney's party the host had genially invited the young people present to help themselves to the wine, and had been "gently reproved for it" by Lucretia. "He bore it well," commented the rebuker. This conduct of a guest shocks the modern sense of social propriety, but the incident loses importance when it is remembered that Quakers were plain people who spoke frankly to one another on matters of morality. Words were never minced and problems were openly discussed. This practice did not always promote harmony, but it did tend to good morals.

When sixty-seven years of age Lucretia reflected how the temperance reformation had accomplished "almost a revolution in our age," but expressed the opinion that the movement was being retarded by running "too much into political . . . channels." She reposed faith in moral education, and not law.

Another evil which aroused the heed of the Philadelphia Quakeress was the deplorable condition of laborers. The oppression of the working classes by existing monopolies and meagre wages often engaged her attention. She held many meetings with manual toilers and heard their appeals with compassion and a great desire for a radical change in the prevailing system of exploitation.

In a sermon delivered at Yardleyville, Pennsylvania, she pleaded: "There is need of preachers against the existing monopolies and banking institutions, by which the rich are made richer, and the poor poorer. . . . It is contrary to the spirit of this Republic that any should be so rich." This statement contradicted the principle enjoyed by many Christian persons that God thoughtfully had provided the rich with the raw materials of philanthropy (the poor) whereby the rich might save their souls in the performance of deeds of mercy.

"It is not enough," Lucretia continued in words which are still in the van of enlightened social thought, "to be generous, and give alms; the enlarged soul, the true philanthropist, is compelled by Christian

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principle to look beyond the bestowing the scanty pittance to the mere beggar of the day, to the duty of considering the causes and sources of poverty. We must consider how much we have done towards causing it."

She had some hope that coöperative trade unions would effect something toward a better state of society. At this time the labor movement, like every change in society's structure, was being met by the armed forces of the law and the enmity of the courts. In Scotland, Chartists had posted themselves outside the meeting of the Emancipation Society and distributed handbills that pleaded for something to be done at home to ameliorate the conditions of the poor "white slave" laborer as well as the American negro. The justness of the plea had impressed Lucretia and when a Socialist and a Chartist stole the floor "and made good speeches" she was "not sorry that they could be heard to plead the cause of their own poor."

Lucretia was distressed by bloody wars in India and penned Elizabeth Pease the only gloomy paragraph found in her correspondence: "A monstrous sacrifice of human life, by a professedly Christian nation! And your poor starved people at home too, overworked and underpaid until driven to desperation; what is to be done, in view of all these evils? The remedy looks at times so hopeless, that I am ready to choose death rather than life, if I must feel as I have done for these classes. There was an extensive strike of the hand-loom weavers in this city, last winter. They were reduced almost to starvation; but they did not gain the added wages claimed, for 'with the oppressor there is power.' I could but sympathize with them in their demand for a better recompense to their early and late toil. . . ."

A prominent feature of the labor movement was an almost fanatical insistence by leaders upon the importance of an adequate system of universal education. An especial defect in education was its failure to afford equal advantages to the sexes, and on this point Lucretia centered her attention.

When in the 'forties women claimed intellectual capacity, it was commonly charged that they had stepped out of their sphere. A woman's quest for knowledge was believed to be a moral calamity. A mother required no knowledge of trigonometry to count twelve or fourteen children. Gentlemen respected the opinion of the writer in the time of Charles I who wrote that a woman who knew how to com-

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pound a pudding was more desirable than one who skilfully composed a poem. Lord Byron (an authority on women, though scarcely an idealist) had thought a woman's library should be limited to the Bible and a cookery book. It was commonly asserted that "chemistry enough to keep the pot boiling and geography enough to know the location of the the different rooms in her house, is learning sufficient for a woman."

What the nineteenth century woman thought of education was a matter of small importance, and most women gave the subject their attention not at all. In an age when the average run of lawyers and doctors and school teachers was homespun, it was ridiculous to talk of education for girls beyond reading and writing and sewing. Even so famed an authoress as the Danish Miss Bremer had thought mathematics and physics not proper subjects for a girl's investigation. She found that "the young girl in her zeal to prepare her lessons, snubs her mother and looks cross at her father, if either ventures to interrupt her. It arouses ambition at the expense of her heart. It lays too much stress upon school learning." This recapitulated the idea that womanly delicacy and morality were fattened on the food of ignorance.

Under the influence of this philosophy the sensitive were shocked, the indolent vexed, and the wildest apprehensions excited by the demand for intellectual equality. Lucretia was interested not only in education that enriched the mind, but that which would give women economic independence, if necessary. This was popularly disapproved because it was thought that women capable of earning a living would be prone to leave husbands freely, thus disrupting the charmed home of drunkenness and brutality.

Lucretia had taken opportunity when abroad to visit a number of schools in England, Ireland and Scotland, where various methods of education were in operation. Her criticism had been that boys were well instructed in mathematics and similar studies, but the girls too much confined to sewing. The lively Lucretia had great respect for the needle, but her sunny spirit rebelled at a superabundance of confining work while all outdoors was filled with joy.

Much of her attention in her famous "Discourse on Woman," delivered in 1849, had been devoted to the problem of education which she thought would not cease until girls and boys had equal instruction in all elements of useful knowledge. She had complained

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that none of the great colleges of the country admitted women, while women's property was taxed to sustain State endowed universities.

Because of the prominence of her name, Lucretia was appealed to by Dr. Marie Zakrzewska to assist in the latter's campaign to establish female medical colleges and training hospitals for women physicians. Though the discussion of woman's rights had at first shocked the Polish physician, she was glad to have the asset of the name of America's most liberal woman to promulgate her theories in Philadelphia.

Graciously Lucretia gathered another group of friends in her parlors, this time to be addressed on the subject of medical schools. Good people were appalled at Dr. Zakrzewska's grotesque proposition, for in popular imagination women physicians were abortionists in thin disguise, and any plan to disseminate knowledge among laywomen of anatomy and physiology was highly discountenanced.

Like a sawdust doll, woman had no anatomy. She was stuffed with delicacy and virtue. Although the chrysalis of posterity, she was refused enlightenment on the subject that was to her of the utmost importance. It was woman's business to bring children into the world, not to know the mechanics of her trade.

A charming state of ignorance on all vital matters of a female significance existed among married women, and few had progressed beyond the classic myth of the stork which winged its arduous journey of nine months out of Heaven to the doctor's office where, after reporting for duty, it was escorted to its destination by a physician duly qualified and licensed for the practice of obstetrics. From time immemorial females had been herbalists, witch doctors, and midwives. But their knowledge on these subjects had been so empirical that the delicate bloom of innocence, which was woman's prerogative, had been little tarnished by any accurate knowledge of gynecology.

Among women of the upper classes it was a day of enforced idleness and white skins and the pallid look which was thought highly attractive. No well-bred lady who could afford to be ill was willing to admit that she possessed a sound nervous system. This was something for servant girls who could not afford the luxury of enthronement in the best chair, with no other obligation in life than to exert a noble and uplifting influence over the male members of the family both by word of mouth and the distribution of religious tracts.

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The idea of feminine softness, physical as well as mental, was associated with delicacy, and men recoiled at any demonstration of extraordinary appetite or ability to endure fatigue. At sports the fair sex was a total liability. Girls had to be lifted over fences and guided around rocks and carried over streams an inch deep. Like falling leaves they swooned left and right.

It is not to be wondered that the dog has become the outdoor man's symbol of companionship.

Lucretia pressed the matter of medical education for women and went so far as to give a special public address on that topic. She made the point how people twenty years before had wondered how a modest girl could attend lectures on botany. But modest girls did attend them and other places formerly frequented only by men, and the result was not a loss of delicacy, but a higher and nobler development—a true modesty. This was radical talk, for the study of botany included the study of plant reproduction!

Emersonian transcendentalists were believers in the philosophy of living in harmony with the known forces of nature. Thus it was that Lucretia was impressed with "the necessity of the observance of the laws of health." She warned a friend to be careful to heed these laws for, added she, "I can't learn resignation to the good and the useful not living out half their days."

Lucretia's last overt interest in education was participation in the founding of Swarthmore College, an institution organized by members of the Hicksite Society for the education of members of both sexes. At the dedicatory exercises, in the seventy-seventh year, she was elected to honorary membership and invited onto the platform. With her own hands she planted the first tree which now adorns the spacious campus. Her husband was an active member of the board of managers, and later a daughter, Anna Mott Hopper, carried on the family tradition as a member of the college's executive committee.

One of Lucretia's most radical reforms, if choice must be made among many, was that to broaden the grounds of divorce. This was a project too far "beyond the beyonds" for the majority even of radical women. The subject of divorce became prominent as women set up higher standards of happiness for their sex, and refused longer to tolerate inequitable domestic situations once thought insolvable, albeit highly regrettable. Lucretia found that the subject of the marriage

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status was closely allied to divinity, a feat made easy by the aura of mystery and superstition that ever has clung to sex. Once shackled with immutable laws of allegedly divine origin, the problem ceased to be one of common sense. Even to ascertain the facts was to damage one's reputation.

Society enmeshes itself in customs of its own formulation until, like a statue of Laocoon, it becomes a thing immovable.

It was the consensus of current opinion that divorce should be limited to the ground of adultery. The mental cruelty inflicted on wives by drunken or diseased husbands, the tragedy of imbecile children, were factors not consulted in a civilization based on Hebraic law.

When Susan B. Anthony counseled wives and mothers present at a lecture "to separate from their husbands whenever they become intemperate, and particularly not to allow the said husbands to add another child to the family," a newspaper reported the address as a "startling and disgusting" speech. "Think of such advice," squirmed the editor, "given in public by one who claims to be a *maiden* lady."

Better that women and posterity suffer the tortures of ignorance than make sane remarks on the platform couched in language more dignified than that used by the editor who closed his tirade against bloomed Miss Anthony, saying: "After which she gathered her short skirts about her tight pants, sat down and wiped her spectacles."

When the divorce question ran high there was resurrected the waning hue and cry about free love.

Needless to say the nineteenth century outcropping of the Free Love cult was in no way even distantly related to Lucretia's equal rights party.

The Free Love movement had its votaries, its preachers, its poets, and its colonies. Some were Spiritualists who believed that Heaven could be entered only with one's natural mate, and made conscientious effort to ascertain the identity of their heavenly traveling companion. Others were intellectuals who assumed the position that the State had no jurisdiction over the individual's affections. But whoever they were they were not on bowing terms with Lucretia Mott, Ernestine Rose, or Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The subject of divorce particularly interested Mrs. Stanton, who made it an issue in New York State where she was well connected with politically influential members of the old aristocracy. She brought

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pressure to bear on the Legislature of 1861 to put through a bill enlarging the grounds of divorce so as to include desertion and certain types of inhuman treatment.

There was at the time considerable dissipation among male scions of the old Dutch stock. The estates of large farmers accumulated by the dint of many years of laborious thrift were often quickly wasted by dissipated sons-in-law who, under the laws of the State, had complete control of property inherited by their wives. This situation excited a number of anguished capitalists to the point where they were willing to reread their Bibles in the light of modern circumstances. The opinion that God never intended worthless sons-in-law to run through the property of virtuous Dutchmen in New York State, gained converts. It was thought that it might be well to listen to the radicals, for once.

Invited to speak before the Legislature in support of the bill, Elizabeth describes what took place in her own inimitable language:

We chose the time at the close of one of our Conventions, that Mrs. Mott might be present, which she readily consented to do, and promised to speak if she felt moved. She charged Ernestine Rose and myself not to take too radical ground, in view of the hostility to the bill, but to keep closely to the merits of the main question. I told her she might feel sure of me, as I had my speech written, and I would read it to her, which I did, and received her approval.

The time arrived for the hearing, and a magnificent audience greeted us at the Capitol. The bill was read, I made the opening speech, Mrs. Rose followed. We had asked for the modification of certain statutes and the passage of others making the laws more equal for man and woman. Mrs. Mott having listened attentively to all that was said, and coming to the conclusion that with eighteen different causes for divorce in the different States, there might well be no laws at all on the question, she arose and said, that "she had not thought profoundly on this subject, but it seemed to her that no laws whatever on this relation would be better than such as bound pure, innocent women in bondage to dissipated, unprincipled men. With such various laws in the different States, and fugitives from the marriage bond fleeing from one to another, would it not be better to place all the States on the same basis, and thus make our national laws homogeneous?" She was surprised on returning to the residence of Lydia Mott to hear that her speech was altogether the most radical of the three. The bold statement of "no laws" however, was so sugar-coated with eulogies on good men and the sacredness of the

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marriage relation, that the press complimented the moderation of Mrs. Mott at our expense. We have had many a laugh over that occasion.

The joke being too good to let die, Elizabeth wrote Lucretia's sister: "Do you fully appreciate our triumph at our recent convention in taking your dear sister Lucretia before the Judiciary Committee of the Empire State on Divorce? And do you grasp the full force of the radical sentiments which she expressed on that occasion? 'All your legislation on that whole subject should be swept away.'"

Lucretia soon after sent a letter to a friend in which she quoted an extract from a speech made by Lord Brougham which she likened as being as radical as her own.

"So," defied Lucretia, "Elizabeth Stanton will see that I have authority for going to the root of the evil."

Another radical cause which brought down almost equal infamy upon Lucretia was her sponsorship in 1848 of a convention instigated by William Lloyd Garrison to examine into the authority of Sabbath enforcement as a day of rest.

A striking feature of the 'forties was the rigid observance of Sunday; a period of twenty-four hours of uncomfortable clothes and postures, when every red-blooded idea, every natural exuberance of feeling, every desire for normal action, was repressed by law. John Quincy Adams made the doubtful boast that this form of austere and gloomy worship was peculiarly American.

In her twenties Lucretia had corresponded with her husband's grandfather on the subject of Sunday idleness, and he had replied that he wished all were as liberally minded as she. "But some are so tenacious of the observance of the Sabbath, that they seem disposed at least to set a black mark against those who do not deem it so obligatory; while on the other hand, some of these latter brand the former with bigotry."

Lucretia was early satisfied that the Sabbath day had no particular sacredness. In order to accomplish her many philanthropic duties she had adopted the custom of sewing on that day, whenever necessary. Respectful of the opinions of others, and with no desire to cause them pain, she had made it a practice for a time to lay aside her work or conceal it when a servant entered the room. On being asked why she did not also, for the same reason, go to the com-

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munion table or submit to baptism, she could not answer satisfactorily, and at length had been convinced that more harm was done in the practice of the little deception than in working openly, as she thenceforth did.

So fanatically was the Sabbath observed during the first half of the century that on the day that ministers preached human slavery as a divine ordinance, Abolition workers would be arrested for distributing literature or for traveling from town to town. As early as 1840 a gathering, largely of Abolitionists, had been held at Chardon Street Chapel in Boston for the purpose of considering the validity of the opinions which prevailed in general as to the divine appointment of the Christian Sabbath, and the institutions of the ministry and the church.

Lucretia had been in sympathy with the convocation, but had expressed little faith of its success, commenting, "I fear the Sabbath, Church, and Ministry Convention will not effect much, the time is so occupied by St. Clair, Phelps, Colver, and other bigots. It may set the people of priest-ridden New England to thinking for themselves, and ultimately do good."

The eight years that passed had seen little growth of liberal sentiment. A society styled "The American and Foreign Sabbath Union" had been organized with the specific object of imposing the Sabbatical yoke yet more heavily around the necks of the American people. All secular travel, business and amusement, were to be confined to six days of the week, and on the seventh the people, whether gentiles, Jews, or atheists, were to assemble, under threat of the law, for the worship of God.

Because Sabbath worship was a fetish in which nearly all Christian sects were united, the power of unorganized persons for a sane Sunday was nil. Lovers of freedom thought it proper that the activities of the Sabbath Union should be met by a corresponding energy on the part of the friends of civil and religious liberty. The Sabbath, in their opinion, was mute evidence of ecclesiastical tyranny and disregard for the views of dissenters and non-Christians.

The projectors of the convention of 1848 were persons of high moral conduct and deep religious convictions, and it seems hardly possible to the modern ear attuned to a Sunday of either play or rest that the Pharisees of that day should have accused them so violently

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of being anti-religious. One can scarcely find a woman of her day more religious than Lucretia Mott.

As she had been a factor in bolstering the courage of the men who had founded the American Anti-Slavery Society fifteen years earlier, and as she had charged the members of the Unitarian convention to assume a more radical position in religion, so she took the floor at the anti-Sabbath convention, and spurred the delegates to greener pastures.

She thought there had been too much yielding by previous speakers to prevailing ideas of Sunday worship. Many feared to go the whole way. "The time is come," encouraged the fifty-five year old Quaker woman, "and especially in New England is it come, that man should judge of his own self what is right. . . ."

. . . . Those who differ from us would care little for an Anti-Sabbath Convention which should come to the conclusion that, after all, it would be best to have one day in seven set apart for religious purposes. Few intelligent clergymen will now admit that they consecrate the day in any other sense, or that there is any inherent holiness in it. If you should agree that this day should be for more holy purposes than other days, you have granted much that they ask. Is not this Convention prepared to go farther than this? to dissent from this idea, and declare openly that it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day? That it is the consecration of *all* our time to God and to goodness, that is required of us? Not by demure piety; not by avoiding innocent recreation on any day of the week, but by such a distribution of time as shall give sufficient opportunity for such intellectual culture and spiritual improvement, as our mental and religious nature requires.

She pleaded:

Let us not be ashamed of the gospel we profess, so far as to qualify it with any orthodox ceremonies and expressions. We must be willing to stand out in our heresy; especially, as already mentioned, when the duty of Sabbath observance is carried to such an extent, that it is regarded, too generally, a greater crime to do an innocent thing on the first day of the week—to use the needle, for instance—than to put a human being on the auction block on the second day—a greater crime to engage in harmless employment on the first day, than to go into the field of battle, and slay our fellow-beings, either on that day or other days of the week. While there is this palpable inconsistency, it is demanded of us, not only to speak plainly, but to act out our convictions, and not seem to harmonize with theirs.

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The Quaker orator was one of the oldest members present. She drew attention to this fact, saying how these views had been familiar to her from early days, having heard them from the lips of Elias Hicks, who had taught that there should be such regulation of time as to overtax none with labor on any day of the week, and that man should have the advantage of innocent relaxation on Sunday after such devotional exercises as he might choose for himself. She knew while she spoke that the aftermath of the anti-Sabbath convention would be the customary public explosion of wrath.

She was not disappointed. Persons who had thought Garrison an American Wilberforce, and supposed him a pious, though deluded, person about slavery, felt they had discovered him out. "Would Wilberforce have spoken thus of the day on which the Son of God rose from the dead?" Clearly not, so the cause of the Abolitionists received another stripe on its welted back.

CHAPTER XXII

CONVERTS

The scope of influence of a public character never fully can be determined. A single sentence of an address may influence some auditor and set in motion the currents of an epoch. Miss Sarah Holley has preserved in her reminiscences an event in Lucretia's life. It was told Miss Holley one evening by a gentleman while she was resting at a friend's house.

When Lucretia was in England—ran the story which may be true only in part—Florence Nightingale was a young girl, and heard Lucretia talk about the importance of young ladies having some other ambition than solely that of being married, and how much happier they would be in some career of useful benevolence; and Florence said she would like to live to do good. Shortly after, she was visiting a hospital with an aunt, and as they went through the wards, Florence would say, such-and-such an improvement ought to be made, when her aunt said, "Florence, you are the very one to make it; this is the work for you to do; you have been wanting something to engage your higher and better energies and here it is."

Lucretia was a liberalizing influence in the lives of several great men. She was the prominent factor in humanizing William Lloyd Garrison from the rigors of Calvinism, which ended in his becoming the father of non-resistance in America, and the inspirer of conventions to examine Sabbath worship and church authority.

At a time when she was being bitterly reviled for her sentiments, Garrison came to her defense in an editorial in the "Liberator," explaining that if his mind had become liberalized in any degree (and he thought it had burst every sectarian trammel)—if the theological dogmas which once he had regarded as essential to Christianity, he now repudiated as absurd and pernicious—he was largely indebted to James and Lucretia Mott for the change.

Especially did Lucretia like to counsel young clergymen in whom she detected evidences of liberalism. A convert of pregnant significance was Robert Collyer, many years a preacher in Chicago, where his church gained the reputation of being "the glory of Christian liberalism."

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As a lay Methodist teacher the immigrant Collyer had spent his Sundays preaching to a little group of neighboring farmers and artisans about Shoemakertown, about a mile from the Mott home. "We had started," writes Collyer, "a lyceum the previous winter in the school-house, and were hammering away at a great rate as to which is the most beautiful, the works of art or the works of nature, and whether the Negro or the Indian had received the worst usage at the hands of the white man—a matter we could not settle for the life of us—when Edward Davis, a son-in-law of James and Lucretia, came in and before we knew what was coming, plunged us headlong into the surging and angry tides of Abolitionism."

Mr. Davis had a fondness for quoting scripture that was matched only by genius for misquotation. He quoted the prophets, but got them all wrong, and was given some swift retorts by the laborer whose extensive reading was the talk of the countryside. Apt or inapt, Davis was the first genuine Abolitionist Collyer had ever met, and he had supported the affirmative of his proposition with zeal and power, albeit with lamentable marshalling of scriptural authority.

At the next lyceum meeting Davis came fortified with Lucretia. Collyer denounced the Abolitionists as "busy bodies." He was then, as he had always been, in favor of emancipation by practically letting the thing alone, or putting it away into the future. But Lucretia poured out her soul upon him and Collyer threw up his hands, and admitted, "You are right. I fight henceforth under this banner." From that night in a rural schoolhouse, to the time of his departure for Chicago, Lucretia was one of Collyer's closest friends and, without exception, his most intimate counselor.

Several weeks after the lyceum incident James came to Collyer and said, "We want thee to come to our house." And Collyer had gone as he had gone to the house of Mr. Davis in Philadelphia. He went with the sensitive pride of a self-respecting workingman. He would stand no patronage, no condescension. If ever he felt this in the atmosphere, the Motts should go their way, and he would go his. But he found it was simply falling into another and ampler home of his own. And this was not something the Motts did carefully and by concert. It was as natural to them as life. They had no room in their fine natures for any other thought. "This," Collyer explains, "was how I came to know these friends, and to be at last almost as one of their own kinsmen."

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Collyer came to love Lucretia, whom he called that "grand-hearted Quaker preacher." Under her influence he joined a local Abolition society and spoke at public gatherings, sometimes with bursting pride on the same platform as his mentor. Yet his new friend tried never to make him a convert to her sect. She advised him constantly that to be a good Methodist, so long as it was possible, was the best course he could pursue.

Eventually Collyer was cornered by the officials of his church. Certain questions were put to him. Whereupon the young man resigned his office as a circuit preacher and went out of the Methodist Church, alone and lonesome, abandoned by men and women who had loved him once, not one of whom came to him, or held out a hand, or said a word of farewell. In the hour of great loneliness he found comfort in the friendships of Lucretia Mott and William H. Furness. These were the associates of Collyer at the fork in the highway of life. "I love to remember," said Collyer in reminiscence, "with what tender pathos (Lucretia Mott) opened her heart to me, when it seemed almost like death to leave my old mother church, of the trouble it was to her when she had to do this in the days of Elias Hicks—to find she must part with old friends for the truth, and to have the meeting-houses closed to her in which she had loved to meet them, and to suffer reproach that she might be true to her own soul."

Such words were balm in Gilead. What she had done, he could do, and God helping him *would* do!

Another convert was J. Miller McKim. Lucretia first met him at the convention which organized the American Anti-Slavery Society. Between the student of twenty-three, preparing for the Presbyterian ministry, and the Quaker matron of forty, ripened a lifelong friendship. The woman had been greatly pleased with McKim's eager adoption of the despised cause. She took interest in the conflict she knew was being waged in his mind between liberal Christianity and inherited Presbyterianism.

McKim sent her parts of his diary that she might analyse his thoughts. He asked her for books and she regretted she could not procure for him all that had been written opposed to Channing for, much as she loved Channing, justice required, she cautioned the young thinker, "that we should acquaint ourselves with both sides, before we judge." She warned him that the step of quitting his faith

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was a serious one, and she prayed that he might be rightly directed. "We frequently conversed together, touching the doctrines or dogmas" of the Presbyterian society, "and on his return home, he read some of Dr. Channing's works, and some goodly Friends' books we furnished him, and the result was an entire change of views," reports Lucretia.

Late in the 'forties, George W. Julian, of Centerville, Indiana, and James L. Pierce were among prominent persons who consulted her on religious problems. She did for them as she had done for McKim. She recommended Parker's writings and, in particular, the sermon on *The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity*. In addition she sent Julian a few tracts and small works, "some of which may prove altogether too radical for thy enquiring mind," she apologized.

At this time of life she made it a practice to refer her friends to the writings of Joseph Blanco White. White had been a Spanish priest whose ancestors had left Ireland to escape the penal law. The Roman church not suiting his mind, he had gone to England, where on a reëxamination of Christian doctrine he had accepted the faith of the Church of England and studied for the ministry at Oxford. But he preached not more than once in an English pulpit, for his mind rested no more satisfied with the Protestant liturgy than the Roman breviary. His life was nearly spent when he entered for the first time a dissenting place of worship and heard James Martineau, of Liverpool, preach an Unitarian sermon. Thereafter he frequently heard the preaching of J. H. Thom, son-in-law of Lucretia's European acquaintance, William Rathbone. Commencing life as a Roman Catholic priest, White ultimately went further to the left than most Unitarians.

The life and writings of Blanco White, sent her by a friend abroad, comprised a two-volume set of books that were in immense favor with Lucretia, depicting as they did the evolutionary progress of an enquiring mind. She carried them with her, quoted them, and circulated them among her friends until they were worn out in the lending. Her notes on them formed three little volumes written on the backs of old letters.

In her correspondence Lucretia apologized to Pierce for her delay in answering his questions, pleading "a kind of instinctive dread of entering the theological field" and discussing points of creed. So

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many entanglements were found there for the person untrained in the study of astute polemics that one was apt to find oneself bewildered in a maze of contradictions and fine distinctions. She preferred, she admitted, "to walk in the way called heresy," being thereby not troubled with "the difficulties that beset many an honest traveler in his attempt, with the only admitted implement or weapon, the Bible, to smooth this field and 'make straight in the desert a highway for our God.'"

She told Pierce that she did not join in the claim that everything in the Bible was unusual. She admitted the crucifixion of Jesus was a fearful tragedy, but that the ferocity and malignity of the sectarians of that day, who committed the barbarous act, were "unparalleled," she was not sure. Later martyrs who were stoned and sawn asunder were doubtless victims of precisely the same spirit. Ecclesiastical history records the deaths of thousands upon thousands of persons who were the objects of the same priestly hate and bigotry as Jesus Christ.

She added:

I never like to see the Jews pictured with so dark and malignant a countenance, as sinners above all men. Let Catholic and Protestant persecutors be placed in the same category—aye, and dissenters, too, who, in their zeal, are calling down fire from Heaven, be they of the old Puritan order, or belonging to the more modern Hicksite profession. Even though the custom of the times will not sanction the erection of the cross, or the gallows, nor yet other instruments of torture—blessed be the age in which we live!—yet the disposition to cast out the name as evil, to persecute with the pen and the tongue, and by church excommunication, is still as apparent, as when brother delivered up brother unto death.

CHAPTER XXIII

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

"I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose."—JOHN BROWN.

In the autumn of 1859 occurred the raid at Harper's Ferry. The butchery of "Ossawatimie" Brown horrified the Nation as the news of his exploit spread from the cities into every nook and hamlet. So much hysteria had been heard on the subject of slavery that the words of taciturn John Brown that Abolitionists did nothing but talk, that "what is needed is action—action!" had fallen on unsusceptible ears.

Brown had little respect for principles of moral reform, adjectives, and non-resistance. Let Garrison and his crew of pacifists baptize the anti-slavery cause with the water of the New Testament; John Brown was of sterner stuff; he stood for the Old Testament purge of blood. He believed in an implacable God, and kept his powder dry. There was a definite place in Christianity for bloodshed, and he was impatient of what had gone on before—which mainly had been nothing but talk.

Supporters of Brown scattered like leaves before an autumnal gust. Gerrit Smith took refuge in an insane asylum, others fled to Canada; all but a few denied they had known Brown's plans to put down slavery by force of arms. The impetuous Higginson journeyed into the mountains to break the news of Brown's capture to the wife and surviving members of the family. Mrs. Brown started to the bedside of her stricken husband, but on the way was halted by friends who advised against such a move. Cool heads thought best that she remain away from excited Virginia. Accordingly, she took refuge in the home of the Motts, outside Philadelphia, while fever raged the country and militia paced the streets of Charlestown.

Lucretia was no believer in bloodshed. She was stout that nothing could be accomplished by force of arms that could not equally, or better, be accomplished through peaceful means. In her opinion the negro was a human being possessed of as many rights as any farmer of Harper's Ferry, though not always the white man's social or intellectual equal; and many a negro had been killed in the name of slavery!

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John Brown learned of his wife's whereabouts and wrote her from a cot in the jail at Charlestown: "I once set myself to oppose a mob at Boston where she [Lucretia Mott] was. After I interfered, the police immediately took up the matter, and soon put a stop to mob proceedings. The meeting was, I think, in Marlboro' Street Church, or Hotel, perhaps." Thus the man felt he had paid his debt by a pre-existent consideration. The incident he referred to was perhaps the dedication of Marlboro Chapel, the Boston analogue of Pennsylvania Hall.

Whether John Brown actually expected to foment a slave insurrection, buttressed by the thought that the loss of a few lives among the whites could not balance the ledger of negro suffering, or whether he looked on his deed as the dramatic spark that would fire the Nation, can only be surmised and discussed with the question of his sanity. Whatever was John Brown, posterity has elevated him like some mythical hero on a par with Arthur, Wallace, or William Tell. He is one of the characters of history who by a single deed has won to himself the fame that has not come to many a laborious, and truly greater, worker. In a night the reputation of John Brown, of Kansas, had become a national monument. School boys were to die on battlefields with the spirit of a John Brown song on their lips—marching on. Brown was, and always will be, an enigma, but not more so than the people of the Nation who took up his name and called him great after decades of anathematizing the non-resistant Abolitionists as "bloody fomenters of disorder."

Came a strange paradox. Many Abolitionists repudiated Brown's deed while thousands of citizens who never before had been favorable to anti-slavery rallied behind the man who had tried to conquer wind-mills with Sharp's rifles. Thousands of men who ten years before Harper's Ferry could not endure the lightest word of Abolitionism from Lucretia's lips, now easily swallowed John Brown whole, "and his rifle in the bargain."

On the day that Brown was hanged, some of the church bells of the land rang a muffled requiem. Garrison, listening to the tribute that clanged from white painted towers where his own name had been cast out as evil, cynically observed how the church that had rejected his bloodless principles, held to her bosom the dripping hands of John Brown.

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Lucretia's letters of these stirring days are not extant. Being of unusual interest, they were sent the family chain to farthestmost relatives, and lost in numerous transfers.

Although John Brown had become a hero to thousands of persons North and West, his deed wreaked upon Abolitionists the multiplied animosity of other thousands of persons who feared disunion. The non-resistants were accused of loading the guns of hatred and dissension, if they did not discharge them.

Daily the South neared the end of its patience. It had tried every means within its power to silence anti-slavery propaganda, by force, by threats, by law, by pleas. Now it girded its loins for the final struggle before disruption. That struggle was the presidential campaign of 1860. The candidate thought most likely to win the Republican nomination was William H. Seward. The South-side view of Seward was pictured by Representative Lamar, of Mississippi, who described how he had actually heard with his own ears Seward say that "he hoped to see the day when there would not be the footprint of a single slave upon this continent. And when he uttered this atrocious sentiment," continued the orator, "his form seemed to dilate, his pale, thin face, furrowed by the lines of thought and evil passion, kindled with malignant triumph, and his eyes glowed and glared upon Southern senators as though the fires of hell were burning in his heart!"

It was a day of taut nerves. Not the least composed was Henry Ward Beecher, the pulpit Barnum, auctioneering negro maidens on the stage of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn amidst orgies of tears. His purpose was to show congregations what reality was like in the nigger-pens of the South. There were no mock auctions at Philadelphia.

When the time came for Lucretia and her associates to hold the annual local fair a leading Philadelphia newspaper asked its readers if they meant to permit the Abolitionists to maintain the event so shortly after Brown's raid. The fair was no more under way than the mayor of the city deemed it necessary, in order to prevent riot, to ask the women to take down the flag which they had hung at their building as an attraction. The distasteful emblem consisted of a copy of the old Liberty Bell, with the well-known inscription "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

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The mayor appeared at the hall in person, accompanied by the sheriff and the latter's lawyer, to serve an order from the lessor to remove all property from the hall within three hours, on the plea that the premises were being used for a purpose which tended to excite popular commotion and the destruction of property.

The managers of the fair assembled in a corner of the hall. Lucretia acted as spokeswoman. Her reply to the guardians of law was typical of her. She told the gentlemen she was glad that her friend, Mr. Gilpin (one of the officers), had expressed regret for the occurrence; she well remembered some service of his rendered to the anti-slavery cause in earlier days; that the managers did not reproach the officers for their part in the affair, but were sorry for them that they held offices which obliged them to perform such deeds. After this quaint speech, the ladies removed their goods to other quarters in the city, where the fair was continued with great success the remainder of the week.

A mob, invoked by the local newspaper, directed its attention to a lecture given by George William Curtis on the "Present Aspect of the Country," a title which affords fuel for controversy during any national crisis. As fearless as in their younger days Lucretia and James occupied seats on the platform; Lucretia sixty-six years of age, and her husband seventy-one.

In due time Seward returned from a tour of the Holy Land and, bidding for the Republican nomination for President, delivered a mild speech wherein he endeavored to lessen the fears of the South and the moderate North about his radicalism. He let it be known that he had not meant all he had said ten years before when he had declared that a higher law than the Constitution demanded the extinction of slavery, or in a later speech when he had uttered the stirring words that the North was engaged in an "irrepressible conflict" which must make the Nation either all slave or all free.

The visit to Palestine had softened his nature!

Seward's speech was received in the North with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Republicans who wished only to suppress the expansion of slavery into the new states, but had no intention of doing away with the institution in the South, were elated by the speaker's preëlection sanity, and refreshed by the thought that the choice of appointive offices might soon be theirs.

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J. Miller McKim and other good Abolitionists dropped in at the Motts, where the speech was discussed. Many commentators were profuse in praise, but Lucretia said she was not satisfied. She took notes of the objectionable parts of the oration and commented on them further at the next meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society. While uniting with the applause bestowed upon other parts of the speech, she warned her fellow-members against unqualified praise. She perceived that the negro, for the purposes of politics, had been disparaged. Her remarks, she admitted, "seemed unexpected" by the members, but "little reply was made."

Abolitionists so long had esteemed Seward a friend that they were inclined to ignore the unfavorable parts of his discourse. The "Anti-Slavery Standard" concluded to pass over all comment because of a "want of space," but Garrison's "Liberator" boldly faced the facts with a severe criticism.

"How glad was I that Garrison reviewed it as my instincts had led me to do—and with all the faithful rebuke that ever flows from his pen," praised Lucretia.

Politicians played marbles while drums of social revolution rumbled in the distance. Webster had thundered sonorously his Union, one and undivided; Calhoun had shrieked secession, and Clay had proposed his temporizing compromises. One and all, they would not hear, they could not see, the moral issue involved. To them the all important thing was the preservation of current political institutions. The election of a Whig or Democratic President, or considerations of tariff or banking policies were to them of more importance than the freedom of millions of men.

Several of the greatest statesmen in American history passed to rest without solving the real problem of their generation. By 1860 the giants were entombed. A new school of politicians, boned and sinewed by voting Abolitionists, had succeeded them as victims of temporizing politics, and shown themselves not much better.

The several candidates for party nominations aligned and disaligned throughout the year. Blatant conventions were held in the otherwise pleasant months of April, May and June. An ungainly and, what is sometimes an advantage, almost unknown lawyer from primitive Illinois won the Republican nomination for President; and in the same month Lucretia mourned the news of Theodore Parker's death.

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Unlike the pro-slavery editor who announced that Parker "was gone, and let no one imitate his bad qualities," Lucretia thought it was "truly mournful that such a gifted spirit should be so early removed from earth, where he was so much needed. . . . The last time we had his company at our house in Arch Street, he was telling us of the works he had on hand, and the research necessary to complete them. I cautioned him not to overtax his powers of endurance, little dreaming we should so soon hear of a fatal result of his great labors. It is too sad to dwell upon, when we have so many around us who are cumberers of the earth. We have had a succession of melancholy deaths, thinning our anti-slavery ranks. . . . Who will fill such blanks?"

In November Abraham Lincoln was elected President. At last the followers of Birney and Stanton had indirectly elected a President of the United States—an Abolitionist with strong reservations. Lincoln's "Black Republican" party was little more than the Free Soil Party. It maintained that slavery in the slave states was to be patiently endured while extension of slavery in new territories was to be strenuously opposed.

Despite this timid platform, the Hotspurs of the South were infuriated by the results of the election. The Republican administration was predicted as one which would soon be "coiling its slimy folds around our dearest rights and patriarchal interests." While the Nation awaited the inauguration of Lincoln, especial effort was made to silence Abolition propaganda. It was alleged that the national situation was so delicate that nothing should be said about slavery, else the South might fulfill its threat of secession.

The statesmen of the Nation were talking slavery. James Buchanan was fasting and crying over it, the rowdies of the northern cities were ready to bluster by it, the South declared it would die for it, yet Abolitionists were forbidden to open their lips, in the name of patriotism. So determined were some citizens that the bonds of the Union should be preserved in peace, that riot followed riot whenever Abolitionists met. Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Tremont Temple, for the first time in his life, faced a mob in an address in behalf of free speech. Union meetings threatened Wendell Phillips, who was followed in the streets of Boston by enraged citizens awaiting their chance to do him bodily harm. Constables and justices of the peace invaded halls and broke up meetings at the head of drunken mobs:

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In the South extremists described Abolitionists as vulgar men who were getting above themselves they had grown saucy and dared to be impudent to gentlemen they had been suffered too long to run without collars they must be lashed into submission then they would learn to behave themselves like decent dogs. "Free society" was summed up as a "conglomeration of greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-fisted farmers, and moon-struck theorists" not "fitted for well-bred gentlemen," *viz.*, Southerners. There was much ranting about "the chivalrous sons of the old Palmetto" and "their unstained escutcheons."

Beneath the din of the hurdy-gurdy, Northern capitalists shrewdly endeavored to chart a political course that would hold together cotton fields and cotton mills. Cotton was king! It seemed to disgorge wealth with a lavish hand out of a bottomless cornucopia of plenty, but beneath the fibrous padding of cotton was enwrapped a civilization as brittle as glass, retarding the progress of the South as a whole and distributing its wealth unequally upon a favored few. Only about one-third of the white men of the South owned even one slave. While much of the civilized world had undergone the pangs of the industrial revolution, the South was basking in the glamor of a fast dying agrarian prosperity with a frosting of feudalism.

Efforts to conciliate the South, and the cautions of Union men to preserve peace, Lucretia admitted were all very good, yet she doubted statements that the South was the bone and sinew of the country, and the firmest supporter of democracy. "They have ever looked *down* on labor of any kind, calling the free Northern industrial workmen 'the mud-sills of society.'" She asked what encouragement had they ever given to universal education? Even leaving out of view the millions of their bondmen "whom no *true* democrat could trample under foot, denying their every right, as they do. No, they send their own *white* sons to West Point at the government expense, for a military and aristocratic education, and leave the people and children at large in the grossest ignorance. . . . "

Slowly the Union toppled. Almost daily a column crashed to earth. Northern statesmen staggered about stunned, shrinking from fratricidal war, in no sympathy with the cause that had watered dissension, and half-believing the South was right in everything but the legal power to withdraw from the Union.

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Buchanan drained the scattered sands in the hourglass of a four years' administration which was without precedent, shook vacantly his addled head, perceived his debilitated administration was closed, and handed over what was left of the Nation to Lincoln.

Two hundred and forty-two years had elapsed since a very tiny ship had unloaded a cargo of slaves in the James River of Virginia a year before the coming of the "Mayflower." The name of the ship, the name of the captain, and the number of slaves are no longer of importance. Sufficient that the planters of the neighborhood were pleased at the prospect of cheap labor in a land where manpower was scarce, and the captain and the owners of the ship were pleased with their profits, and everybody was pleased except the benighted heathen who were sold into slavery.

It was a happy day, and we can imagine it was a very bright and sunny day. It was also the beginning of a long civil war of hatred and sorrow and bloodshed in America.

CHAPTER XXIV

CIVIL WAR

"Were you looking to be held together by lawyers?
Or by an agreement on a paper? Or by arms?
Nay, nor the world nor any living thing will so cohere."
—WALT WHITMAN in "Drum-Taps."

On the 10th of April, 1861, Lucretia and James celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, and the next day General Beauregard demanded of Major Robert Anderson the surrender of Fort Sumter in Charlestown Harbor. While Northern and Southern soldiers glared at each other over bristling parapets, the 10th of April at Roadside dawned a bright and sunny day. It was the spring of year, the winter of age. Friends of the Motts, and relatives far and near, assembled at the old house to do homage to the venerable bride and groom. Three of the twenty still living of the one hundred and twenty-five witnesses, who fifty years before had signed the wedding certificate in the Pine Street Meeting, were present.

The old document, yellow with age, was brought out and read aloud. All who were present appended their names on the obverse side as a testimonial of reverence for "the beauty and glory of true marriage." Observers expressed curiosity about a blank part of the document towards one edge which had been cut out. Various explanations were guessed until Lucretia confessed the personal commission of the sacrilege forty years before in order to mend a broken battle-dore for one of her children. No other piece of parchment at hand, she had taken that. Nothing could better epitomize the character of the woman than this act of tearing the paper symbol of the union of marriage for the practical purpose of making someone happy.

Old Roadside, surrounded by trees and warmed by sun, resounded to the cheerful sounds of human voices, including children, grandchildren, and one tiny great-grandchild of the celebrating couple. Little visitors romped through oddly shaped rooms and queer passages, amazed and delighted at unexpected turnings and steps up in one place and down in another. At Roadside there was no Victorian parlor. Where in other houses children were admitted into this hall of state

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only in event of a funeral or the visit of the pastor, and had otherwise to content themselves with lost-soul glimpses of heaven through the pearly gates of partially opened doors, the Mott parlor had the distinction of being lived in every day.

The windows of the house commanded pleasant views of adjacent countryside. In the comfort of evening, elderly members of the family and guests congregated on the porch and glimpsed tree-framed pictures of the Old York Road, over which once trappers had passed on foot to the Indian country and stagecoaches had lumbered between Philadelphia and New York. When the growth of bushes cut off the view, the plants one by one would be sacrificed because of Lucretia's dislike to be shut in; and trees that spread too much shade came within the same decree.

A glass door opening from the piazza led to the library, the quiet retreat of James and Lucretia in the evening from lively groups in the parlor. Here a bookcase contained not many, but carefully chosen and well worn volumes few, if any, of which were fiction. From surrounding walls gazed the faces of well beloved friends; William Lloyd Garrison, William Ashurst, George Thompson, Elias Hicks, Miller McKim, Robert Purvis; and mixed with these English and American liberals was the occasional portrait of a member of the family.

On one side of the fireplace was tacked a small map of Nantucket Island, and another of the town after the great fire of 1846. Close by hung a genealogical chart of the Coffin family, with patriarchal Tristram's name in the center. The master's chair was high and straight backed as befitted a Quaker elder and stood by a side of the fireplace near the light of a western window. In a corner behind was a table called by the younger members of the family "the colt" because of its ungainly long legs. In the middle of the room, opposite the Franklin stove, was located Lucretia's rocking chair and a table covered with books and paper and writing materials, systematically arranged, and never disturbed save by its mistress' hands. A Nantucket basket stuffed with carpet rags for the work of idle minutes, and another dedicated to mending, occupied a nearby shelf.

Different indeed was the graceful and happy scene at Roadside, the ancient couple surrounded by kin and friends, from the situation at Charleston Harbor a few hours later with Fort Sumter blazing like a furnace, its brick and mortared walls crumbling beneath the

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poundings of Confederate guns, its defenders returning a steady fire despite the inevitable surrender.

The Nation responded to the call of war. Boston bankers who had sung so lustily the virtues of King Cotton offered to lend the State millions of dollars in advance of legislative action.

Humpty Dumpty Cotton was off his throne, and all the South's courage and all the South's men could never put Humpty Dumpty Cotton back again. The tread of marching feet echoed in the streets. The political Abolitionists (the old Birney-Stanton faction) threw themselves with enthusiasm into war. The Stars and Stripes were pictured on the cover of the "Anti-Slavery Standard." The romantic Higginson—equally at ease in the pulpit or the student's cloister—in time became colonel of the first regiment of freed slaves mustered into the national service. Even the icy Emerson was caught up in the swirl of enthusiasm and repudiated for the time his anti-social inclinations.

War and patriotism are a congenial pair of twin brothers. Phillips, who had shocked Boston for two decades, was cheered to the roof-trees of Boston Music Hall when he cried, "I rejoice for the first time in my anti-slavery life; I stand under the stars and stripes and welcome the tread of Massachusetts men."

Garrison, too, was for war, if war there must be. He could not remain neutral where the freedom of slaves was involved. He was greeted in New York by cheers and repeated bursts of applause. It was good to be popular, to see smiles and hear shouts and claps of approbation where once had been only growling crowds and sullen mobs.

But no cheers saluted the Quakeress of Cherry Street Meeting. Lucretia was one, among all those who had professed peace, who remained true to the principles of pacificism. No cause was enshrined more dearly in her heart than negro freedom. But what avail to humanity to set men free, if men must be slain in the doing? The Nation was rent asunder, hatred filled the air, fathers cursed sons, brothers slew brothers, all for the cause she loved, in a manner she abhorred.

Heredity, environment, religion had budded in her soul a passionate love for freedom. But the same factors had taught her that passive resistance was the stalk of justice. Lucretia was troubled by a

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large practical sense in her make-up which recognized the probable end of slavery on the battlefield. Yet she could not support the war. "We know full well, that the battle-field is a precarious resort to obtain the Right—that sorrows multiply there; and as to the moral sense of corrupt statesmen, it is 'seared as with a hot iron.'"

She heard hymns of battle exultantly chanted as the war spirit swept North and South. On Sunday the consciousness of Mars was stronger than on any other day of the week, for on this day the people of the Nation went to the founts of Christ for spiritual food to encourage them to sustain the horrors of another week of bloody slaughter. The cry was that the Union must be saved! Surely God would bring victory to a cause so important as the preservation of a political structure made holy by the blood of a Warren at Bunker Hill and a Nathan Hale on the scaffold. They shall not have died in vain!

Already the negro had been forgotten. At Washington the President was proclaiming that the cause of the negro had nothing to do with the war. The day after Bull Run, Congress passed, under Lincoln's influence, a resolution declaring that the North did not mean to interfere with slavery, but only sought to perpetuate the Union.

The administration's policy was that, after all the bloodshed and all the hatreds of armed conflict, slavery should remain at the close of the war a problem to be disposed of in some way that statesmen and politicians had been unable to solve in decades of peace before the added passions of spilled blood had seared the brain.

Lucretia complained that there had seemed "to be rather a stolid determination of late, among a class of politicians, that this war shall have nothing to do with Slavery, 'The Union, and nothing but the Union,' is their cry—as if that were ever again possible, with the deplorable weight of that incubus [slavery] upon it. Time alone will reveal to us." The woman at Roadside saw that to which the statesmen at Washington blinded their eyes. The Union was tottering on its mudsills—the institution of slavery.

There was a lack of complete frankness in the attitude of the President who sensed the national lack of enthusiasm for a war which would emancipate the negro race. He knew there were hundreds of thousands of persons in the North to whom the cause of the African was not of sufficient moment to sacrifice life or money. He had come to the presidency pledged to preserve slavery in the Southern States,

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so he cried out that the war had nothing to do with slavery—that the lesser was greater than the whole.

“Preserve the Union!” implored the voice from the White House, and thousands on thousands of boys, not out of their teens, rallied to the flag. Some who recently had crowded the doors of the last anti-slavery convention in Boston, shouting down the speakers by uproarious songs and catcalls, were marching southward. Their blood was to enrich the soil of the states from south Pennsylvania to New Orleans, that there might be one Nation, with or without slavery, but not two.

What was this Union for which so many lives were to be given, and in whose name so much sentiment was written? In the last analysis it was the forcible binding together of mutual haters in order to preserve a partnership distasteful to millions of citizens. It was a desire for latitude and longitude, and Manifest Destiny.

Lincoln’s stand did not pacify the South in the quicksands of secession, and it antagonized England. Lucretia advised her friends that petitions should be poured into Washington from all quarters, “that those in power may see how unavailing is their pro-slavery conservatism. It only lays the foundation for future trouble and fighting, when for reputation ‘to please men,’ they seek to ‘build again the things they are called to destroy.’”

As the war progressed (chronologically, but not in military victories), Lincoln was confronted with the tumult of contending counsel, and was torn by a mind trying to cope with a question both legal and moral as though it were only legal. As President of the United States his duty was to follow out the will of the people, and as is always the case in a vital issue, the people were wallowing in troughs of conflicting ideas, and no ideas at all.

The President hesitated, tracked and double-backed. He stressed the unification of the Nation, but the question of slavery haunted long nights of sleepless vigilance as it had done Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Buchanan, too. Wendell Phillips bitterly attacked Lincoln for hiding behind the Constitution in rejecting recommendations for negro emancipation, and yet suspending the *habeas corpus* after centuries of struggle by ancestors against the tyranny of rulers and nobles. Radicals like Greeley and Robert Dale Owen pleaded with Lincoln to make the war a struggle for human freedom, to make it as holy as possible

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and not a mere trial by combat of fine points of constitutional law in regard to the right of secession. The pressed Lincoln tartly denied the right of presidential emancipation, even while he was toying with the draft of a document in case the minute hand should strike the hour.

Came dark days when all seemed lost. McClellan was no more than a James Buchanan in uniform, puffed with a great conceit. The Peninsular campaign collapsed. Bull Run was a lingering nightmare by day or by night. England threatened war. When there was nothing else to be done, the Chief Magistrate who had persistently denied the power of the President to abolish slavery, was pushed—aye shoved—into his most vital piece of statesmanship, the perhaps unconstitutional Emancipation Act, the document that has made his name enduring.

For reasons not based on any principle of humanity, Lincoln temporarily joined the radicals, and was by the side of Lucretia Mott, who had not shifted her position since the outbreak of war. The mighty document, born in the travail of a painful reluctance, won the popular imagination and its author the title of "The Great Emancipator," which might better have gone to William Lloyd Garrison. The emancipation document was oxygen to the disheartened North. The Nation had been dreary of the thought of a war won at the cost of thousands of its best manhood that a people might live in a United States composed of this, instead of that, number of states and territories.

The years of the Civil War were quiet ones at Roadside. Lucretia's health being not good, they were spent in comparative retirement. Woman's rights conventions no longer being held, and reform movements beating time in general, the woman devoted herself to many personal acts of philanthropy among the poor and unfortunate members of the black and white races in the neighborhood. At home she picked blackberries and peaches from the garden, "a beautiful succession of fruits," she described it, but "constant attention is the price one pays" for crops, "and weeds and briers the penalty."

Thoughts of civil war she could not entirely submerge. Towards the close of the first year she wrote her sister "how trifling are family items when our thoughts and hearts are full of the great events of the day."

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She almost despaired of any good result from the outbreak. The resort to bloodshed was barbarous, "besides making the innocent suffer for the guilty."

James Freeman Clarke consoled her with the statement that "the Lord reigned" and would bring forth fruit in fields pock-marked with shell holes. Lucretia answered that the sentiment that everything was in the hands of the Almighty was a superstitious idea which bred indolence. The "*effective instrument*," said she, was the moral laborer. The advocates of moral education must not rely too greatly on the tented field and the armed camp for the abolition of slavery. They must ever be alert.

When Lucretia's nephew enlisted, she penned the mother what a strange thing it was that the glories of war could, in any wise, reconcile one to the perils. "It is vain to say much on the subject now, but my convictions are as strong as ever, that a better and more effectual way will be found as civilization advances."

The removal from home of the youngest daughter was a trial to Lucretia, who was lonely and a little out of place in the war-torn world. She was glad of the bright prospects that impelled her son-in-law and his family to leave Roadside, yet she was selfish enough to want all her children and grandchildren with her.

Her attention was attracted early in '63. The War Department organized a camp for the mobilization of negro soldiers a short distance from Roadside. With characteristic lack of humor the military authorities conferred upon the camp the peaceful Quaker name of William Penn.

George L. Stearns, the Boston merchant who had strongly agitated the enrollment of colored troops, dropped in at Roadside while on a visit to the camp. He found the mistress still loyal to principles of non-resistance, but accepting "very gracefully," thought Stearns, the present state of affairs, although looking forward to a society when war would be unnecessary as a means of settlement of human difficulties. "So do I," acclaimed Stearns, "but I told her that this war was a *civilizer*, not a barbarism. The use of the musket was the first step in the education of the black man. This she accepted. She is a great woman. . . ."

While Lucretia disapproved the trappings of war, she could not resist an interest in the public acknowledgment of the negro as a sol-

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dier and a human being. "The neighboring camp," she explained to her sister, "seems the absorbing interest just now. Is not this change in feeling and conduct towards this oppressed class beyond all that we could have anticipated, and marvelous to our eyes?" She seldom visited the camp and seemed indifferent to its affairs as a military institution. But she loved to listen to the music of the band as it came softened across the fields. One imagines the melancholy strains of "taps" wafted through the stillness of nights must have struck deep into the gentle heart of the woman as she thought of those young boys to whom taps would one day be requiem.

The fact that the mistress of Roadside displayed little interest in the military affairs of the adjoining camp does not mean that she failed to befriend its inhabitants as individuals. The colored soldiers were interested in the famed Abolitionist whose home adjoined their tented city. One or two regiments, as they left for the seat of war, commanded by white men—some of them sons of old Abolitionists—made it a point of courtesy to march in at the back gate of Roadside and out the front, in order to salute the sweet-faced lady who had proved herself a friend to the black race.

On one of these occasions, as the troops were heard approaching, Lucretia hastened to the cake-box and emptying its contents into her apron ran out to the end of the piazza where, as the men filed by, the woman of threescore and ten years handed each a gingerbread until the supply was exhausted.

The troops faded out, the dust settled; beyond the quiet horizon men were dying while cannon belched destruction. The mistress of Roadside, so tiny and so frail, returned to the silent house, torn between the appeals of a moral nature which told her that war was death, and a heart that beat warm for the childlike grinning men who had just done her reverence.

A meeting of the anti-slavery cohorts in 1863 was called in New York in the same month that witnessed the last great Confederate victory at Chancellorsville. The convention was adjourned to Philadelphia, there to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the society in that city, and to rejoice over the partial emancipation of the negro.

In the interim of seven months the fortunes of the Confederacy surged and ebbled. In the summer Lee made his great thrust into the

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side of Pennsylvania. The fate of the Union and negro freedom depended on whether he was stopped. The North was tiring of the war, the terms of enlistment of her soldiers were expiring, the crucial moment had come. Ewell cleared the Shenandoah Valley of Union troops, crossed the Potomac and moved to Hagerstown, Maryland. "Jeb" Stuart swung between Washington and the Union Army in another daring raid. If success continued, Southern independence was conceded, and the anti-slavery cause retarded indefinitely.

The lady of Roadside awaited each night the news of the city brought home by male members of the family. Anxious days of the War of 1812 were repeated. Citizens of Philadelphia were enlisted in a corps for the protection of the city. Shops were closed. Silent crowds thronged Chestnut Street and pressed about the State House eager for tidings, fearful lest the word should be that Lee was advancing into the heart of Philadelphia, and knocking at the city's gates.

Quiet Roadside lay in the shadow of butternut gray. At Gettysburg Lee was met by Meade. Muskets crackled. Sick and wounded poured into Philadelphia. On the second day Sickles and Ewell battled on the slopes of Cemetery Ridge, and on the third of July, Lee's charging columns were repulsed. On the field at Gettysburg the dead lay uncounted in trenches, and in Philadelphia 4,000 wounded soldiers crowded the hospitals.

When the Abolitionists came together in December, Philadelphia was a city where relief was everywhere visible in the countenances of citizens. Not only the tide of war had turned, but with it also the sentiment against Abolitionism. As an organized movement of a few men and women, Abolitionism was now nearly swallowed up in the great revolution of Northern sentiment about slavery which had been going on since the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Negro companies, singing the John Brown song, marched down State Street in Boston, where Garrison twenty-eight years earlier had been dragged by a mob. The soldiers were cheered by patriots who with equal enthusiasm had cursed Garrison's name.

A happier spirit pervaded the meeting of 1863 than that of 1833. The clash of arms still was heard on several fields, but already three million three hundred thousand former slaves had been freed.

Lucretia saw no ominous crowd gathered in sullen resentment and heard no mutterings as she entered the hall. Citizens did not throw

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rocks, burn buildings, or shout threats. They respectfully stood aside for the woman who had given the strength of her body and mind for the cause now so closely allied to the pendulum of war. A squad of colored soldiers from Camp William Penn occupied seats on the platform at the opening session. A slave auction block served as the speaker's stand, and the national colors festooned the walls. Many of the delegates in attendance at the first convention in Adelphi Hall were yet alive. Eleven of the forty-five survivors were present who had lived to rejoice over the almost complete realization of their hopes. Only a few had faltered in the battle of freedom and turned back.

Samuel J. May, Miller McKim, and Lucretia regaled the audience with reminiscences of the first convention. In the triumph of success, and in memory of persecutions mutually borne, estrangements between John Greenleaf Whittier, Arthur Tappan, and William Lloyd Garrison were healed, after nearly a quarter of a century. The popular Henry Ward Beecher was present—he who had not been wont to speak on Garrisonian platforms in the unpopular days of the struggle—and gave belated thanks to God that the Garrisonians had been called into being. He lauded them as a *church*—a church without ordination, but a church of the best and most apostolic kind. Victories of soldiers on the battlefield had made Christians of a host of heretics and infidels!

The convention adopted a memorial to Congress asking for a constitutional amendment to prohibit slavery forever within the limits of the United States and adjourned.

In the first quarter of the next year the news came to Roadside that Grant had assumed command of all the Union armies. The states were to be reunited by the stubborn brutality of this general who was to trudge into the White House in boots that oozed blood at every step. A man who never demonstrated publicly the flickering of a truly great or humanitarian idea, a middle-class unsuccessful storekeeper elevated to the highest military office in the land by the values of war, continued the three-year-old story of slaughter and blunder and colossal expense at Cold Harbor. By midsummer Grant's genius had cost the Nation 75,000 men since crossing the Rapidan.

And because it was thought best not to swap horses while crossing a stream, Lincoln was renominated for the presidency of the

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United States by the Republican party. The Democrats nominated General McClellan, famous do-little, believing for no apparent reason that he would make a more active President than soldier. The radicals nominated the erratic Frémont. Gloom descended upon the Nation.

Then out of a prostrate South flashed the word that Sherman had entered Atlanta, and on the basis of this argument Lincoln was reëlected President by a large electoral vote. Lee evacuated Petersburg and the crumbling of the South became painful. The surrender at Appomattox village brought to a practical close the saddest civil war fought in history. The death of thousands of boys proved the legal point that the Constitution was indissoluble. Beyond this the war had accomplished nothing definite. Slavery was actually existent and still legally possible.

The close of the war did, however, make the Abolitionists heroes, because they had been on the winning side. The realization dawned on conservatives that a campaign for the freedom of another race, involving no personal gain and whose rewards had been abuse and ostracism, was something worthy of praise.

In Quaker ranks reigned benign contentment. Doves of peace (shopworn from years of fluttering abandonment) cooed in every meetinghouse. Quakers who violently had been opposed to the Abolition movement, or strenuously in favor of "quiet," talked as though at heart they always had been in favor of emancipation. The fact that they had exercised a cautious restraint in expressing their opinions and at times had been so sane as to entirely conceal their enthusiasm for the negro, while it brought them no reward of public adoration, did not embitter the sweets of self-satisfaction. It is the misfortune of judicious persons that while they sometimes earn the tepid respect of both sides, they neither experience the extremity of martyrdom nor the heights of clamorous approbation.

Never had forbearance, courage, patience, and faith more severely been tried, and never more conspicuously rewarded than in the anti-slavery cause. Few reformers have so long worn a crown of thorns to have it transmuted into a wreath of honor. Lucretia and James were no longer obliged to seek shelter at country inns. A new heaven and a new earth was come, wherein dwelt righteousness. The faithful couple was everywhere received as honored and beloved members of

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the Hicksite Society. Their charity overlooked the inconsistency of congratulations showered upon them by former opponents.

Persons who previously had disclaimed them were busy to tell their friends how intimate they were with the Motts—splendid people! The mail at Roadside was flooded with demands for autographs and “original anti-slavery sentiments” in Lucretia’s handwriting. “Skeletons in my house,” she called them, nevertheless she was pleased. She found it agreeable, though novel, to be approved. The long, gaunt, sweet Emerson chanted: “What forests of laurel we bring, and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries.”

It is as much an honor today to have an ancestor who spoke on the same platform with Lucretia Mott as to possess a handkerchief owned by one’s great-great-grandmother when she danced with Lafayette. It is proudly emblazoned in genealogical dictionaries that one’s ancestor kept a station on the Underground Railway.

There is as yet no Society of the Sons of Those Who Burnt Pennsylvania Hall.

CHAPTER XXV

THE NEGRO'S HOUR

The shot fired at Fort Sumter signalized the close of an era in American history. After four years of bloodshed and sacrifice the rebellion was suppressed, and the people of the Nation turned again to peaceful pursuits. Gopher-like they groped for the scattered channels of existence, expecting to find them where left. But landmarks of social existence had been shot away in the thunder of guns, and monuments of human conduct were scattered by the ravages of passion.

The close of the Civil War marked the line of demarcation between an old and a new era. It began the day of the triumph of business enterprise. The pioneer was no longer the frontiersman trekking with family and Bible over mountain fastnesses, opening new lands and defending new possessions from Indian depredations. The Builders of Empire were men who fought bulls and bears with margins, stocks, and bonds. They trekked on steel rails laid by the sweat of Irish immigrants and Chinese coolies.

The new world was one of industrialism and mass production and business expansion on a scale before unheard of. The clang of the hammer supplanted the low of cattle and the bleat of the shepherd's flocks. Across green pastures were laid the steel rails of the locomotive, soft wooded slopes of hillsides were cut with ugly gashes, and canyons were filled with quarried rock. The shrill whistle of the engine was heard on the prairies, and its fading smoke was the pyre of the Indian and the buffalo. Squat, ugly factories lay snake-like heads by banks of streams; their bowels rumbled and roared with machinery as they drank waters that had long swept unchallenged to the sea.

Man was no longer a peasant, dumb-spoken and down-trodden, but a brightly burnished cog in the machine of life, an important unit in the smooth running mechanism of economic civilization; a part easily replaced from the storehouse of humanity.

The era of the new democracy was ushered in with a new corruption and a new public immorality. The institution of slavery gave

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way to unbridled exploitation by Big Business. The war for the freedom of a race and the preservation of the Union had resulted in the substitution of a Wall Street plutocracy for the slave-owning aristocracy. The privileges, emoluments, honors, and powers of old ruling families, conditioned on landed wealth and slaves, descended to the capitalistic class whose ultimate power of control arose not out of ownership of land and men, but the control of factories and rolling stock.

As a balance wheel to the gross immoralities of public and business life, the stuffy conventionalities of the mid-Victorian era were fastened onto the home. It was an age of piety in the home and piracy at the office. In the blatant atmosphere of a middle class elevated to sudden wealth and power, the era of moral reform and philosophic thinking suffered decline. The "isms" of the 'forties and 'fifties depreciated in value. They were not investments. They bore no interest. They were speculations without profits. They had no place in the lives of men like Jim Fiske and Jay Gould. New England turned from philosophy to business, and produced the elder J. Pierpont Morgan in substitution for his grandfather, the Rev. John Pierpont, poet and Abolitionist.

Conventions to evaluate the humanities were held no longer with such fertility of imagery and staunch vigor. Gradually were substituted conventions of a different character—those of master plumbers and retail pharmacists and associations for the promulgation of a buying consciousness, or the untrammelled transaction of business without governmental interference (except to make large grants of land to railroad magnates or to tinker the tariff). The Nation wore fine clothes and developed an intellectual paunch.

The fiery leaders of the old régime met over the bones of Yorick. Garrison, wearied after thirty-two years of heartbreaking labor, was ready to disband the American Anti-Slavery Society, willing and glad to accept the posies of praise everywhere extended him by associates and former enemies, alike. Said he, the cause of the society was "ANTI-Slavery," and this accomplished, the purposes of the society have come to an end. Its puny membership was engulfed in the new "great ocean of popular opinion against slavery." But Wendell Phillips said "No." We have carried the negro, he contended in substance, to the threshold of freedom, and now propose to drop him

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through the doorway, leaving him with nothing but the contemplation of an abstract status.

During the Presidential campaign Phillips had opposed, and Garrison favored, the reelection of Lincoln. This had brought about an estrangement between the pair, a fact which Lucretia had thought Garrison had taken "too much to heart."

In the end, Phillips prevailed, and took over the leadership of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He cherished the sentiment, strong in parts of the North, that the degraded intellect of the negro was due to the repressions of slavery; that given equal opportunities the black man would prove self-supporting and respecting, and become a desirable citizen. Northern clamor, which once had jeered Lucretia, now demanded the ballot for the negro. The South, more consistent, reiterated its monotonous boast that it, alone, understood the negro.

In the midst of the controversy, an earthquake shook the Nation more severely than had the news of Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry. In a box at Ford's Theatre in Washington, Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States, was shot and fell into a coma that ended with death.

"A beautiful day!" ejaculated Lucretia. "When a great calamity has befallen the nation, we want the sun to be darkened, and the moon not to give her light; but 'how everything goes on,' as Maria said after her dear little Charley died, 'just as though such an awful event had not occurred.' Was there ever such universal sorrow? The 'mirth' of the day before so suddenly 'turned into heaviness.' Men crying in the streets! As we opened our paper, the overwhelming news stunned us, and we could hardly attend to our household duties. . . ."

Lincoln's death accelerated the growing conflict between Congress and the presidency over Reconstruction. By a resolution passed February 1, 1865, Congress submitted to the legislatures of the several states the constitutional amendment which forever banished slavery from American soil.

How changed the land! Slavery was dead. The thing which the timid had thought impossible or dreadful in the middle of the century was accomplished and, being done, the timid rejoiced with the

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brave. Whittier, who once had feared tar and feathers, dashed off a poem:

"It is done!
Clang of bells and roar of gun,
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town."

Shooting guns and ringing bells were easy enough, but there were problems spawned by the war besides political reconstruction. Not the least important were those of feeding and educating the new-freed negroes—men, women and children—a situation which had presented itself early in the war when the advance of Union armies had swept hordes of slaves within military lines.

As women had no participation in politics, Lucretia's energies were attracted to the organization and maintenance of Freedmen's associations for the purposes, first, of relieving the acute demand for bread and, next, of promoting industry and the power of self-support among negroes.

At Washington, Charles Sumner sat himself down to the task of writing a Fourteenth Amendment to prevent the disfranchisement of the African citizen by the several states. He found it impossible to enlarge the suffrage without making mention of the word "male," in order to prevent its application to black womanhood. To have given the negro woman the ballot would have brought down upon the Republican party the wrath of a Nation not ready for universal suffrage. Suffrage for the black male was all the strain the radical party could stand.

Sumner's proposed amendment inserted the objectionable discrimination of sex for the first time into the organic law of the land. The woman's rights leaders were quick to perceive the significance of the phraseology which would make it more difficult than ever for them to obtain the vote. Sumner and the Abolitionists had abandoned the suffragettes in the name of that negro philanthropy which owed so much to the courage of white womanhood.

The menace of the Fourteenth Amendment invigorated the cause that had lain dormant during four years of war. A brilliant, dreamy-looking young journalist, Theodore Tilton, came forward with the

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proposal of the formation of a National Equal Rights Association to demand suffrage alike for negroes and women in one amendment.

A call was issued to the scattered membership of the woman's party to come together in New York City at the Church of the Puritans in Union Square. Here was held the first woman's assembly since before the war, and here was begun the movement proper for woman suffrage. Nearly twenty years had elapsed since Seneca Falls when Mrs. Stanton boldly had demanded the right of suffrage and Lucretia had thought it premature. Since that time the activities of women had been directed mainly to the acquirement of legal, social, and economic rights. It was the prospect of the negro's being boosted over their heads that attracted their attention at this time to the subject of the ballot.

It was decided by the members of the rejuvenated woman's movement that their organization should adopt the name American Equal Rights Association, and that its stated purpose should be to obtain the ballot for white women, and negroes male and female. A memorial to Congress was adopted quoting a part of Sumner's great speech, "Equal Rights for All," and demanding that the proposed Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution should grant equal suffrage to men and women.

Lucretia was particularly desirous that there should be a pre-amable to the association's constitution, which would preserve for posterity the information that the new organization was the outgrowth of the woman's rights movement. Mrs. Stanton was suggested for president, but she hastily expressed a desire to see Lucretia first in that office, that it "might ever be held sacred in the memory that it had been filled by one so loved and honored by all." She concluded with the promise that she would be happy as vice-president to relieve her aged friend of the arduous duties of office if Lucretia would but give the blessing of her name.

Lucretia was escorted to the chair occupied by her throughout the society's existence. During the course of a few remarks she rejoiced in the inauguration of a movement broad enough to cover class, color, and sex. She admitted happiness to lend her name and influence to the movement if only it might encourage the young and strong to carry on the work too strenuous for her seventy-three years.

In some closing remarks she called the attention of the members of the association to the fact that all great achievements in the prog-

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ress of the human race must be slow, and are ever wrought out by the few, in isolation and ridicule. "Let us remember," she concluded, "in our trials and discouragements, that if our lives are true, we walk with angels—the great and good who have gone before us."

Lucretia's active days were past. The years had been kindly, but each one piled on so many before had left its trace. Her mind was vigorous and her indomitable interest in human welfare buoyed her aloft despite feebleness of body. Yet she never fully had recovered from the death of her daughter Elizabeth in the fall of 1865. This had produced a noticeable listlessness. She rallied under the excitement of a social call, a little opposition in conversation made her seem as well as ever, but in the absence of such incentives to effort, she was dispirited, and often tortured with dyspeptic pains.

There were times when she dreaded the labors of public life. This is pathetically illustrated in a letter written by her while on a visit to New York State, at the home of a niece. Elizabeth Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, all so much younger than Lucretia, took lunch together. "Elizabeth was like herself, full of spirits, and so pleasant. . . . This Equal Rights movement is no play—but I *cannot* enter into it! Just hearing their talk and the reading makes me ache all over, and glad to come away and lie down on the sofa . . . to rest. . . . I hadn't much rest! Tomorrow we lunch at Sarah Hicks', and then come back to company to tea; something all the time. On First-day I dined at Hannah Haycock's after Fifteenth st. meeting; found S. B. Anthony waiting for me to go somewhere in a carriage with her to meet Horace Greeley and an Hon. Mr. Griffing. I just *couldn't* do it. Moreover, Susan and some others were to meet in Joralemon st. to discuss enlarging the 'Friend' to admit Equal Rights, and they wanted me to go hear Beecher and have him talk with us afterwards, preparatory to his speech in Albany—but I *couldn't* do that any more than the other! There is no rest!"

Driving, indefatigable Susan begged her to write a message, if only a line, for the annual Equal Rights Convention at Albany, but this equally taxed the woman never facile with the pen. Susan at forty-six was full of energy. Her proddings came hard on the failing strength of the woman who had been through so many exhausting battles, and now sought only a little quiet.

A month to the day after the opening of the convention that had resolved itself into the Equal Rights Association, Lucretia was visited

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by Susan and two gentlemen with wives, and there was "a great deal of talk; and there was a great deal of faultfinding," said Lucretia afterwards. One apparently did not satisfy Susan on the woman question, or she him on the negro problem, "and so we had it. I weary of everlasting complaints, and am glad sometimes that I shall not have much more to do in any of these movements. One thing is certain; that I do not mean to be drawn into any party feeling."

Yet she honored Susan's and Elizabeth's "devotion to their great work," and meant to "try to coöperate as circumstances admit." She regretted that the Equal Rights Association estranged many formerly staunch supporters of the woman's movement. It had the approval of the Boston intellectuals to a considerable number, but Wendell Phillips was distinctly cool, and the conduct of Garrison, Gerrit, Smith, Higginson, and the negro Douglass, was chilly. These men feared that the proposition of votes for women would jeopardize the chances of the negro who, it was plausibly explained, was more in need of the ballot in the South than were women of the North.

It was the negro's hour. The schism inevitable in every reform was under way. Blunt Susan expressed her opinion that this was "harvest time for the black man, and seed-sowing time for woman." She was one of the few leaders not deceived by the inducement offered her sex that if its members would abandon opposition to the proposed Fourteenth Amendment, woman suffrage would be provided for by law as soon as the negro had been entrenched; a promise kept after much persuasion—fifty-four years later.

The slightest opposition to the Fourteenth Amendment called forth hisses and denunciation from audiences that formerly had booed the mention of negro freedom. Equal rights leaders were everywhere waylaid and implored to avoid all discussion on the impending amendment. Only the Reverend Samuel J. May, Parker Pillsbury, S. S. Foster, and Robert Purvis, of the old Abolition school, remained loyal to the women. Purvis confessed shame to vote before his wife and daughter, but shame or no shame, this was what the radical Republicans were bent on making possible. Northern women and beaten patricians of the South were seated in a game where black cards took all the tricks.

When it was discovered that women Abolitionists were to have no voice in Republican party councils, that the sex had been sacrificed

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on the altar of expediency, Elizabeth and Susan turned to the hated Democrats who, with a logic that was only political, now became the vocal adherents of woman suffrage (the while denying the ballot to the negro).

Grandiloquent Republican phrases uttered in support of the Thirteenth Amendment were tauntingly tossed into Republican teeth by gleeful Democratic Congressmen who asked if Chinese coolies and Indians were not brothers, and why exclude fifteen million women in the noble scramble for suffrage?

The Republican press rather weakly wagered that women who were in favor of the ballot for themselves would even go so far as to discard the highly feminine virtues of "hoops, waterfalls, and bandeaux" if granted the privilege of voting. Equal rights women were withered old maids who couldn't get a husband even with all the arts of construction in "waterfalls" and "the employment of cotton-padding."

The question was not put whether the Nation was ready for woman's suffrage. The question asked was whether equal rights women would support negro suffrage after their own claims had been denied. Lucretia thought women had a right to be a little jealous at the addition of so large a number of men to the voting class, for colored men would naturally throw all their strength upon the side of those opposed to woman's enfranchisement.

Even Edward M. Davis was hostile to his mother-in-law's position on the Fourteenth Amendment, and spoke to that effect in her presence at a public convention where she occupied the chair. He was replied to by the presiding officer, with her customary tolerance. Lucretia realized that it was her son-in-law's honest opinion that if women sought suffrage in the Fourteenth Amendment, the defeat of the negro's claim was assured. Davis was undoubtedly right.

The Fourteenth Amendment, and a Fifteenth Amendment, like the Thirteenth, became law, and women for a half century were to be helplessly mired in an increased male opposition. In January, 1868, Elizabeth Stanton and Susan B. Anthony began the publication in New York of a weekly paper called "The Revolution," to promulgate their ideas in the long struggle which now confronted their sex. In "The Revolution's" office they hung a portrait of Lucretia Mott who, by the language of the Fifteenth Amendment, was the civil and political inferior of the negro she had helped to free.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DEATH OF JAMES MOTT

The summer and autumn of 1867 were seasons of quiet happiness to James and Lucretia. Both were in better health and spirits than for several years past. Their surviving children, all but one, were living within easy distance; grandchildren were growing up, and friends were everywhere. A colorful, peaceful sunset, after midday storms, suffused a tender glow on the porches of Roadside. It was an hour of pleasant recollections. Lucretia had either outlived her enemies, or they had grown to partially believe what she so long had taught.

Life was not all bucolic peace. There were days of activity and excitement, for Lucretia could not cut herself apart from the world, nor would the world permit her. The couple had pleasant rides together in the new leisure, sometimes to the city, or neighboring town of Germantown, and occasionally through the winding country into hilly Montgomery or fertile Chester counties. Lucretia enjoyed riding with her husband for the sake of his company, although she admitted sometimes to sleep. Caring nothing for crops or landscapes, she took her knitting with her and worked while she rode. The labor required no eyesight and was not a bar to conversation.

She and James were much in demand at weddings, especially of young couples who were children of old friends. They liked to hear Lucretia's remarks upon such occasions for they knew her admonitions were based on theory and practice happily blended.

Fame and popularity and the burdens of nearly three-quarters of a century did not vitiate Lucretia's interest in mankind. She still held opinions on numerous matters that were not popular, even though she, personally, had become acceptable to polite society. The fawning smiles of fortune never lulled her into a rocking-chair old age which accepted things as they were. No one enjoyed approbation more than she, yet she never let this trait of character divert her from the path of duty, no matter how unpleasant the consequences.

Attending a wedding officiated by the mayor of Philadelphia, that officer heard her murmur in an undertone "husband and wife" after

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he had pronounced the couple to be "man and wife." Asking the elderly witness why she made this distinction she replied that the marriage ceremony left man still a man and woman still a woman, that the magistrate had only to pronounce the new relation in which the couple stood, "husband and wife." The old formula left the woman a mere appendage. The mayor was impressed with the reasonableness of the argument, and thereafter never again used the term "man and wife."

The mornings at Roadside were the part of the day spent most in contentment. Lucretia's practice was to arise before anyone else in the house was stirring, and in the dewy air to pick her basket of peas or similar task, usually completed by seven o'clock. Nothing so refreshed her as the odor of the moist earth in the early morning before the hot sun had parched it. A slight shower was no hindrance to this practice; her tiny form would take shelter under the pea vines until the heavens were dry again. She liked also to pick raspberries and blackberries with James in the summer afternoons; she hardly as tall as the vines, he head and shoulders above them, together at their task.

During the summer and early fall of 1867 there was unusual social activity at Oak Farm and Roadside, and a bustle of young people. James commenced a round of visits of the meetings about Philadelphia, where he spoke at each. He was no orator and seldom had felt called upon to engage in this kind of work, satisfying himself customarily with the business side of reformatory and church conventions. But he was a man ripe in experience, and great in the virtues of tolerance and kindliness. For the first time he was "concerned" to make such a tour in order to speak to the young people on the subject of education and to interest them in the success of Swarthmore College.

In the autumn of the year he and Lucretia spent a week near Boston; their last trip together. Lucretia preached Sunday morning in the hall of the Parker Fraternity. At the close many persons crowded up to speak to her, among them Lord and Lady Amberly, parents of Bertrand Russel, the philosopher. A daughter born soon after the English couple's return to their homeland was named Rachel Lucretia.

Lady Amberly announced the event to her American friend: "Your picture hangs up in my room, and she shall be taught to

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venerate and love her unknown and far-off namesake, whom I hope some day she may resemble to some extent, in all those noble, true, and feminine qualities which will always make yours a known and honored name to all lovers of truth, justice, and humanity."

The close of the happy summer and autumn was accepted with reluctance. A few months were to change the happy ripeness of life. Perhaps with a premonition of what might any day happen the elderly parents bade a sad farewell to their son and family as the latter embarked for an extended European tour. The lively house at Oak Farm was sold. Winter settled down bleakly on Roadside.

About the middle of February the couple decided to visit Brooklyn, where dwelt a married daughter, and to attend the wedding of two young people, children of old friends, who particularly desired their presence. James contracted a cold on the way which he diagnosed as trifling, but which soon developed into pneumonia. During the first few days of illness, he several times uttered the wish to be at home. This being impossible, he resigned himself to the situation, then unexpected, saying: "But I suppose I shall die here, and then I shall be at home; it is just as well." Throughout his illness he was the object of the unremitting attention of his younger brother Richard, a former member of Congress, who chanced to be visiting from Toledo, Ohio.

Early on the morning of the 26th of February the life of James Mott quietly ended. He breathed his last in peaceful sleep while his wife, worn with the night's watch, rested her head on his pillow and slept, too, as life slipped from the figure at her side; with him in death as she had been at his side in every thought and action in the fifty-seven years of their wedded life.

In the silent dawn of winter morning their daughter looked with awe upon the two still faces, one calm in the repose of death, the other serenely unconscious of the sorrow that would greet her awakening.

What had she to awaken to? All in life that was worth while had gone—gone without good-bye. Her dear one had slipped away without her knowledge, never to be seen again. Frail as was Lucretia, the family feared she would not survive the shock. But her mind was susceptible to great adjustments. Though much broken by the heavy affliction that had come so suddenly, she bore the stroke better

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than expected. Her etherealized frame which seemed ready to succumb at the slightest touch, recoiled to the blow. The strong man, though nearly eighty years of age, had been of such robust health that no one had thought but he would outlive the frail wife.

Lucretia took up her daily life as nearly as possible in its accustomed routine and tried to fulfill the duties that remained with cheerfulness and resignation. She bore along, remembering with satisfaction the outburst of sympathy her husband's death had aroused. How out of the fulness of their hearts friends had spoken words of love of the good man who had been so kindly and so patient to friend and foe.

The world was better because he had lived in it; the world had rarely been blessed with such a light as had been his wedded life. What he had been as a husband, no one knew so well as herself; what he had been as a father, only his children could depict; what he had been as a friend, a vast multitude could testify with glowing hearts; what he had been as a public benefactor, an untiring philanthropist, and a true and courageous reformer, the record of his long and most beneficent life showed in luminous characters. Said William Lloyd Garrison, "He seemed to me to lack nothing as a good and noble man."

Nothing better summarized the beauty of the character of the man who at the time of his death was president of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society and the Pennsylvania Peace Society than his love for children. He had often pressed upon parents the duty of teaching by gentleness. He would say, "Never threaten, and never promise reward, and be very careful to consider before you say 'no'; say 'yes' as often as you can." And when he heard of punishment inflicted on children he would counsel patience, saying, "I wouldn't punish them for trifles; they grow older every day, and will soon know for themselves."

Although Lucretia resumed the tenor of her way a sense of desolation was with her to the end. She never again slept in the chamber which she and her husband had occupied together, but took for herself a tiny room with a window to the east, commanding the sunrise. With this room the last memories of the woman are associated.

She now rarely attended Sunday meetings, poignant with memories of a lost companion. She cared less for public gatherings of any

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kind. Her delight was to attend the midweekly meeting in Philadelphia, which was attended by children from the Friends' Central School. She liked their fresh young faces and said they helped her to forget her own increasing feebleness, and mitigated her loneliness.

It was difficult to realize that James was actually gone, the strong man upon whose arm she had leaned through many years of persecution, the silent man always at her side with sympathy and understanding when the world mocked or sneered.

Scarcely a day passes that I do not think, [she wrote] of course for the instant only, that I will consult him about this or that. . . . It discourages me to find that my memory is failing. When I found this morning that I had written the same thing twice, I put aside my pen, went into the garden and gathered peas for dinner, came in and shelled them, and have since read the "Radical," and looked into "Friends' Intelligencer," and some other periodicals, and wished we only took half the number.

She wrote a daughter: "Are you thinking this day, that two months have passed since the memorable night and day? Every day and night since has been counted by me, and the untiring subject of thought finds expression wherever there are ears to hear and sympathetic hearts to beat in unison. . . . Mine are not tears of bitterness, but of tenderness. Excessive grief is lamentable, if not reprehensible. I do not mourn, but rather remember by blessings, and the blessing of his long life with me."

Life at Roadside became very quiet to the woman who always had loved action. "Maria and I are day after day alone. Edward comes out to a late dinner. Ellis and Margaret drove over the other evening by bright moonlight, and passed an hour or so on the piazza. But oh! the great blank! Your dear father was ever there these warm summer evenings, and we seem to miss him more there than in the house, if that is possible."

She felt, too, the absence of Robert Collyer, who was in the Middle West. "We were saying the other evening as we sat on the piazza in the moonlight, Edward, Maria, and I, how few friends we had left to come and sit with us, as Robert Collyer used to do, and how we missed in a thousand ways the beloved occupant of the large chair out there," where James had been wont to sit.

"Tom and Fanny are here for a few days, and their merry laugh takes us back to the happy days of Roadside, before the glory departed. Alas!"

CHAPTER XXVII

FREE RELIGION

Early a transcendentalist, as Lucretia grew older she became increasingly rationalistic. She made many startling statements about religion which in former years might have led to disownment from the Quaker church. The Civil War had shown her to have been so early in the right of Abolitionism that she was considered a prophet among her people, and what she said was accepted by lesser lights with possessive pride, especially by members of her church who did not grasp the full significance of her radical utterances.

What if she did say that religion in time would become so practical, so living, that she wondered what use the increasing number of churches would be put to, as civilization outgrew them? What if she did preach natural religion, philosophy, and skepticism of what lay beyond the grave? What if she did say that a great deal of time and effort had been spent in the sphere of poetic fancy, picturing the glory and joy of a kingdom hereafter, when what was chiefly required of man was to come into the divine government *now* on earth? What if she did charge that people were changing their ideas of religion even though they clung to the form of ancient creeds? What if she did deny that the daily minutiae of man were controlled by an Almighty God influenced by a council of saints and the prayers of priests? What if she did preach a religion which was defiant of antiquity and old interpretations?

After all, she was a very famous person, and famous persons are entitled to make bold utterances.

Quakers who had not had a fresh thought since adolescence blinked benignly as Lucretia charged, "What feeble steps have been taken from Popery to Protestantism! Our ecclesiastics, be they Bishops, or Quaker Elders, have still far too much sway. Convents we have yet, with high walls, whose inmates having taken the veil, dare not give range to their free-born spirit, now miserably cramped and shrouded."

No one complained when she made the startling statement that Jesus had not taught any new principle; that Christians made a mis-

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take when they dated the commencement of true religion eighteen hundred years back, and that no nation had a spiritual language exclusively its own; that there was a religious essence in man; that the records of all ages showed this instinct in man, varying in accordance with the circumstances of birth and education, and the exercise of free agency. She admitted that where there was ignorance there was barbarism and superstition. But, she affirmed, all through the ages there had been striking instances of righteousness, goodness, and truth among pagan peoples, and these to a far greater extent than Biblical history furnished.

Having witnessed Indians at their strawberry festivals and dances and religious operations, she had thought there was, perhaps, as much reasonableness and rational worship therein as in passing around the little bread and wine, or in some of the peculiarities of her own people the Quakers, for all sects, all denominations, she affirmed, had their tendency to worship in the letter rather than the spirit.

She boldly prophesied the coming of the day of universal religion. The Great Spirit of the Indian, the Quaker "inward light" of George Fox, the "blessed Mary, mother of Jesus," of the Catholics, or Brahma the Hindoo God, would eventually be deemed the same thing, and when this was accomplished there would "come to be such a faith, and such liberty" as should "redeem the world."

A startling attitude for a person on the brink of the grave was her cheerful doubt of even well planned prognostications of what lay the other side of death. Being intellectually honest, she came close at times to agnosticism. Scattered over a period of forty years there are but few references to immortality in her writings. As early as 1840 she had told Elizabeth Cady Stanton that "no one knows any more of what lies beyond our sphere of action than thou and I; and we know nothing." This summed her attitude towards what she often described as the "unprofitable speculations" of churchmen on the subject of Heaven.

She was content to leave the impenetrable mystery of death in the hands of Infinite Beneficence. She is known to have written but one letter regarding the future, and this was in reply to a friend who, in the agony of heavy bereavement, had written her for consolation. Lucretia's reply, written a few years after her own dear husband's death, during a period of loneliness and mourning at an age past seventy-five, illustrates how the writer clung to principles.

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She wrote how gladly she would send a consolatory letter, "but alas! While the faith of many sympathizers with the bereaved can present beautiful pictures of the blessedness of the departed, and their assurance of a happy reunion, I can only say with the Apostle, 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be,' and try to be satisfied with the consciousness that *now* are we the children of God; with the fullness of hope, and such an earnest of the kingdom of Heaven as may be in completion hereafter—and always with the *idea* that our nearest and dearest immortals are waiting for us."

After the death of a grandchild, a friend criticized how little faith had Lucretia because she failed to dwell on the nearness of Heaven "as a known fact," to which Lucretia had replied that it was because "we have so much faith, and a firm trust that all will be well, that we indulge no vain curiosity as to 'what we shall be.'"

When a stricken sister described the death of one of her children as a "special Providence," and pictured her little son "in an angelic embrace in the ethereal world" with his grandmother, Lucretia replied that "it is a beautiful thought—would that its reality were capable of demonstration," but, she asked, "why speak of 'special Providences?' We can but consider them 'dark and inexplicable.' But when we come to look at all these seeming inflictions, as the operations of the natural laws, while the pang of parting with our loved ones is none the less, we are not left so in the dark, nor do we take such gloomy views of 'the ways of Providence.' In thy letter thou says, 'Charlie's death was so decreed. It is beyond mortal power to say *why* decreed.' I would ask if it is not equally impossible to *prove* it 'so decreed?' While, on the other hand, tracing all effects in nature to their legitimate causes, we may with more knowledge say why death ensues when malignant disease visits; and why malignant disease visits our abodes, in these populous cities, where the poor are crowded into unventilated rooms, and in the universal linking of our interests and our sufferings, 'strikes down our fairest and our best beloved.'

"We mourn the dead, because nature has so constituted us; not on their account always, nor is the sorrow purely selfish. When people die before they have lived half their days, it seems contrary to the design of their creation; the world loses their usefulness, and they lose so much of the enjoyment of life, that all these considerations inspire sadness at their departure."

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Thoughts such as these were rare in a day when people preferred to believe that children who died young were gathered in an early harvest to sit with the angels in a sort of socially registered heavenly Blue Book. The anodyne was expressed in the slogan "The good die young."

It was easier and less expensive to say that death was due to God's providence than to carry on a campaign for improved sanitation. The shift of blame to God raised no objections from gentlemen of wealth who rented squalid homes to poverty-stricken tenants, and were not infrequently elders in the church. Such men controlled religion and made city ordinances, and had a mighty advantage over the non-elect.

Lucretia's interest in rational religion led her, despite a feeble state of health and the burden of seventy-four years, to make the arduous journey to Boston when invited to attend a meeting for the purpose of organizing the Free Religious Association.

She was introduced to the audience as a loyal friend of liberal religion. The Free Religious Association came nearest to Lucretia's ideal of a religious organization than any she had ever known. No reform since the close of the anti-slavery struggle absorbed her attentions so warmly, except the cause of peace. With considerable regularity she attended the anniversary meetings of the new society.

The famous Thomas Wentworth Higginson described her appearance upon one such occasion: "Dear old Lucretia Mott spoke. She said that long ago in noting the failing powers of a speaker, she told her daughters she herself would stop speaking at sixty. Her daughters think 'mother takes a long time in being sixty,' as she is now past eighty and still spoke half an hour clearly and forcibly."

In 1873 Lucretia made what she thought would be her last speech to the association which had endeared itself to her from the beginning. At this time she expressed her satisfaction of a change in the association's constitution, made at her suggestion, that a purpose of the society was to encourage the scientific study of the religious element in man rather than the scientific study of "theology." Dilating on the point, she told her audience of a visit from Dr. Channing years ago at her house and how, when he attempted to advocate his views about what everlasting progress there should be in the hereafter, she had told him it was as interesting to her as any speculation on the subject to which she had ever listened, but he must allow her to say that it was speculation still.

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At the age of eighty-three Lucretia made her last address on the Free Religious platform. Coming towards the end of the program, she opened her remarks with the apology that it seemed to her very kind in an audience to be willing to stay and "listen to the humble words of an old Quaker woman." Accepting some flowers that were brought up to her, she related many interesting personal reminiscences of days when she had been a pioneer in free religion and had found few comrades with whom to commune.

Her voice was heard not again on the platform of the Free Religious Association, but she was not forgotten. At the thirty-third annual convention held at Boston, June 11, 1900, an address was given in her memory as one of the country's great leaders of liberal religion. Said a speaker upon that occasion:

Those of us who were privileged to attend the earlier meetings of this Association, in Horticultural Hall and the old Tremont Temple, remember that saintly yet fragile figure—but not too saintly to be human or to fight vigorously for the things that she believed to be true, especially if they were unpopular—Lucretia Mott. She certainly is to be numbered among the saints of Free Religion.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PACIFISM

In the last decade of Lucretia's life the peace movement overtopped all other interests. Even votes for women did not take hold of her as did the campaign to abolish war. After her husband's death she succeeded him as president of the Pennsylvania Peace Society.

Despite the Franco-Prussian War in Europe and civil war at home recently ended, Lucretia was encouraged to believe that the battlefield would eventually be abolished by an enlightened people, just as slavery had been abolished when first the task had seemed impossible. Her influence for peace was greater because of her untarnished record of obedience to principle during the Civil War. It was remembered that she had been an early member of the non-resistant society founded by Garrison which had embraced pacifism so thoroughly that it had emanated an offensive stench to the nostrils of even the members of the American Peace Society.

The first pacifist of the century to attempt on a large scale the organization of public opinion in the interests of practical peace had been, not Garrison, but Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith." Burritt was an idealist who did much hard labor. In association with William Ladd of the American Peace Society he had assembled an international congress of delegates in place of visionary utopias previously conceived by idealists, thereby taking a practical step towards the idea of international unity and open discussion.

When the Oregon question had threatened war between England and the United States, he had mobilized the working classes of both countries to express anti-war sentiment, a novel idea in days when working men shared no part in foreign affairs except as cannon fodder. On a large scale he had utilized the press by incisive bits of peace propaganda called "olive leaves," and had organized Olive Branch Circles in British and American cities to exchange sentiments on the mutual profits of trade to be derived from peace.

Merchants and mayors of English cities wrote to merchants and mayors of American cities, and vice versa. Plymouth, England, memorialized Plymouth, Massachusetts, and new Boston greeted old Boston. As many as 3,525 Philadelphia women had responded to

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Lucretia's plea and signed a friendly address to the women of Exeter, England, in one of the largest of these letters.

Lucretia had written friends in Ireland that she hoped Elihu Burritt and other lovers of peace "in this land and yours" would avert the impending danger of war between the countries. "Our politicians and demagogues may make a great bluster, and your nation may expend much in preparation for battle; but let the moral power of the friends of peace be exerted and we may hope the sword will be stayed."

What share peace propaganda had in the settlement of the Oregon question cannot be identified with certainty. Perhaps the alliance of Southern cotton fields with British capital had more to do with it than olive branches.

Successful in some degree in preventing a third war between America and the mother country, Burritt and his associates had been signally unsuccessful in avoiding the clash with Mexico. A forest of olive trees could not have obstructed the course of Manifest Destiny in 1846.

The determination of the wars of the Revolution and 1812 had ushered in an era of intense nationalism in America. Self-glorification and conceit require no organized societies. On every hand and in every paper it was heard or read that "ours is the elect nation for the age to come . . . we are the chosen people . . . the only free men on earth." The sentiment had grown that the Stars and Stripes should wave in unbroken ripples from Bar Harbor, Maine, to the Golden Gate, even from Hudson's Bay to the Isthmus of Panama. Manifest Destiny champed its bit. The eagle spread his wings and shrieked defiance.

The controversy over Texas and California—evidence that "greedy" England might be thinking of seizing land "patriotic" Americans wanted—bred suspicion and jingoism. On March 4, 1845, James K. Polk took the oath of office as eleventh President of the United States. Everything was in readiness for the greatest land grab in American history. Polk was not one to graft olive branches onto the tree of statesmanship. The easiest way to keep California from going British was to annex it to the United States. Accordingly, Polk acted the bully over the issue of the eastern boundary of Texas, and ordered troops to take up a position in the valley of the Rio Grande in the disputed strip of territory between Texas and Mexico.

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General Worth had led the army of occupation; in contemporary language "gallantry leading the way in the first venturous crossing of the Colorado," and had pitched camp on the left bank of the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras. A tense situation created, it was not long ere guns were discharged, blood had been shed, and the manpower of America was called to "defend" its institutions—mainly slavery and the real estate business.

The war spirit zoomed. On every hand Lucretia heard the cry, "Our country has been invaded and American blood spilled on American (proposed) soil." She heard, too, the musical productions of the pre-tinpan alley played by every orchestra in the country. The Nation resounded to the stirring music of "General Worth's Grand March" and "General Worth's Quick Step," and songs warranted to excite the pulse if they did not nourish the brain.

From Europe Burritt had sought Lucretia's aid in obtaining for him a list of all the Sabbath schools in Philadelphia with the names of the superintendents in order to establish a correspondence on the subjects of peace, love, and liberty. Lucretia confessed she had not faith enough in the efficacy of the measure, nor indeed in Sunday school operations in general, to enter into it very heartily.

She did, however, take the letter to the agent of the Sunday School Union, but he declined to furnish the list, giving the excuse that Sunday schools only instilled general principles, leaving details to other schools and parents. Lucretia came away ruminating on the maxim that when a Nation is at war it is best for churches not to be too specific about the brotherhood of man and the peace that passeth all understanding.

The Immediate Emancipationists, one hundred per cent. strong, repudiated the slaveholders' war, as they identified it; and one hundred per cent. Americans were confirmed in the belief of many years growth that humanitarianism had gnawed out the heart of patriotism. Like a worm in an apple it had consumed the sterling virtues of mankind which were the worship of the prevalent religion and the defense of the prevalent flag.

No expression can be found in Lucretia's letters to show that she was thrilled by the exploits of that graceful and dashing cavalier, her kinsman Worth, whose tall and erect form had been the first to enter Mexico City, where he had cut the flag that waved from the national

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palace and unfurled the Stars and Stripes in the land of the Montezumas.

Fortunately for Lucretia the war with Mexico had been not more than a series of setting-up exercises for the American armies. There had been no need of a Criminal Syndicalism Act, and she had not been silenced by law. In fact, opposition to the war had been openly and vociferously carried on in many parts of the North where there had been talk of secession.

While the roll of drums and the treble of the fife were being heard in the land, a Hicksite minister by the name of Jackson inopportunistly published a small treatise entitled "Reflections on Peace and War." The author's purpose had been to demonstrate that war was at variance with the Christian religion, and to question the divine inspiration of the Jewish wars of the Old Testament. The book aroused a storm of criticism (not among irreligious politicians or money-mad capitalists so often accused of fomenting wars, but among the church people of the Nation who preached the principles of Christ).

Most Quakers were opposed to the book on "principle," many were afraid to suffer it in their homes; very few read it. When at a Quaker meeting in Ohio Lucretia had recommended it to women in place of the frivolous periodicals of the day, a spirited reply had been made by a local minister who expressed astonishment that a Quaker minister should recommend a book "that despised the Bible."

Long before the publication of Jackson's book, and antedating the formation of the New England Non-Resistance Society, Lucretia had expressed the opinion that war had no divine sanction. Repeating this thought to Garrison in days when he was still a Calvinist, he had been at first startled, not to say shocked, as he described it "on hearing the determination from her lips, that she did not believe God ever authorized or sanctioned war, in any age or nation. . . . Not that I," commented Garrison, "had any doubt as to the prohibition of all war in the New Testament, but I had never thought of questioning the integrity of the Jewish record. 'How do you dispose of the statements made in the Old Testament,' I asked, 'that the Lord commanded Moses, Joshua, and others, to wage even wars of extermination?'"

Quietly the Quakeress had replied, "I can more easily believe that man is fallible, than that God is changeable."

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Had Garrison not been converted to the idea of the total sinfulness of war, America would have lost a cog in the movement for world peace. Education was a remedy proposed by Lucretia. The need for this she preached in many sermons. She was convinced that when men evolved to a disposition to redress national grievances by means other than physical, they would find a way to accomplish that end. It was necessary first to bring them to the proper way of thinking.

Of course, there were many persons who accused her, in this as in Abolitionism, of having no practical or specific plan of relief; but a survey of man's progress demonstrates the truth that first there must come the seer with vision, and next the educator to wing desire, and thirdly the man of action to give shape to dreams. Too often the statesman, who takes up the burden at the point where popular opinion has been crystalized by the pioneer, is accorded a share of fame in excess of his deserts. The world requires the dreamer and the teacher and the motivator, and although there is truth in the accusation that the dreamer is scarcely ever the man of action, seldom is the latter the prophet of man's noblest aspirations.

Long before Lucretia's death practically every modern plan for securing peace had been anticipated. A plan almost identical in outline to the draft which created the twentieth century League of Nations and the world Court had been an essay winner as early as 1840. Late in life Lucretia addressed a meeting at New York convened to lay plans for the calling of a world's convention of women in behalf of international peace, and to advocate the settlement of differences between nations by an international court.

While she was president of the local State peace society she rarely allowed anything to interfere with her attendance at executive meetings. A few months before death she attended such a meeting for the last time, but was not strong enough to remain throughout the session.

She would not have been surprised, if she had lived into the twentieth century, to have observed that the clergy which in her day supported war as an ordinance of God, rallied on both sides in the World War, bringing with them in the name of patriotism the split blessings of Almighty God. More to her satisfaction would have been knowledge of the modern church program of pacifism. She might say of modern clerics that, right or wrong, they are more nearly followers of Christ than they have been these nineteen hundred years.

CHAPTER XXIX

FALLING PETALS

"Having known Lucretia Mott, not only in the flush of life, when all her faculties were at their zenith, but in the repose of advanced age, her withdrawal from our midst seems as natural and as beautiful as the changing foliage of some grand oak from the spring-time to the autumn."—ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Old age is apt to follow great personages, like the moon the sun, to distort the shadowy shapes of those who have lingered too long. But the years were kind to Lucretia, and she grew venerable without the caricature of mental affliction. She suffered no serious decay, yet year by year, month by month, and finally day by day, the body weakened, the spirit no longer could apply the lash, and she laid herself down to die, serenely and without fear.

She had faith in the universal fitness of Creation; death must inevitably dissolve the physical body. On her death bed she held fast to her integrity, saying: "I do not dread death. Indeed, I dread nothing; I am ready to go or to stay, but I feel that it is time for me to go"; and again, "I am willing to acknowledge all ignorance of the future, and there leave it. It does not trouble me. We know only that our poor remains

'Softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.'

At half past seven o'clock on the "eleventh day of eleventh month," 1880, the torch flickered out. She was laid to rest Sunday afternoon in the Friends' burying ground at Fair Hill on the Germantown Road in the presence of a large concourse of about two thousand persons, many of whom were representatives of the race she had done so much to free. Before death she had commanded her family, ". . . remember that my life has been a simple one; let simplicity mark the last done for me."

In the house at Roadside there had been the Quaker season of solemn silence, after which short remarks had been made by those who felt moved to speak. A friend quoted the passage, "Know ye not

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that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." The coffin was carried to the highway by sons and grandsons, and the long procession moved down York Road towards Philadelphia bearing Lucretia on her last journey on the highway to the city over which she had so many times traveled on errands of mercy.

Fair Hill cemetery was a little mound-shaped enclosure, sloping up all sides to the center, and filled with trees and shrubbery, with graves marked only by marble blocks not more than six inches high. In the loftiest part of the mound an excavation had been opened by the side of the body of James, beneath the spreading branches of an aspen tree, and hard by a weeping willow. A quiet, peaceful, secluded spot in the bustle of life.

A profound silence hushed the mourners while the last preparations were made, broken only by a few words by Dr. Henry T. Child. The little coffin, scarcely larger than a child's, was reverently lowered. A voice could stand the suspense no longer, and cried, "Will no one say anything?" And another responded from a full heart, "Who can speak? The preacher is dead!"

Death stills tongues which have spoken, but can never still the truth of words once uttered. The preacher died, but sentiments that were always raised whenever an unpopular truth needed defense, wherever a popular evil needed to be testified against, and wherever a wronged man or woman needed a champion, will live as long as men pay homage to truth and purity.

For this reason we choose not to close the life of Lucretia Mott at the fresh mound. Let us recount in further detail the nearly twelve years of Lucretia's life after the parting of James. There were drives to the beautiful old meetinghouse at Jenkintown, silent and secluded in its location amidst the "Oaks of Abington," one of the most peaceful spots imaginable. Lucretia loved the fine old building, prim and full of dignity, and its noble setting off the York Road. There were trips into the city, visits to the House of Industry, and the Race Street School, meetings at the Old Colored Home, and interest in Freedmen's societies, the peace society, and suffrage conventions, as well as attendance at the midweekly meetings and yearly meetings of Friends at Philadelphia, and occasional participation in the convocations of the Free Religious Association at Boston, a part of which has already been recounted.

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There was much to do and many people willing to help. There was solace in the general kindness that everywhere greeted the aging crusader. Instead of averted faces and open condemnation, she was met with manifestations of tenderness and veneration. The quaint little figure of an older day became a venerated object in the bustle of city streets. It was not an unusual occurrence for her to be addressed by strangers with the request that they be allowed to take her hand a moment. Once a woman in deep mourning brushed her by and murmured as she passed, "God bless you, Lucretia Mott."

Fostered in an atmosphere of love and appreciation, her face became transfixed like a saint's. Each year stole something from her physical vigor, and added to her grace of manner. She had lived to see the triumph of a great cause, and her heart was filled with thanksgiving. But as year after year removed old associates and loved companions, a sense of loneliness stole upon her despite her long habit of being constantly engaged in activity to drive away the blues. The younger generation growing up around her could not quite take the place of departed friends, though its members tended her declining steps with care and devotion.

The peace of these years was broken only by internal dissensions in the woman's ranks coming to a head in the white heat of Reconstruction. There were, too, inevitable differences of religion, and divergent views about divorce.

In time Susan and Elizabeth formed the National Woman's Suffrage Society, and Lucy Stone and Mrs. Howe effected an opposing organization named the American Woman Suffrage Association. The president of the American society was potent Henry Ward Beecher, a gentleman (before the fall) more eminently respected than Susan or Elizabeth. Lucretia was not so much interested in the turn towards suffrage as she had been in the earlier struggle for economic and legal equality. Though she retained interest in the woman's movement, she resolved not to be drawn into party spirit. But she could not restrain casting her primary allegiance with the founders of the movement, who were allied with the national party, while she retained friendships also with many old anti-slavery companions in the American Society. These included Robert Collyer, Garrison, Julia Ward Howe, Beecher, Lucy Stone, Colonel Higginson, Grace Greenwood, Lydia Maria Child, Phœbe A. Hanaford, S. S. Foster and wife, Samuel J. May, Mary Grew, George W. Julian, and Gerrit Smith.

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The opposing wings did little harm to each other, but the spectacle of friends arrayed against each other in a mutual cause, led to efforts of compromise and reconciliation. Elizabeth proclaimed herself willing to resign as president of the national society if the two factions could be brought together under the generalship of either Beecher or Lucretia. A conference was called to meet at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. Lucretia, who now rarely left home, went all the way from Philadelphia to use her influence in effecting a reunion. The result was a protracted but fruitless conference of four hours. Lucretia's friendly offers which had never before been disregarded failed to effect a purpose.

At this importunate hour, while the national society was busy shaking its skirts of charges of free-loveism (engendered because of Mrs. Stanton's views on divorce), there injected herself into the woman's ranks startling Victoria Woodhull, whose similarity to the good queen ended where the name began. Victoria and her sister, Tennessee Claflin, issued "*Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*," in favor of spiritualism, woman suffrage, birth control, and eventually Victoria Woodhull for President of the United States. The sisters defended, and supposedly practiced, "free love." They had had a spectacular career in Wall Street as stock brokers, incongruous with their school education and police records. Their success was explained by rumors that they were protégées of old Cornelius Vanderbilt, and likewise had the aid of spirits, perhaps specters of deceased Wall Street operators who combined the advantages of mundane experience with that of supernatural observation.

Victoria's decision to enter the woman's field was received with shivers of apprehension by the leaders of the movement, who had little sympathy with the most of her principles. In the rôle of free lance, Victoria appeared before a Congressional committee and read a paper urging that women were already entitled to vote under existing constitutional provisions, and that a Sixteenth Amendment was not necessary to confer the ballot. Her paper was so much superior to anything on the subject yet produced by more experienced women that it was generally conceded to be the work of one of the brilliant legal minds of the day.

Elizabeth and Susan were delighted with the paper. Quick to take up the cudgels in defense of any woman under fire, they admit-

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ted Victoria into their ranks, believing her a martyr to Victorian cant (the Queen's brand!). They accepted the advice of a tried politician that they could not let go a promising worker because of divergent opinions on alien subjects, if they wished to gain power.

Victoria was presented at a convention to the suffragette public carefully sandwiched on the platform between Elizabeth Stanton and Lucretia Mott for the purpose of conveying the impression of respectability. Rising to the occasion, the notorious convert gave a "Great Secession Speech" in true dramatic style and with plenty of fire and adjectives. She let it be known, if the next Congress refused to give women all the fruits of citizenship, women would call another convention and frame a new Constitution of the United States and, if necessary, a new government. "We mean treason, we mean secession, on a thousand times grander scale than was that of the South," exulted Victoria.

Such a valiant speech had not been heard since days before the war when Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison had hurled their white-hot bolts into the Nation's face. Victoria sat down in a glow of excitement. Her palpitant frozen beauty moved even Lucretia, who had had her doubts. Paulina Wright Davis was hypnotized, and Horace Greeley joined Vanderbilt in masculine admiration.

Victoria on the platform increased the cry "free love." Even Lucretia's name did not escape the charge by some quirk of excited reasoning. The opponents of the woman's movement were convinced anew that their fears had been always correct. The members of the American Society thanked their lucky stars they were no longer associated with such radicals as Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony. Lucy Stone's retention of her maiden name simmered into comparative respectability.

In order to test Victoria's theory of the right of women to vote, Susan cast a ballot at an election, and was promptly arrested and convicted on the charge of voting without lawful right.

When Victoria offered a motion looking forward to the formation of a new political party to elect herself to office, disillusioned Susan awoke to the fact that Victoria was making a tool of the woman's national society. Whereupon Susan adjourned the meeting and ordered the janitor to cut off the lights, and Victoria sputtered out in darkness like a fallen star after a meteorical flight across the suffragette heavens.

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Meanwhile death continued to weave in and out among Lucretia's family and friends, delaying always to cut down Lucretia as though unable to bring itself to the task. Beloved sister Elizabeth, cherished companion of seventy years, died within two years of James. Lucretia missed her sorely, and passed her house with an aching sense of desolation and the feeling of "a lone, lorn one left behind." She grieved to a daughter, "It is time for me, too, to rest 'low in the ground,' beside your father's earthly all, and so near two dear daughters."

Five more of the family passed away in the course of the next half dozen years, including youngest sister Martha. Separation from Martha, a fellow laborer, supporter, and sometimes her leader in the woman's movement in respect to new ideas, confidante in domestic as well as public careers, was almost too much to bear.

In the autumn of 1869 Lucretia performed the sad duty of visiting Nantucket to attend the funeral of Nathaniel Barney. Again in the summer of 1876 she visited the home of her childhood and reviewed the old landmarks she had known and loved so well, taking grandchildren and great-grandchildren with her that they might see the land of her fathers and mothers, and drink at wells of inspiration where she had imbibed. She fondly promised herself she would go again, but never regained sufficient strength to undertake the arduous voyage. Weeks slipped into months and months into years before she admitted that she would never more see the land of rolling moors and windswept hills and weather-beaten wharves, the far-flung island over which the spirit of Tristram Coffin and Mary Starbuck ever lives.

Seventy-seven years of age, she attended the funeral of Thomas Garrett, the staunch Moses of fugitive slaves. In attendance were negroes and whites. An intelligent black man, a Methodist minister, and Lucretia were among the speakers. A mourner described her words as a benediction.

One by one she bade farewell at the grave to the companions of her long fighting life. Others became so feeble as to appear decreasingly in public. Giants who had faced the turbulence of the world became the charges of children and grandchildren. Lucretia wrote of herself in 1872, "I fail every week . . . I weighed yesterday—only seventy-six and a half pounds now!"

Wherever she went she was accompanied by a member of the family or an intimate friend, for as she complained, "I have arrived

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at the state not to be trusted alone"; then the independent spirit of the spitfire of Nine Partners asserted itself, and she concluded, "therefore I shall soon give up going anywhere." This decision she no better kept than the earlier one to give up speaking at sixty. The wilful spirit continued to preside at occasional meetings.

Her time at home was utilized in the old-fashioned practice of preparing household rags to be woven into carpets, and in turning sheets, hemming towels, or darning stockings. Her reading favored Dean Stanley. His valedictory address at St. Andrews was a pre-eminent favorite. A newspaper clipping of it became so worn with use that a friend sent her a new one neatly pasted in a small blank book. This she carried in her pocket, more to lend than to read, for she knew much of it by memory.

No characteristic of her long life more marks her freedom from sectarian bigotry than her delight in reading what she called Truth wherever contained. In youth she had revered the writings of Channing, but now she had room in her heart and mind for Stanley. His "Hope of Theology" she kept beside her until her dying day, offering it for a glance to visitors that came to her bedside. Copies of an address by him made on his American tour she bought in large quantities to give away.

Even when she had lived more than eighty years she retained interest in current problems with all her former relish. It is said she was better informed upon the presidential campaign of 1880 than many persons with easier channels of information. In the twilight hours of life she not only recited the poetry of buried generations, but read with thrilling effect the poems of modern day. In the cool of evening she liked to repeat in tones of liquid sweetness whole pages of Cowper's "Task" or Young's "Night Thoughts" or Milton when his lofty strains did not jar upon her wider sense of justice.

Susan B. Anthony remembered how the woman spent an entire evening reading aloud to her household Arnold's "The Light of Asia." In after years Susan recalled the deep and tender voice and its moving sweetness when to young souls about her the woman of more than eighty-seven years read the parting words of Lord Sīdartha to his wife and love, as he left her to go forth to save the world:

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My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet.

At the silver anniversary meeting of the woman's movement held at Apollo Hall in New York City, it was especially announced that Elizabeth and Lucretia would be present during the ceremonies. A laurel wreath was presented "to the founder of the Woman's Rights movement, the venerable Lucretia Mott," and it was resolved by the convention "that Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton will evermore be held in grateful remembrance as the pioneers in this grandest reform of the age."

Another event of interest was the centennial anniversary of the old Pennsylvania Abolition Society held in one of the largest halls in Philadelphia. The place was thronged and the platform crowded with those who had been active in reform. United States Senator Henry Wilson presided and after one or two speakers had been introduced, uttered these words: "I propose now to present to you one of the most venerable and noble of the American women, whose voice for forty years has been heard, and has tenderly touched many noble hearts. Age has dimmed her eye and weakened her voice, but her heart, like the heart of a wise man and wise woman, is yet young. I present to you Lucretia Mott."

As Lucretia came to the front of the platform the vast audience arose with tumultuous applause, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and cheering loudly. The recipient of the honor stood motionless for a time, frail in body, a light beaming in her face, when, in the hush that fell, she raised a voice slightly tremulous, but clear and impressive, and slowly repeated the lines:

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind words
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the *gratitude* of man
Hath oftener left *me* mourning.

Thus she forgave and forgot the unkind words that had been said of her so many years.

The personal ovation was continued the next year at the Centennial Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The year 1876 was one of patriotic exultation and enthusiasm throughout the Nation.

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As popular thought turned with the interest of the hour to the underlying principles of American government, women renewed demands for political equality and requested a place on the official program. This was denied. Mothers might popularly be accredited with molding affairs of state equal to that of men by their benign influence in the home raising little generals and statesmen and washing their socks and dishes, but this boasted office of influence entitled them to no place on the long and varied program in memory of the founders of the Nation.

The centennial celebration was a gala male affair. Colored men—only a few years since harried in the Federal courts while women protected them—marched by with flaunting banners, citizens and voters of the United States of America. It was a brave occasion, and the newly enfranchised citizens appreciated what had been done for them—by their sex. Women on the sidewalks watched them carry banner after banner emblazoned with the names of Garrison or Phillips or Douglass. They searched in vain for a tribute to Lucretia Mott, or the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or any other woman of the anti-slavery conflict. The year 1876 was a year of jubilee to a ransomed male nationality, white and black.

At twelve o'clock noon, July 4, the National Woman Suffrage Association met in the First Unitarian Church, where Dr. Furness had preached a half century, its pulpit now filled by a worthy kinsman of the Reverend Samuel J. May. Lucretia took her place on the platform as the convention's presiding officer. Commencing to speak, there were calls from the audience that she ascend the pulpit in order that she might be better seen. As the eighty-three year old president climbed the long winding staircase into the old-fashioned octagon pulpit, she paused on the way and remarked humorously to the audience: "I am somewhat like Zaccheus of old who climbed the sycamore tree his Lord to see; I climb this pulpit, not because I am of lofty mind, but because I am short of stature that you may see me."

As the countenance of the woman appeared above the pulpit, the crowd marked the tender, placid face, so engraved but unmarred with lines of age, and the body that seemed slowly slipping away from earth, that one might almost expect to see it gradually dissolve into space and join the angels above. They knew it might be the woman's last appearance among them. By happy inspiration the Hutchinson

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family of singers broke into "Nearer, My God to Thee." The effect was marvelous. The audience at once rose to its feet and joined in the words of the hymn. Never was the beautiful song sung with more fervent expression, while the object of the subtle flattery quietly awaited until it was finished, without the least suspicion of the personal application of what she considered was a part of the regular service.

An eye witness remarked: "The dear old soul is so much stronger than her body, that it would seem that she must have greatly overtasked herself; though an inspired soul has wonderful recuperative forces at command for the temple it inhabits."

Lucretia's participation in the centennial celebration was not her last public appearance, but the spirit that had never failed to whip the declining body to just one more task, found it more and more difficult to attain its ends. Edward H. Davis was often sent as a proxy in causes dear to his mother-in-law, and became good-naturedly resigned to being introduced as "Lucretia Mott's son-in-law" on public occasions. To him was indebted for a number of years whatever life was found in the woman's movement in Pennsylvania, and he spared neither time, money, nor personal effort, to hold up the torch trembling in the hands of the aged pioneer.

John F. Hume saw Lucretia during one of her last appearances as a presiding officer and recorded: "She was then an aged woman, but her eye seemed to be as bright and her movements as alert as they had ever been. Framed by her becoming Quaker bonnet, which she retained in her official position, the face of the handsome old lady would have been a splendid subject for an artist."

July 19th—the day of the original Seneca Falls convention—was celebrated in 1878 at an assembly held at Rochester in the church of the same Unitarian society that had opened its doors to the women in 1848. It was a happy thought that transferred the thirtieth anniversary meeting of the woman's rights society from its customary meeting place at New York City to the little up-State town where feminine freedom had been born.

Noble Quaker Amy Post, seventy-seven years old, assisted in the arrangements, and so did Mrs. Frances D. Gage and Frederick Douglass. But it was only too clear that the ancients present would soon cease to answer the roll call. Names that once had been familiar on

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the platform were becoming historically remembered. At the reunion new faces predominated.

The Rochester convention was the last annual woman's meeting which Lucretia was able to attend. In the old Unitarian Church she had launched the movement; in the new church of the same society she bade it public farewell. Her family had especially requested that she be not urged to attend, but on reading the call she had quietly announced her intention to be present, and with ever faithful Sarah Pugh as her companion, had made the journey in the intense heat of July.

What changes she had lived to see in the popular estimate of herself! Once considered a dangerous innovator in the social and religious world, the slow-moving masses that feared her a half century ago as an infidel, a fanatic, and an unsexed woman, had followed her footsteps until a broader outlook had expanded their vision. They now revered her as a prophet and a saint. Yet Lucretia Mott had changed the bold background of her views only in the perfection of details.

The "vagaries" of the anti-slavery struggle had been coined into law. The "wild fantasies" of the Abolitionists were now the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States. Infidel Hicksite principles which had shocked Christendom were now corner stones of the liberal religious movement in America. Woman's demands for social, civil, and political equality—grinned at by editors from the Atlantic to the Pacific—had been recognized in a measure by the courts and legislatures of Great Britain and the United States. The colleges, trades, and professions gradually had been opened to woman's admission. Followers of Blackstone and St. Paul were ready to defend the new doctrines in the name of conservatism, patriotism, and true religion, as formerly they had led the attack with the same weapons.

Seated on the platform at Rochester, Lucretia listened to letters received from Garrison and Phillips, for already disagreements engendered by Reconstruction were dying out. The participants realized that the years which had been so ripe and full were now few and numbered. There was no heart left for petty bickerings. They had fought side by side too often in their virile days to be strangers in the hour of death. They walked beside still waters in the valley of

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death and their hearts were tender for each other and the names of comrades who one by one had dropped from sight each anniversary meeting.

Lucretia spoke several times in her old, gentle, half-humorous but convincing manner and was heard with rapt attention. She never seemed more hopeful of the triumph of woman's principles than on this occasion. Her enthusiasm for the cause for which she had so long labored seemed reinvigorated. Her eyes sparkled with laughter as, in her happiest vein, she recounted amusing reminiscences of encounters with opponents in early days. She said little of herself, how, always apt in Biblical quotations, she had proved herself a worthy antagonist on the platform and had slain many an Abimelech with short texts of Scripture that had been like millstones upon their heads.

In the overcrowded, heated church, the gentle, frail figure in dove-like Quaker costume spoke on, the petals of the full-blown rose trembled on eternity as they awaited the faintest touch of sunlight from Heaven to strike them gently down. Happy memories crowded fast in mind, all the conventions she had presided over, legislatures besieged, the petitions and tracts circulated, the never-ending debates kept up in public and in private, all the causes for which she had given her strength and her mind and her soul—temperance, world peace, non-resistance, liberal religion, the freedom of a race, the freedom of a sex; always freedom. Prominent in her mind since childhood had been the thought of woman's equality with man, and though often crowded by other reforms, never forgotten, and never despised.

What a far cry from that day when the men of Philadelphia had crashed rocks against the windows of Pennsylvania Hall!

Another decade and perhaps not one of the old leaders would be left, but they had smoothed the paths of rocks for those who were to come. Lives of multitudes of men and women would be gladdened by the sacrifices they had made and the truths they had spoken, though posterity might forget the names of the pioneers, and even belittle their deeds, or fail to realize that the great temples of human happiness owe their existence to radicals who grub the lands on which they stand.

In the course of the convention Lucretia whispered to Elizabeth, "How thankful I am for these bright young women now ready to fill our soon-to-be-vacant places. I want to shake hands with them all

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before I go, and give them a few words of encouragement. I do hope they will not be spoiled with too much praise."

While she talked on about those olden days the body weakened. Dr. Moore, at whose home she was a guest, fearing the consequences of her efforts, stood up in the audience and attempted to attract her attention. Anxiously he called for her in the midst of her closing remarks. As she reluctantly descended the platform she continued speaking, moving slowly down the aisle, shaking hands with spectators eager for the accolade of her touch, even as the vicars of Christ touch hands with St. Peter.

The audience sensed that "the soul of the woman's movement" was marching off the stage of radical reform. Simultaneously it arose to its feet, and on behalf of all Frederick Douglass, the black man, called after the retreating figure:

"Good-bye, dear Lucretia."

(The End)





American Historical Society

Steel Engraving by M. J. Carr.

J. F. Spangler

Spangler and Allied Families

EDITED BY WALTER S. FINLEY, CLEVELAND, OHIO



THE pages that follow serve as a memorial to Colonel Tileston Fracker Spangler in a particularly appropriate sense, for the genealogical material contained herein, indeed the very wording, is the result of his labors. With the exception of the section covering his own career, the family records represent years of research, correspondence, and compilation, a labor of love that he found fascinating and to which he gave a degree of enthusiasm, energy, and interest which no professional genealogist could have equalled. He was intensely and justly proud of his notable ancestry, and was thoroughly at home in the vast amount of data which he had accumulated. The words of Washington Irving fittingly describe him in this relation: "He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity; to both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities." This is forcibly indicated in the reflection of his viewpoint in these pages, the evidence of the laudable aims that inspired him, not to a mere hobby, but to a constructive and beneficial avocation.

For many years an outstanding figure in the business and financial life of Zanesville, Ohio, Colonel Tileston Fracker Spangler performed a work of importance in the conversion of farms into lots for homeseekers in this district. Through banking and public service he likewise helped to promote his city's growth, contributing in both of these realms, as well as in his own real estate activities, to the building of homes and to the enhancement of the natural beauty of Zanesville. He was a leader in a variety of community affairs and a maker of local history.

Colonel Spangler was born March 26, 1849, in Zanesville, Ohio, son of Benjamin and Elizabeth (Tarrance) Spangler, natives of Muskingum County. His grandfather, Jacob Spangler, was a soldier

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in the War of 1812, and his great-grandfather, Mathias Spangler, settled in Muskingum County, Ohio, in 1803. Henry Tarrance, Colonel Spangler's maternal grandfather, was also a veteran of the War of 1812, and was a son of James Tarrance, a native of the north of Ireland, who settled in America soon after the close of the War of the American Revolution.

In his native community of Zanesville, Tileston F. Spangler passed his boyhood years, being graduated from high school in 1867, and then beginning his career as a school teacher. After two years of teaching, he took up the study of law in 1870 in the office of A. W. Train, and in 1873 he was admitted to the bar. Gradually he became more and more interested in real estate work, especially as his legal activities extended increasingly into this branch of Zanesville's business life. As secretary and counsel to the Homestead Building and Savings Association, he had occasion to familiarize himself with land values and real estate operations, and he continued as secretary and manager of that enterprise from the eighties of the last century onward. His secretaryship of the Muskingum County Fair Association also served to give him a wide acquaintance among the people of this region of Ohio.

From time to time Mr. Spangler added new business activities to his work with the Homestead Building and Savings Association. Organizing the Spangler Realty Company, he became its president, and in that capacity led in the development of such important Zanesville residential districts as Fair Oaks, Brighton, Maplewood, Norwood and Belleview Terrace. From 1892 to 1898 he was a director of the City and County Workhouse. On November 1, 1889, he coöperated with other leading citizens of Zanesville in organizing the People's Savings Bank, of which he was the first president. This institution was started strictly for savings, and, beginning operations in a small way, it grew and expanded with the years until its resources totaled more than \$2,000,000, and it owned one of Zanesville's most desirable office buildings. Large and commodious rooms provided every possible facility for modern banking service, and not long before Colonel Spangler's death the bank was remodeled along wholly up-to-date lines. It was afterward absorbed by the Citizens' National Bank, of Zanesville. Colonel Spangler was also the leading organizer of the Guardian Trust and Safe Deposit Company, of this city,

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which was established in May, 1900, and he was made its first vice-president and manager. Later he succeeded John Hoge as president. This company undertook to do a strictly trust business, acting as executor, administrator, trustee and receiver for many of the foremost estates of the community. Its business grew steadily, at length exceeding the \$1,000,000 mark. In 1923 the American Bankers' Association honored Colonel Spangler by making him vice-president for Ohio of the savings bank division of the organization. He also served for a time as president of the Muskingum County Bankers' Association and the Muskingum County Building Association League, and was financially interested in a number of business enterprises in Zanesville.

In 1883 he served on the military staff of the Hon. George Hoadley, Governor of Ohio, as aide-de-camp with the rank of colonel, and in 1889 he similarly served under the Governorship of the Hon. James E. Campbell. His civic works were many, and his participation in public-spirited projects was always a constructive one. Appointed a member of Zanesville's first Park Commission, he so loved the out-of-doors that he contributed most valuably to the commission's work. The commission made great headway with its activities, moreover, during the period of his headship of that body, converting forty acres of comparatively unimproved grounds into parks and making special changes at Putnam Hill and McIntire and Pioneer parks. His transformation of a bare and unsightly river bank at the end of Woodlawn Avenue into a rare beauty spot with flowers and grassy levels and attractive arbors marked a rare achievement in park-making and gave infinite charm to a plot of land in the heart of Zanesville. The improvements that Colonel Spangler effected at Putnam Hill transmuted an uninviting ravine into a paved and beautifully curving approach to the summit and carried out changes at the top that were of a high order. The change made in Dug Road was equally striking. At the outer edge of the road he established a beautiful wall, and a paved driveway replaced the one that had been filled for years with mudholes. It is interesting to note that Colonel Spangler's service on the Park Commission of Zanesville was a natural development from improvements that he effected on property of his own. Community leaders, recognizing these accomplishments, asked him to take over community responsibilities, and he whole-heartedly offered his services when so requested.

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His interest in Zanesville's history was another factor that made for Colonel Spangler's success as a member of the Park Commission. Enjoying gardens and flowers and indulging in walking as his favorite recreation, he delighted in spare time in the study of local history, giving much attention to reading and researches of his own. Studying records in some of the largest libraries in the United States, as well as in those at home, he prepared many papers on subjects of special interest to Zanesville, including one such essay on "Colonization of the Ohio Valley." In one of his many visits to the Congressional Library in Washington, District of Columbia, Colonel Spangler found a record showing that Peter l'Enfant, the French engineer, who in 1791 laid out the nation's capital, had taken pay for his service as a soldier of the Revolution in Muskingum County military lands. His "find" was acclaimed in his home district as an important one, and at once Colonel Spangler proceeded to gather all the important facts of the transaction and to shape them for publication. One day, when the compilation of an authoritative work was under way, Colonel Spangler contributed the story of this discovery.

Along with his other activities, Colonel Spangler was an active member of the Chamber of Commerce from its very inception. From 1870 he was a member of Mechanics' Lodge, No. 28, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, later merged in Muskingum Lodge. He belonged to Amity Lodge, No. 5, of the Free and Accepted Masons, in which fraternity he was also affiliated with Zanesville Chapter, No. 9, Royal Arch Masons; Cyrene Commandery, No. 10, of the Knights Templar (of which he was formerly Eminent Commander), Scioto Consistory of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, and the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. He was made the recipient, in 1908, of the supreme honorary thirty-third degree of Scottish Rite Masonry. Among his other civic activities, Colonel Spangler was for a time president of the Ohio Canal Association, and he likewise belonged to the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the War of 1812. He was a member of Putnam Presbyterian Church, serving as one of its elders. When not engaged in one or another variety of public or private work, Colonel Spangler liked to travel. Going extensively by motor and rail throughout this country and into foreign lands, he derived pleasure and wisdom from his sojournings.

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Through his whole career and in all its aspects he lived well up to the traditions established by his forebears, who for generations had been contributors to the well-being of their fellow-citizens. Members of the line, who employed the original spelling of Spengler, left the Palatinate, in Rhenish Bavaria, about 1732, settling in York County, Pennsylvania. Mathias Spengler, who was of the second generation in the New World, pushed onward into Maryland, becoming one of the first settlers at Frederick, where he bought a large lot from the agent of Lord Baltimore, Maryland's proprietor. He was Frederick's first blacksmith. The same lot is now owned by the United States Government Building and Post Office. Afterward he removed to Sharpsburg, Maryland, the battlefield of Antietam, where he died in 1781 as a result of wounds said to have been received in the battle of Trenton, in the Revolutionary War. His sons, Christian and Mathias Spangler, came to Zanesville in 1803 and 1808. Through his paternal grandmother, Martha Washington Wyatt, born at Providence, Rhode Island, Colonel Spangler had "Mayflower" ancestry, tracing his lineage to John and Priscilla (Mullins) Alden, and three other passengers on that ship, which landed at Plymouth with the first Pilgrims in 1620. The line of descent from John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, the immortal figures in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," to Colonel Spangler is traced as follows, and is authenticated by the Alden Kindred of America, Inc.:

John Alden married, 1622-23, Priscilla Mullins.
Elizabeth Alden married, 1644, William Pabodie.
Mercy Pabodie married, 1669, John Simmons.
William Simmons married, 1696, Abigail Church.
Lydia Simmons married, 1723, John Tillinghast.
Sarah Tillinghast married, 1747, Captain Lemuel Wyatt.
Henry Wyatt married, 1785, Dorothy Blake.
Martha Washington Wyatt married, 1819, Jacob Spangler.
Benjamin Spangler married, 1848, Elizabeth Tarrance.
Tileston Fracker Spangler.

Other New England ancestors were heads of the pioneer families of Wyatt, Blake, Church, Tillinghast, Westcott, Stafford and others. One of the early forebears, Elizabeth (Betty) Alden, daughter of John and Priscilla Alden, was the first white woman born in New England. She was married to William Pabodie, and became the mother of a large family. She lived to be more than ninety years old.

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With such a family background, it was little wonder that Colonel Spangler should become one of his community's leaders. A Democrat in his political alignment, he was also interested in a number of business undertakings of magnitude aside from his own real estate activities, having been a director of the Muskingum Coffin Company, as well as a director of the Kearns-Gorsuch Bottle Company, of which he was secretary until it was merged with the Hazel-Atlas Glass Company.

In 1875, in New York City, Colonel Spangler married Mary Sullivan Cox, daughter of Ezekiel T. Cox, and sister of the Hon. S. S. Cox. Children of this marriage: 1. Leola May Spangler, born May 27, 1876, died July 26, 1912; married, September 25, 1911, William Willis Boyd. They had one child, Mary Leola Boyd, born July 21, 1912. 2. Dora Maria Spangler, born April 20, 1878, died August 9, 1911. 3. Helen Sullivan Spangler, born November 14, 1879; married, October 16, 1919, Walter Cole Garges. 4. Arthur Cox Spangler, born October 4, 1881; married, October 3, 1906, Mary Elizabeth Bragonier; one child, Mary Virginia Spangler, born May 3, 1908, and married, July 25, 1935, Lester Harold Gallogly, who was born May 5, 1905. 5. Mamie Spangler, born May 24, 1889, died July 10, 1889.

Colonel Spangler married (second) Mrs. Mary H. (Buckingham) Greene, daughter of James and Jane Peebles (Wills) Buckingham. The Buckinghams were one of Ohio's most distinguished families, pioneer members of the line settling near Coshocton, in 1799, and removing to Athens County, Ohio, in 1803, and to Putnam, Muskingum County, in 1804. James Buckingham, Mrs. Spangler's father, was born October 22, 1831, in Zanesville, and died in 1908. He studied at Marietta, Ohio, and Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, and was a member of Company A, 159th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in the Civil War. Afterward he was extensively engaged in manufacturing, farming, real estate and banking. He was president of the Zanesville and Ohio River Railroad, an organizer of the People's Savings Bank, and, from 1865 to 1873, a director of the Ohio State Agricultural Society. His wife, Mrs. Spangler's mother, Jane P. (Wills) Buckingham, came from Chillicothe, Ohio. Mrs. Spangler herself has for years been prominent in Zanesville's church,



Mrs. J. F. Spangler

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club and social circles, and she is an active and influential member of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Muskingum County.

BUCKINGHAM

Arms—Or, an eagle displayed sable.

Crest—A stag's head erased proper.

(F. W. Chapman: *Buckingham Family*.)

The death of Colonel Tileston Fracker Spangler occurred on January 8, 1936. His brilliant contribution to the life of his times endeared him to all who knew him, as did his delightful personality and generous temperament. Many glowing tributes were paid him, and resolutions of praise were passed by many groups, including the Muskingum County Bar Association and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monumental Association trustees. Of Colonel Spangler, the Monumental Association group wrote:

Colonel Spangler has always been a sincere and patriotic advocate of the more exalted spirit in Zanesville, his home community, and throughout his life ardently urged more than one generation to hold steadfast to the creeds and ideals of their forefathers, the founders of the American Commonwealth. He was a credit to his times and to all mankind.

The Bar Association document said in part:

Colonel Spangler was a shining example of what one with the early disadvantages of life could accomplish. He was persistent and patient, careful and painstaking, and one who valued friendship to a marked degree. He gained success and prominence by his own efforts and it can be said of him that he was a self-made man. But he would not have attained to such heights had it not been for his extraordinary ability. Much can be said of his many admirable qualities and his character as a man and a citizen, but it is sufficient to say that there is no one in our community who enjoyed a wider and more prominent position in public esteem and regard than did he. . . .

A recognized figure for so many years, Colonel Spangler became synonymous with Zanesville and all the good and progressive things in it. He will be missed greatly, but the things that he did, the things that he said, his many kind acts, will live as monuments of his honest endeavor.

"Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live,
These are the things that make for peace
Both now and after time shall cease."

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GENEALOGICAL RECORDS

By Colonel Tileston Fracker Spangler

SPENGLER (VAN) (SPANGLER)

Arms—Gules, a beaker argent, on a trimount or.

Crest—A bishop's bust proper.

(Rietstap: *Armorial Général*. Arms in the possession of the family.)

Mr. Edward W. Spangler, of York, Pennsylvania, whose researches were thorough and extensive, in his book says:

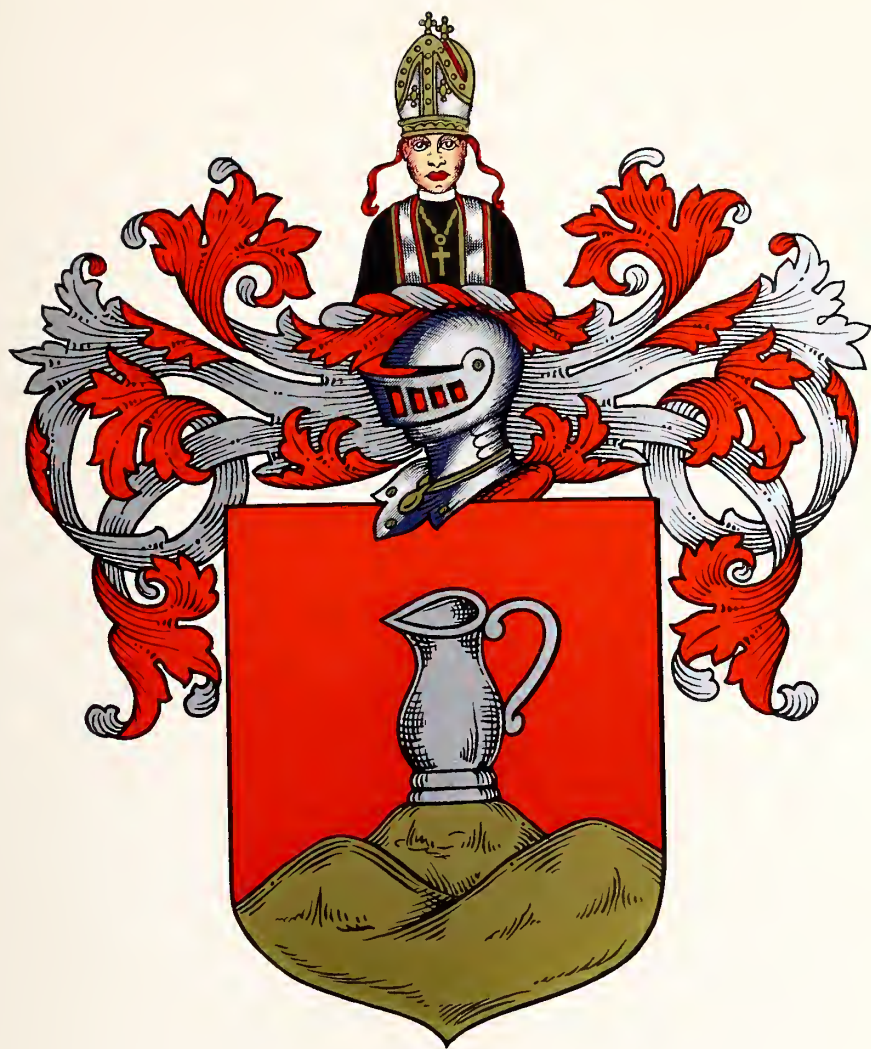
According to Siebmacher's "Wappenbuch," and Rietstap's "Armorial Général," the ancient Nuremberg Spengler arms were: Gules, a beaker argent on a trimount or; in other words, A red shield emblazoned with a silver beaker resting on three golden hills. The beaker, or covered cup, emblemized the office of Cupbearer, held by George Spengler in the service of the Bishop of Wurtzberg, 1189. The Spengler arms with later augmentations are: Gules, an eagle displayed sable, a beaker argent on a trimount or, accosted with four estoiles or. Crest: a Bishop's bust proper.

The arms of some of the descendant branches, having been subsequently conferred and for personal and independent service, differ from the above.

Of the various Spengler families of Europe, eleven, all belonging to the Nuremberg family, were ennobled—quite a respectable number of one name, to attain such eminence. The titles of nobility were conferred by reason of heroic, chivalrous or other meritorious service rendered in the domain of human achievements.

The *Holland Von Spenglers*, the founder of whose branch was Johan Spengler, of the Nuremberg tree, have been lineally traced by Rietstap from the common origin, *George Spengler*. We all have an innate conviction that there is something pleasant in knowing that we come of good stock, and while a noble lineage is a thing to be proud of, and should work to no disadvantage, yet we weigh the man, not his title. The Spenglers who settled in York County were noble by conduct and action, the only type of nobility recognized in America. Strong, courageous, indomitable and spurning a conversion which was to be affected by fire and sword, they fled from their homes, braved the perils of a tempestuous sea, conquered the forests and contributed their full share in the establishment of Universal Freedom in the West.

The four Spengler immigrants who first settled in York County, Pennsylvania, as far as has been ascertained, were the fathers of at least twenty-two children, fifteen of them males. From these children sprang an innumerable progeny, not only of the Spengler name,



Spengler (van)
(Spangler)

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but hundreds of other names, the offspring of the female lines. A complete and absolutely correct list of the third generation of Spenglers has not been and cannot be made. In the third generation the name was changed to *Spangler*, except in the case of several descendant families, who settled in the valley of Virginia, and who to the present day spell their name Spengler.

From this third and probably the fourth generation came the numerous Spanglers who served their country in the Revolutionary War. The immigrant Spenglers, who settled and remained in York County, Pennsylvania, became large landowners, and were influential and honored citizens not only of the county, but of the city of York, which they helped to found and organize, and while many of them moved west and south with the flowing multitudes, following the spread of western and southwestern development, yet many descendants still live in and about the city of York, and some of the original family land is still owned and occupied by those of the name of Spangler.

The tradition exists in the descendant families of Mathias Spangler, who died at Sharpsburg, Maryland, in 1781, that he was the son of a *Captain George Spangler*, who lived at or near York, Pennsylvania, and that both father and son were soldiers of the Revolution. There were many George Spanglers in the third and fourth generations of the York Spenglers or Spanglers.

The writer has not been able to locate definitely the particular *George* whom he verily believes was the father of Mathias, of Frederick and Sharpsburg, Maryland, and who, following a very strong line of tradition, came as a youthful immigrant, too young to be named in the ship rolls, with his parents from Bavaria by way of Rotterdam. In a letter written to me August 30, 1894, by Mrs. Annie F. Cantwell, a daughter of Dr. Isaac Spangler, son of Christian Spangler, and grandson of Mathias Spangler, of Frederick and Sharpsburg, Maryland, she says: "A Mr. Thomas Campbell [I am sure she meant Isaac Campbell, an old-time and well-known citizen of Zanesville, whose mother was a Spangler descendant of Mathias Spangler, of Sharpsburg] had a wonderful Bible, brought from Holland, a most curious book, a family heirloom. This Mr. Campbell told me of our common ancestor, one *Captain George Spangler*, who was a Revolutionary Officer and Aide de Camp to Gen. Washington."

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Mrs. Cantwell, in another letter to me, said that she, as a little girl, had often heard her father, Dr. Isaac Spangler, who was born at Sharpsburg, Maryland, say that a *George Spangler* was his ancestor, and served in the Revolutionary War.

I. Mathias Spangler—In the year 1777 the General Assembly of the State of Maryland passed an Act requiring all male citizens to take an oath of Allegiance called "The Patriots' Oath," as follows:

I do swear I do not hold myself bound to yield any allegiance or obedience to the King of Great Britain, his heirs or successors, and that I will be true and faithful to the State of Maryland, and will to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the Freedom and Independence thereof, and the Government as now established against all open enemies and secret and traitorous Conspiracies, and will use my utmost endeavors to disclose and make known to the Governor or some one of the judges or Justices thereof all Treasons or Treacherous Conspiracies attempts or combinations against this State, or the Government thereof which may come to my knowledge. So help me God.

At the March Term of Court, Washington County, Maryland, 1778, is found the following Journal entry:

The worshipfull Chrs Cruso's Returns:

A True Copy of the Free Male Taxibils of Sharpsburg and Lower Antietam Hundred.

I do hereby certify that the hereafter folowing hath Voluntarily taken and Subscribed to Oath of Allegiance and Fidelity as directed by an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Maryland Passed the 5th day of February, 1777.

Witness my hand and Seal the 2nd day of March, 1778.

CHR. CRUSO [Seal]

Sharpsburg Hundred—Here follows an alphabetical list of ninety men. The fifty-eighth name is "*Spangler, Mathew*."

The foregoing is from "Revolutionary Records of Maryland," Part I, by G. M. Brumbaugh. The name Mathew is without doubt an erroneous rendering of the name Mathias, made in transcribing the original written names.

In "Sharpsburg Hundred," no other Spangler owned real estate excepting Mathias Spangler, which made him a "Taxibil," as the list of those above named are described by Justice Cruso. Besides, the name of "Mathew" is not a Spangler or Spangler family name, and is

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not found among the family names either in Pennsylvania, Maryland or Virginia, where the early generations of the Spanglers settled and lived.

The next appearance of the name of Mathias Spangler is in the Probate Records of Washington County, Maryland, at Hagerstown, the county seat, in 1781, three years after he had taken "The Patriots' oath."

Mathias Spangler died in March, 1781. His original will, as also the transcribed copy thereof, was filed in the Orphans' Court at Hagerstown, Washington County, Maryland, on the 28th day of March, 1781. The original will was in existence in said court in 1894.

Children of *Mathias Spangler*¹ and his wife Juliana: 1. Catherine. 2. Mathias, of whom further. 3. George. 4. Christian. 5. Juleannah. 6. Isaak. 7. Elizabeth. 8. Margared.

*II. Mathias Spangler*² was born January 5, 1768. He was over thirteen years of age when his father died in March, 1781. He married Eve Bidaman (Bidaman I, child 4), daughter of Henry Bidaman (spelled Beidaman in John P. Smith's "History"), when he was about twenty-two years of age. His life previous to his marriage was undoubtedly spent, as the eldest son, with his widowed mother, aiding in the care and maintenance of his young brothers and sisters, in Sharpsburg. His eldest son, Jacob Spangler, grandfather of the writer, was born at Sharpsburg, Maryland, February 1, 1791.

I can find no data as to the time when Mathias left Sharpsburg for Ohio, but Muskingum County histories locate him in Muskingum County, near Zanesville, about 1810, his brother, Christian Spangler, having preceded him at Zanesville in 1803. The tradition is that he remained in the town of Zanesville for several years, and then located on land now in Wayne Township, afterwards owned by Solomon Deffenbaugh. Later he moved to the farm in Wayne Township, six miles from Zanesville, where he thenceforth lived and died. He was one of the founders of the first German Church established in Zanesville.

Mathias Spangler followed the occupation of farmer, but his great interest in the welfare of the community, and the respect in which he was held by his neighbors and fellow-citizens kept him in more or less political activity even into his old age.

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Mathias Spangler² died on the 27th day of February, 1839. He was buried in "Spangler Cemetery," alongside of his wife and father-in-law, Henry Bidaman.

"Spangler Cemetery" is a small plot of ground set apart out of the seventy acres above mentioned, as a neighborhood burying ground, lying alongside of the Ridge Road between Zanesville and Duncan's Falls, about six miles southeast of Zanesville.

Children of *Mathias Spangler*² and *Eve (Bidaman) Spangler*: 1. Jacob, of whom further. 2. Mathias. 3. Benjamin. 4. Nancy. 5. Charlotte. 6. Elizabeth. 7. Phæbe, born November 9, 1809, died March 9, 1893.

III. Jacob Spangler (Mathias², Mathias¹) was born February 1, 1791, at Sharpsburg, Maryland. He removed with his father to Muskingum County, Ohio, about 1810, and remained a member of his father's family, assisting him on the farm. During the War of 1812 he returned to Sharpsburg, and on July 27, 1814, enlisted in the Maryland Militia for the defence of Baltimore. His military service was only a tradition in the family and no record data of same was known. In 1879 I secured the necessary proof of his service in the Maryland Militia, and under the law passed in March, 1878, made application for a pension from the United States Government for his widow, *Martha Washington Spangler*, my grandmother, who was then in her seventy-seventh year.

Private Jacob Spangler, with his company was honorably discharged from the service, the need for which having ended, at Baltimore, Maryland, on the 24th day of September, 1814.

Jacob Spangler, after the war ended, returned to his home in Ohio, and followed his occupation of farming. On June 8, 1819, he was married to *Martha Washington Wyatt* (Wyatt VII), who was born in Providence, Rhode Island, December 21, 1802, the daughter of Henry Wyatt and his wife, Dorothy Blake.

Jacob and Martha led the strenuous and self-sacrificing life of the pioneer farmers in the wilderness of the Muskingum; beginning their married life in a log cabin, satisfied to endure the hardships and privations of those early days, that they might rear the little ones given them, as the solace and comfort of their lonely lives in the woods. The records disclose no public office held by Jacob Spangler other than his election to the office of constable, on the organization of Wayne

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Township in 1826, and his service in connection with the Justice's Court of his father.

Jacob Spangler died at the age of sixty-six on the 22d day of March, 1857, at his home in Zanesville, to which he had removed when failing health no longer permitted the occupation of farming. He held the respect and good will of his neighbors, and the enduring love of his wife and family. His body rests in Greenwood Cemetery, Zanesville. Martha, his widow, survived her husband for twenty-three years. She died in 1880.

During the War of the Rebellion, when the wife of her son Andrew J. Spangler, serving in the Union Army, died, she took charge of his household and cared for his motherless children until the father returned home after the war was over.

Children of *Jacob Spangler*³ and *Martha Washington* (Wyatt) *Spangler*: 1. Nancy, born April 18, 1823, died in infancy. 2. Mathias, born May 9, 1825. 3. Benjamin, of whom further. 4. Andrew Jackson, born November 15, 1829. 5. William Henry, born May 14, 1833. 6. Martin VanBuren, born August 26, 1839.

*IV. Benjamin*⁴ (Jacob³, Mathias², Mathias¹) was born in a log cabin in Wayne Township, June 12, 1827. His boyhood was spent on the farm. His education was only such as could be obtained in the rude district schools of those early days. He left the country life when he was about eighteen years of age, and came to the then little town of Zanesville to seek his fortune. At that time the manufacture and shipment of flour from Zanesville to New Orleans by flatboat was a considerable industry, and offered almost the only opportunity to the youth for adventure and seeing the world. The flatboats were constructed at Zanesville at local sawmills, loaded with flour at the mills and floated down the Muskingum when the stage of the river in the spring was such that the boats could be floated over the falls and rapids of the river, then into the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, where the flour was sold and the flatboats disposed of for the lumber in them. After seeing the sights of the famous city, the adventurers returned by steamboats up the Mississippi and Ohio and by such other conveyances as the times afforded. Young Spangler, under Captain Hahn, made two such trips successfully, and started on the third one with a big cargo of flour, but when only nine miles from Zanesville they struck a snag and the boat was capsized in the

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rapids at Duncan's Falls, rendering the cargo of flour a total loss; and the crestfallen crew struggled out of the waters and returned to Zanesville. Young Benjamin then took employment with Mr. John Tileston Fracker, an early manufacturer of stoves and iron castings in Zanesville and began the trade of stove moulder. This he continued for a number of years. Out of his great respect and admiration for Mr. Fracker, and the warm friendship that existed between them, he named his first born child and only son Tileston Fracker, not knowing that the name *Tileston* was an ancestral name reaching back into early New England times.

Benjamin Spangler was married when less than twenty-one years of age on March 2, 1848, to *Elizabeth Tarrance* (Tarrance III), daughter of Henry Tarrance and Ann (Trego) Tarrance. He was elected constable and served several terms; also as common pleas court bailiff. Later he engaged in the grocery business, which was successful until it was ruined by a dishonest partner. In politics he was a Democrat and during the Rebellion was known as a War Democrat, an earnest supporter of President Lincoln in the preservation of the Union. Three of his brothers volunteered in Ohio regiments and served during the war, their families left in his care.

When the struggle continued and seemed to need him, he helped to enlist a company, and was elected by the men of the company as first lieutenant, which election was confirmed by the war Governor of Ohio, John Brough, who issued to him a commission as first lieutenant of a company in the 159th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He went with his company to Camp Chase near Columbus, but was not allowed to serve because of supposed physical disability occasioned by his great weight of over three hundred pounds. His disappointment was great, but not as great as the joy of his family in having him back home. He was elected and served for many years as a member of the City Council of the city of Zanesville. He was a man without fear, with the courage of his convictions and a fiery and energetic speaker.

He was a member of the First Baptist Church of Zanesville, and later and at the time of his death, a member of the Market Street Baptist Church. He was a charter member of Mechanics Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and continued his affiliation with it throughout his life. After the Civil War he became an active real

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estate agent and auctioneer, and in this calling conducted a number of the largest and most successful sales of real estate ever held in Zanesville.

In spite of his great weight he was very strong and wonderfully active on his feet and in his business, which condition continued until the end. He died on Monday, May 11, 1891, at his home at the corner of Market and Sixth streets, in Zanesville, Ohio, and his body is buried in the Spangler family lot, by the side of his wife, in Woodlawn Cemetery, Zanesville.

The "Zanesville Daily Courier," of May 12, 1891, the day after his death, in an extended obituary headed: "A Useful Life Ended," giving an account of his life, pays this tribute:

One of the oldest and best known residents of this city, Benjamin Spangler, died at his home on Market Street yesterday afternoon at four o'clock, after a short illness.

Mr. Spangler came of one of the best families of Eastern Ohio. His father came to this State from Maryland and served with credit in the War of 1812.

His cousin, Dr. Isaac Spangler, was one of Zanesville's early physicians, and another cousin, David Spangler, served two terms in Congress, and declined the nomination for Governor on the Whig ticket in 1844. He served as a member of the City Council for a number of terms. He joined the Crusaders in their work, and has been a strong advocate of temperance. He was very outspoken in his denunciation of what he believed to be wrong, and spared no one whom he believed not to be fulfilling his duty. Such a man could not but make some enemies, but on the other hand his generous whole-souled disposition won to him a host of strong warm friends. He was continually aiding some one, and it seemed impossible for him to say "No" to anyone who asked a favor.

The only children of Benjamin and Elizabeth (Tarrance) Spangler were: 1. Tileston Fracker, *quo vide*. 2. Mary Jane, born January 2, 1851.

(The Tarrance Line)

I. *James Tarrance*, the first Tarrance in America, with his wife, Elizabeth, emigrated from North Ireland and settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1790. The wife's maiden name was Elizabeth Donahue. They were of Presbyterian Scotch-Irish stock. I have been unable to locate the place in North Ireland whence they

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came, or the dates of their births or marriage. James Tarrance was a farmer and also carried on the occupation of weaver. In the "Tax Lists of Chester County, Pennsylvania," dated March, 1798, we find the name of *James Torrins* in West Caln Township, who was taxed for one hundred acres of land and improvements valued at one pound five shillings per acre, or in the whole £125. Also for two cattle at 4:10 each or 9 pounds. The adjusted valuation was £149 and the tax 3 shillings and one penny. The assessments for 1799 were in many of the townships quite unusual in details and interesting as showing the character of the buildings.

James Tarrance died May 7, 1823.

Elizabeth (Donahue) Tarrance died July 24, 1827.

On January 4, 1827, Isaac D. Tarrance, as surviving executor of James Tarrance, of Brandywine Township, Chester County, conveyed to Joseph Tarrance, his brother, the real estate of their late father in Brandywine Township for \$525, he being the highest bidder. (Recorded in Deed Book A4, p. 76.)

The inventory of the personal estate of James Tarrance amounted to \$237.69½.

The place of burial of James Tarrance and wife Elizabeth is not definitely known, but was probably at Upper Octorara, a Presbyterian Churchyard one mile north of the village of Parksburg, and only a few miles from their home, and where their three sons, Isaac, John and Joseph, were buried.

The children of James and Elizabeth Tarrance were: 1. Henry Tarrance, of whom further. 2. Isaac D. Tarrance, died in Londonderry Township, Chester County, November 14, 1860. 3. John Tarrance, died February 7, 1821, unmarried. 4. Joseph Tarrance, died March 20, 1847; no issue. 5. Elizabeth Tarrance. 6. Rachel Tarrance, born about 1804, died August 31, 1888. 7. Jane Tarrance, never married.

*II. Henry Tarrance*² (James¹), son of James Tarrance and Elizabeth (Donahue) Tarrance, was born February 14, 1791, in West Caln Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, one year after his parents arrived in America from North Ireland. He was living with his father, when in 1814 the advance of the British on Baltimore also threatened, if successful, to involve Philadelphia. He frequently told his children that he enlisted in a militia company at West Chester,

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which was organized and drilled there, but the defeat of the British at Baltimore relieved the situation in southeast Pennsylvania, and his company did not get into active service; was probably never sworn into the service of the United States, as no official record of the same has been found.

Henry Tarrance removed to Zanesville, Ohio, and was married to Annie Trego (Trego V), daughter of Benjamin Trego and Hester (Overs) Trego. He lived and had a store on the north side of Main Street in Zanesville almost opposite the end of Eighth Street, and near or adjoining the gun store of Elijah Ross, an old-time landmark on the street.

The business consisted largely of furnishing supplies to the constant stream of travelers from the East, passing through the town on the old trails road for western points, in the days of the famous Conestoga wagons, the canvas-covered wagons in which the western emigrants carried their families and household goods. Henry Tarrance was faithful to his Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism and was an active member of the Rev. Mr. Culbertson's first Presbyterian Church in Zanesville, then located on an elevation at the northeast corner of South and Fourth streets. Later he gave up his merchandising and removed to a farm in Wayne Township, where he continued until advancing years compelled his retirement, and he moved back into Zanesville, where he died, his widow surviving him for nearly thirty years.

Children of *Henry Tarrance* and *Annie Trego Tarrance*: 1. Elizabeth, of whom further. 2. Hester, married John Springer; died at Indianapolis, Indiana. 3. Rachael, married John Rankin; died at Los Angeles, California, in 1924. 4. Annie, married James Crosier; died in Los Angeles, in 1921. 5. George W., served in Company C, 78th Ohio Regiment; wounded at Atlanta, Georgia; died in Columbus, Ohio. 6. Sarah, born in 1850, died in Columbus, Ohio, in July, 1925.

III. Elizabeth Tarrance, daughter of Henry Tarrance² and Ann (Trego) Tarrance, was born in Zanesville, Ohio, December 7, 1826.

She was married to Benjamin Spangler (Spangler IV), March 2, 1848. All of her life was spent in Zanesville. She was a member for years of the First Baptist Church of Zanesville, later and at the time of her death, of the Market Street Baptist Church, located a half

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block from her home. She was a "home body" in all that that implies, and her greatest happiness was the making of her home attractive and comfortable for her husband and children.

For twenty years in her earlier married life the residence was on Upper Marietta Street, where a large home lot gave her opportunity to plan and develop a beautiful flower garden in which she greatly delighted. Perhaps her great love for flowers and shrubbery and "God's out-doors" planted the same ideas in her young son, which he later in mature life embodied in his own garden on the banks of the Muskingum on the Putnam side, and in the development of the park system of Zanesville, of which as a member and president of the Board of Park Commission of the city, he had opportunity to render congenial service to the city of his nativity; which service he always considers as a tribute to the mother who taught him the love of flowers and growing plants, and whose gracious presence gives brightness to a far-off and fondly remembered childhood. How strange are these early and first recollections; dim, shadowy, sporadic; some individual scene or circumstance standing vividly out, at the thoughts and memory of a mother's love, "against the dark background of a great unconsciousness." I note that as life's shadows lengthen, the scenes and events of early life stand out more and more vividly, and in a precious memory we live the long lost years over again.

Elizabeth Tarrance Spangler died after long years of illness, which she endured with a great Christian faith and patience, at the family home on the northwest corner of Market and Sixth streets, Zanesville, Ohio, on the 10th day of July, 1887.

(The Trego Line)

The family name of Trego is supposed to be of Spanish origin, and persons of that name were said to be residing in Madrid, Spain, within the past thirty years. Mr. Stephens in his book of "Travels in the Province of Yucatan," in Mexico, mentions a Señor Trego of that Province, who was a man of large possessions and great influence, by whom he was hospitably entertained.

The family tradition, supported by the record, gives us the statement that the Trego family were French Huguenots forced to leave France in consequence of religious persecution about the time of the

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revocation of the Edict of Nantes in the year 1685. This famous edict, allowing liberty of conscience to Protestants, and permitting the public exercise of their religion in certain parts of the kingdom, was issued by Henry IV, King of France in 1598. It was revoked by Louis XIV in 1685, when a series of the most inhuman and cruel persecutions were commenced against the Huguenots, by which name the French Protestants were then known.

I. Among these French Huguenot emigrants is found the name of Peter Trego, the first of the name of Trego in America. Peter Trego was born in France in 1655 and died in Chester County, now Delaware County, Pennsylvania, in 1730. His wife's name was Judith Mitchell. Willard's "History of the United States" says that William Penn received his grant of Pennsylvania from Charles the Second, March 4, 1681. William Penn set sail for America September 9, 1682, with three ships loaded with emigrants consigned to the care of his nephew, Colonel Markham. He left Cheston, England, on board the "Welcome," and with one hundred settlers sailed for his Province, landing at New Castle, October 28, 1682.

The late Hon. Charles B. Trego, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the first of the family to become interested in its history, who gathered much of the early data, and turned his manuscripts over to Dr. Shertzer, says: "From writings and traditional accounts, I think there is no doubt but that Peter Trego and his wife, Judith, came over in one of the three ships which landed in this country October 28, 1682."

The fifty acres of land which were granted to Peter Trego were situated on the ridge between Chester and Ridley creeks, in the township of Middletown, now in Delaware County, within half a mile of the present Lima post office. It afterwards appeared, however, that this land had been previously granted to Joseph Ege. The title of Peter Trego was not therefore confirmed. Joseph Ege sold the land to Randall Malin, but the conveyance was not executed. Afterwards, on the 11th days of December, 1694, Joseph Ege and Randall Malin conveyed this tract to Peter Trego for the consideration of two pounds and five shillings. December 10, 1730, Peter Trego and Judith, his wife, conveyed this land to *William Trego*, their son, for fifty pounds, but the deed was not acknowledged until February 9, 1735, when Peter Trego being deceased, having died in 1730, two of

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the witnesses appeared before a magistrate, and proved that the deed was sealed and delivered by the said Peter Trego.

That Peter Trego and family associated with and became members of the Society of Friends, in other words joined the Quaker Church, as did his descendants for many generations is shown by the church records. The records of Friends' Monthly Meeting at Chester, Pennsylvania, show the following record:

"Peter Trego was born in France in 1655, as shown by records in the family of Absalom Trego. Children of *Peter* and *Judith Trego*: 1. Jacob, born 8th month 7th, 1687; died 4th mo. 10th, 1720. 2. James, born 4th mo. 15th, 1690. 3. William, of whom further. 4. John, born 12th mo. 15th, 1696. 5. Ann, born 8th mo. 28th, 1702."

II. William Trego, the third child and son of Peter Trego, the elder, according to the Honeybrook family records, as also the Chester records, was born June 3, 1693. He married, June 26, 1717, Margaret Moore, born April 24, 1699, daughter of John and Margaret Moore, in Goshen, Chester County, where he became a tavern-keeper.

The records of the land office at Harrisburg show that two hundred acres of land in Chester County were granted to William Trego, 1st month, 25th, 1718. This land in Honeybrook Township afterward, and as late as 1863, owned by the Tregos, was first entered by John Moore, the father-in-law of William Trego, in March, 1718, and in 1733 was conveyed to William Trego.

On the 10th day of November, 1733, William Trego and Margaret (Moore) Trego, then of Goshen, in Chester County, conveyed to James Trego, of Concord, probably his brother, the land mentioned heretofore as conveyed to said William, by Peter Trego and wife Judith in consideration of fifty pounds, the deed being acknowledged by William Trego as his act and deed before Caleb Coupland, a justice of the peace, on the 25th of 12th month, 1735.

Children of William and Margaret Trego: Joseph, born May 14, 1722. Hannah Hickman, born May 19, 1724. William, born January 8, 1726. Margaret McPherson, born March 28, 1728. Benjamin, of whom further. Joseph (2), born February 21, 1732. Elizabeth Malin, born November 16, 1733. Mary Malin, born

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August 14, 1735. Sarah Eaches, born August 26, 1737. Ann Hunt, born May 5, 1739; married Joseph Hunt.

III. Benjamin Trego, son of William and Margaret (Moore) Trego, was born June 2, 1730. He married (first), September 29, 1753, *Mary*, daughter of John and Susanna (Chamberlain) Pyle; (second), July 13, 1767, *Mary*, daughter of William and Rebecca (James) Rettow; (third), in 1771, Bathsheba (Babb) Piersal, widow of Jeremiah Piersal, of West Mantruel. Benjamin Trego had two sons by his first wife: Benjamin, Jr., and Emmor. The former was born November 30, 1761. Emmor, who was born December 30, 1763, is mentioned in the following interesting paragraph in "A History of Chester County, Pennsylvania," by Putney and Cope, published in 1881:

Upon the completion of the new public building at this place (about 1787), preparatory to the removal of the seat of justice from Old Chester, it was evident that more taverns would be needed to accommodate the concourse of people attending Courts. Emmor Trego and William Worthington were licensed in 1786; the first was succeeded by Joshua Weaver.

Dr. Shertzer in his book on page 16, says: "Benjamin, son of William and Margaret Trego, born 1730, had two sons and four daughters. The sons were named Emmor and *Benjamin*, both of them died unmarried, so that the name by that branch is extinct."

In this statement Dr. Shertzer was in error for lack of records. Fourteen years after the publication of his book in 1884, Dr. Shertzer wrote me, in part, as follows:

BALTIMORE, Jan. 13, 1898.

Mr. T. F. Spangler.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of yesterday received. Many thanks. Little did you think, when writing it, what a mass of information you was giving, and placing in my hands, the key to look into the unknown past. I had many records I could not solve until I received yours. . . . I am now able to give the descendants of Benjamin, born June 2, 1730, son of William and grandson of Peter. Your Benjamin was a son of Benjamin and brother of Emmor, and who I stated died unmarried, but I since have received records showing he went West, and now you have furnished the key to the whole situation. With many, many thanks,

I am fraternally yours,

A. TREGO SHERTZER.

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The four daughters of Benjamin were: 1. Hannah, born September 20, 1754; married Amos Matlock. 2. Edith, born November 2, 1756; married James White. 3. Mary, born January 16, 1759; married Joshua Weaver. 4. Bathsheba, married Mr. Ash.

It is not definitely known which of the wives of Benjamin was the mother of Benjamin⁴, but tradition has it that Mary Rettow, the second wife, was his mother.

Benjamin Trego, Sr., lived and died on his land in Goshen, now a suburb of West Chester, in "a good old age."

IV. Benjamin Trego, son of Benjamin, Sr., was born at Goshen, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1766. He married Hester, daughter of John Overs, a farmer near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, about the year 1805. Hester Overs was born May 1, 1778, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

In 1810 Benjamin Trego, with his wife and at least one child, Ann, removed from Pennsylvania to Zanesville, Ohio, where he located on a farm in Washington Township, just out of the town, where he lived at the time of his death. He died April 1, 1831, and was buried in Lehew Cemetery in Washington Township, near his home. His gravestone had cut on it simply "B. T. 1831." He is described as being "tall with grey eyes, and wore the Quaker garb with long stockings and knee britches, and big silver buckles on his shoes. He wore his hair, which was dark, in a long queue. He was stern and reserved in manner."

Hester (Overs) Trego, wife of Benjamin, lived at Zanesville, Ohio, for thirty-five years after the death of her husband and died January 10, 1866. The writer, her great-grandson, distinctly remembers her as a sweet, kindly old lady with an ever present smile, small and plump, with snow white hair, and idolized by her family. The dates given here as to Benjamin and Hester Trego were copied by me from the family Bible of Mrs. Harriet Purcell, deceased.

The children of Benjamin and Hester Trego, so far as I can learn, were: 1. Ann, of whom further. 2. William Trego. 3. Edith, wife of John Fogle. 4. Hester, wife of John W. Simons; wife of David Fogle.

V. Ann Trego, first child of Benjamin⁴ and Hester (Overs) Trego, was born at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, November 8, 1807,

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and came to Zanesville, Ohio, in 1810, with her parents. She was married to Henry Tarrance (Tarrance II.)

(The Bidaman Line)

I. *Henry Bidaman*, born January 9, 1744, died April 9, 1821. I have not been able to trace Henry Bidaman beyond Sharpsburg, Maryland, and the only reference to him there was found in an old account book of David Miller, the first storekeeper at Sharpsburg, in which Henry Bidaman (Sr.) was charged for goods purchased. One of the accounts against him, dated July 14, 1801, was for fifteen pounds one shilling and four and one-half pence, over \$72 in United States money, which would indicate that his credit was good. Mr. John P. Smith, who had possession of the old account book, was good enough to say that "all these accounts are marked paid." A Jacob Bidaman is also mentioned in the old account book. Also in this account book Henry Bidaman is mentioned as Senior, so there must have been a Junior. The name of Henry Bidaman's wife is not now known. So we will construct the family as follows:

*Henry Bidaman*¹ and ——— *Bidaman*, his wife, had children.

Henry Bidaman².

Jacob Bidaman².

Eve Bidaman².

There is no definite knowledge as to Henry Bidaman, Jr., or Jacob Bidaman. One of them was last heard of at New Orleans prior to the Civil War, was in the shipping business, and owned a wharf known as "Bidaman's Wharf." A Bidaman was living at Sharpsburg, Maryland, in 1814, at the close of the War of 1812: A tradition came down in the family that Henry Bidaman, father of Eve (Bidaman) Spangler, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War; was wounded in the service, and was compelled to use crutches ever after. This service was not improbable, as he was only about thirty-two years of age when the war broke out. However, up to this time I have not been able to find any Revolutionary record of such service, especially as the Revolutionary War records of the State of Maryland are very incomplete and inaccurate. In a letter to me, dated St. Joseph, Missouri, October 6, 1894, David Spangler, son of Benjamin Spangler³, who was a

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son of Mathias Spangler² and Eve (Bidaman) Spangler, writes, referring to Henry Bidaman:

Replying to yours of September 28 I often heard father speak of his grandfather, but never heard him speak of him except as grandfather. I remember very distinctly, that he had been a soldier under Washington, and went on crutches.

The inscription on his one hundred and four year old tombstone in "Spangler Cemetery," in Wayne Township, Muskingum County, tells the final story:

In
Memory of
HENRY BIDAMAN
Departed this life
on the 9th of April
in the year of our Lord 1821
aged 77 years 4 months.

(The Wyatt Line)

In "Soldiers of King Philip's War," by Bodge, p. 456, among the officers of the militia of Plymouth Colony from 1620 to year 1678, appears the name of Lieutenant James Wyatt, appointed in 1651. He was found dead in his meadow July 5, 1664. He left widow, Mary Wyatt, who, when disposing of her "widow's thirds," "out of the estate of my deceased husband James Wyatt," was seventy-five years of age. ("Plymouth Will Records," Vol. V, p. 363.) The settling of the estate brings up a brother of James Wyatt, a John Wyatt, who resided at "Upline in ye County of Devon" in England, probably the place from which James came. This may be a clue to the English home of Edward Wyatt, of Dorchester.

There is no record extant showing the connection, if any, of the New England Wyatts with the well-known and prominent Wyatt family of Virginia, or of their relationship with the Wyatt family in England, from which the Wyatt family of Virginia descended. However, a strong family tradition persists both in Edward Wyatt's line and its Ohio descendants that they are of the same stock as the Virginia Wyatts, and that in the effort to reach Virginia, the ship which brought the New England ancestor to Boston had missed its course and landed at Boston Bay instead of the Chesapeake Bay, both localities being at that early day called Virginia.

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I. Edward Wyatt was born in England in 1614, as stated by Frank R. Holmes in his "Directory of Ancestral Heads of New England Families, 1620-1700."

The date of the arrival of Edward Wyatt is not now known, except that it was before 1634, as the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. III, p. 190, states that he was made a 'freeman' at a "General Court holden at Boston, May 14, 1634." He was married to Mary ———, maiden name unknown, who, having been born about the same year as he, probably came with him from England. Very little is known of his life in Boston. He must have been a man of standing as all the early historians mention his name among other well-known residents of Boston and vicinity. He changed his residence from the town of Boston to the town of Dorchester (now a part of the city of Boston) as John Farmer, author of a "Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England" states he was made a "freeman" of Dorchester in 1645. James Savage, in his great work, confirms this. There is no mention of his vocation or occupation in any of the references to him. In a history of the town of Dorchester, Massachusetts, published in 1859, on p. 58, referring to a John Holman, a member (No. 19) on the Roll of the "ancient and Honorable Artillery Company" of Boston, it says: "He (Holman) seems to have lived on Adams Street, near the Residence of the late Hon. Amasa Stetson. *Edward Wyatt* afterwards owned it, but sold it to Ralph Sommers who sold it in 1663."

On page 147 of the same "History of Dorchester," in a list of those who had lived in Dorchester prior to 1700, appears the name of "*Edward Wyatt*."

Edward Wyatt died February 14, 1680. His will, probated April 28, 1681, made bequests to his widow, Mary, son Nathaniel and to daughter, Waitstill Vose.

Edward and Mary Wyatt were the parents of two children: 1. Nathaniel, of whom further. 2. Waitstill.

*II. Nathaniel Wyatt*² (Edward¹). His birth does not appear on any of the records. The only statement by James Savage is that he was the son of Edward of Dorchester, and was married to Elizabeth Spurr, daughter of Robert Spurr, of Dorchester.

Nathaniel Wyatt was a house carpenter. From "Marriages, Births and Deaths in Dorchester, 1648-1683" ("New England His-

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torical and Genealogical Register," Vol. XVI, p. 158), I get the following:

Wyatt-Spurr, Nathaniel Wyat, son of Edward Wyat was married by Major Lusher unto *Joanna* Spurr 8 (II) 1668.

This is surely an error, as to the name Joanna, for Robert Spurr had no daughter by that name. Savage gives the names of Robert Spurr's children, among them Elizabeth, whom he states married "Nathaniel son of Edward Wyat of Dorchester." This is a nut which I will leave to some further genealogist of the family to crack.

I find no further record of Nathaniel Wyat², and the date of his death is unknown. Nathaniel and his wife, Elizabeth, were the parents of the following children: 1. Nathaniel, born October 26, 1669. 2. Edward, born September 5, 1671. 3. Jonathan, born May 27, 1677. 4. Rebecca, date of birth not given, but Savage states that she and her brother Jonathan were both baptized October 19, 1684.

III. Nathaniel Wyatt³ (Nathaniel², Edward¹) was born October 26, 1669. Rev. Peter Thacher's "Record of Marriages at Milton," states:

Dec. 13, 1688, Nathaniel Wiet of Dorchester was married to Mary Corbin of New Cambridge.

I am unable to find the parentage of Mary Corbin. I find no record of the occupation of Nathaniel, 3d, but a Suffolk deed describes him as "acting Attorney for Edward Kibbe."

Under head of "Baptised by Rev. Peter Thatcher of Milton" we find this: "Waitstill, ye Dau. of Nathaneel Wiet," no date, but we know that Waitstill was born, the first child of Nathaniel and Mary, January 3, 1691/2. The baptism item from "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. XXII, p. 444.

From same Register, Vol. XXIII, pp. 13-14:

Oct. 21, 1694, meritteth ye Dau of Nat. Wiet.

June 13, Edward son of sister Wiet, ye wife of Nat. Wiet.

The date of the death of Nathaniel³ is not found of record.

Nathaniel³ and wife *Mary* had: 1. Waitstill, born January 3, 1691/2; married Peter Lyon. 2. Morredelt, born February 4, 1693-

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1694; married Elkanah Lyon. 3. Edward, born February 1, 1696/7; married Abigail Puffer. 4. Benjamin, of whom further.

*IV. Benjamin Wyatt*⁴ (Nathaniel³, Nathaniel², Edward¹) was born February 21, 1699, in Dorchester. He married *Merriam Puffer*, daughter of John Puffer, of Stoughton, Massachusetts, on January 11, 1719/20. (Dorchester records.)

He removed to Newport, Rhode Island, date not known, but we find him there a house carpenter in 1738, a shopkeeper in 1743-45, and an innkeeper in 1755. These occupations and dates from Newport, Rhode Island, court records.

In Vol. LXXX, "Suffolk County Deeds," p. 116, in Boston, November 5, 1751, Benjamin Wyatt, of Newport, and Meriam, his wife, release certain rights by deed.

Children of *Benjamin Wyatt*⁴ and *Meriam*, his wife: 1. Standfast Wyatt⁵, born December, 1721. 2. Lemuel Wyatt⁵, of whom further. 3. John Wyatt⁵, born June 26, 1726, in Dorchester. 4. Elizabeth Wyatt, married Oliver Warner.

*V. Captain Lemuel Wyatt*⁵ (Benjamin⁴, Nathaniel³, Nathaniel², Edward¹), son of Benjamin and Meriam Wyatt, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, February 8, 1724, and came to Newport, Rhode Island, with his father and brothers, Standfast and John, at a tender age. Nothing is known of his youth except the tradition, which came to me by way of the family of his grandson, Hiram Wyatt, of Dayton, Ohio, that he was a "Post Boy." He does not appear in the public records until married and in business.

He was married to *Sarah Tillinghast* (Tillinghast IV), daughter of *Joseph Tillinghast*, of Newport, Rhode Island, and descendant of *Rev. Pardon Tillinghast*, of Providence, Rhode Island, on the 2d of October, 1747. These dates are verified from the family Bible records of Lemuel Wyatt; an ancient Bible which was, in 1895, still preserved by a Wyatt descendant at Pawtucket, Rhode Island. The tradition is strong in the families of his grandchildren in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana that this marriage was an elopement and was bitterly opposed by Sarah's father and family. This tradition is somewhat supported by a curious marriage record, which I found in "Vital Records of Rhode Island," Vol. IV, "Marriages in Newport, 1711-1791," as follows:

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Tillinghast, Sarah and ——— ———, m. by Rev. Nicholas Eyres.

There is neither date nor name of the groom. The last recorded marriage in Newport in which Rev. Nicholas Eyres officiated was February 5, 1768, twenty years after the Bible record of the marriage of Lemuel and Sarah.

The family tradition, supported by the records, shows that Lemuel Wyatt was a distiller, owning three distilleries, and a line of vessels running between Newport and the West Indies, carrying sugar and molasses one way and manufactures and rum the other.

Lemuel Wyatt was forced to leave Newport at or about the time of the occupation of that town by the British forces, at a great loss, much of his property being destroyed by the British soldiers when they evacuated the place. This probably was the cause of the impoverishment of his wife's family. He was fifty-three years of age when he arrived in Rehoboth and took up his occupation of merchant. He did not forget his losses at Newport, for we find him there in 1781 trying to recover a part of same at least. Book XIV, p. 224, June Court Records, 1781, tells that Lemuel Wyatt, of Rehoboth, County of Bristol, Massachusetts, merchant, against William Anthony, of Newport, in case of trover, for "that the plaintiff on the first day of December, 1776, at said Newport, was possessed of his own proper goods and chattels, two cows at the price of 80 Spanish milled Dollars, one calf at the price of 10 Spanish milled Dollars and four tons of hay of the value of 80 Spanish milled dollars, and being so thereof possessed casually left the same out of his hands and possessions" (he undoubtedly with his family left Newport in great haste) "which afterward towit: on the 20th of Dec. 1776, at said Newport came into the hands and possessions of the defendant, by finding it, the defendant knowing the said cows, calf and hay to belong to the plaintiff, but afterwards to-wit, on the 1st day of January, 1778, at said Newport, he the defendant converted the same to his own use" (he probably killed the cows to live on or to sell to the British) "the old Tory" (as old lady Stillwell, Lemuel's granddaughter, afterwards called him) "to the plaintiff's damage of 10000 Pounds. The defendant made default, it is therefore considered that the said Lemuel recover and have of the said William the sum of 140 Spanish milled Dollars, and costs of suit of 1 Pound 4 Shillings 4¾ pence."

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Note the alertness manifested by our ancestor Lemuel in bringing action against the old Tory Anthony so soon after the evacuation of the British, which indicates that the old Tory fled with the British and that Lemuel got in this action the first judgment against the old Tory's estate and levied upon it.

In 1782 he bought the house, ferry and lot called the Upper Ferry for nine hundred and fifty-five Spanish milled dollars, a large sum for those days, and indicates, corroborating the family tradition, that as he bought he also worked the ferry. ("Bristol Records," Book LXIII, p. 196.) This "Upper Ferry" crossed the Providence River, and was in the center of the present city of Providence. Other real estate purchases as shown by the Bristol records were a house and land at Watchamokett Neck, in 1782 for 28 pounds "silver money," and in the preceding year three acres at same place for 25 pounds "lawful money." In "Bristol Records," in 1786, Book LXV, p. 405, he is designated "Lemuel Wyatt, Gentleman," where he and his wife, Sarah, sell a part of their holdings for 100 pounds.

Lemuel Wyatt was evidently a man of means, as his purchases indicate a command of large sums of money.

The family Bible of Lemuel Wyatt gives the following records:

Lemuel Wyatt, born February 8, 1724.

Sarah Tillinghast, born February 26, 1728.

Lemuel and Sarah, married October 2, 1747.

Sarah, died October 22, 1804.

Lemuel, died March 18, 1807.

Children: 1. Lydia, born July 6, 1748, died December 23, 1750. 2. Stutely Tillinghast, born February 10, 1751, died November 6, 1829. 3. Lydia, born December 10, 1752, died November 4, 1754. 4. Sarah, born October 15, 1754, died November 11, 1754. 5. Mary, born December 31, 1756, died September 10, 1757. 6. Jonathan, born May 31, 1758, died September 28, 1775. 7. Henry, born October 4, 1760, died October 23, 1760. 8. Sarah, born June 20, 1763, died July 23, 1804. 9. Henry, of whom further. 10. Mary, born August 5, 1768, died August 17, 1768.

A custom, rare in these later days of small families, and frequent in early New England records, of repeating the names of deceased infant children with those who came later. In this family there were two Lydias (evidently from a grandmother, Lydia Simmons), two Sarahs (the mother's name), two Marys, and two Henrys.

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VI. *Henry Wyatt*⁶ (Lemuel⁵, Benjamin⁴, Nathaniel³, Nathaniel², Edward¹), son of Lemuel Wyatt and Sarah (Tillinghast) Wyatt, was born July 30, 1766. Following the date of this record, in the Lemuel Wyatt family Bible, are the words *he went west*. We have no knowledge of his youth, and the next record of him found is in J. H. Arnold's "Vital Records of Rehoboth," in Sec. 2, under head of "Intentions," of those "whose marriages were solemnized in other towns." On p. 515:

Wyatt, Henry and Dolly Blake, both of Rehoboth (forbidden), October 14, 1785.

No record of the marriage has been found, and the family tradition is strong that the marriage being forbidden (by whom is not known) the young people eloped and were married outside of Rehoboth. Henry Wyatt at that time was two and a half months over nineteen years of age, and Dorothy Blake (Blake VII) (or Dolly as expressed in the "Intentions") was, as the family tradition holds, but little past fifteen years of age, and for this reason only was the marriage forbidden. As shown in the sketch of her father, Josiah Blake, the description of the sixteen acres of land conveyed to Josiah Blake by Caleb Fuller, and afterwards sold to the Comstocks of Connecticut, is stated as "bounded northerly by road that leads from Fuller's Ferry, easterly on land of *Lemuel Wyatt*, etc." Remembering that the land of Josiah Blake both before and after his marriage to Judith Lyon joined the land of Lemuel Wyatt, leads us to suspect how the young daughter of Josiah, and Henry Wyatt, the son of Lemuel, became friends, then lovers, and planned the elopement and marriage which followed.

In 1805, "Taunton, Bristol County, Massachusetts, Deeds" records a Deed of Quit-Claim, Book LXXXV, p. 127, from Henry Wyatt, of Rehoboth, Bristol County, Massachusetts, and *Dorothy* his wife (*in her right*) to Elizabeth Nightingale, of Providence, State of Rhode Island.

About the year 1808 Henry Wyatt and his family left Rehoboth for "the West." One of the children, Martha Washington Wyatt, the grandmother of the writer, was born in Providence, December 21, 1802, and was about six years of age at the time of the removal. When quite a young boy I remember hearing my grandmother speak of the journey from Providence, Rhode Island, westward, but the

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only fact remembered was that the family stopped on the journey at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and lived there several months before going on to Ohio. The party after crossing the mountains, traveled by flatboat from Pittsburgh, down the Ohio River to Marietta, Ohio, where the youngest child, Hiram Wyatt, was born. In the *inventory* of the Estate of Captain Lemuel Wyatt, is this entry: "One share in the *Ohio Companys Purchase* by information we appraise at \$500." This share probably in the distribution of the estate of Lemuel Wyatt came to Henry Wyatt, and furnishes the probable cause of his long journey to Marietta, Ohio. How long Henry Wyatt remained at Marietta I do not know, some years however. How my grandmother Martha came to meet my grandfather Jacob Spangler, the distance between Marietta at the mouth of the Muskingum River and Zanesville being seventy miles by the river, the main line of communication between the two points, I have never known. That Henry lived at Cincinnati, Ohio, and also at Louisville, Kentucky, is known. His son, William Wyatt, established himself in business at Louisville, Kentucky, and became a leading undertaker of that city, raising a large family and lived there until his death. Henry Wyatt at the time of his death was living at Cincinnati, Ohio, where he and his wife, Dorothy, are said to be buried, but the dates of their death are unknown to me at this time. That they were the parents of twelve children is known in the family, but the only names I have are: 1. David. 2. Joseph. 3. William. 4. Standfast. 5. Nancy. 6. Sarah. 7. Martha Washington, of whom further. 8. Sophia. 9. Hiram.

VII. Martha Washington Wyatt, daughter of Henry and Dorothy (Blake) Wyatt, was married to Jacob Spangler (Spangler III.)

(The Blake Line)

The Blake family is a very ancient English family. The name is a corruption of Welsh *ap Lake*, from *ap*, signifying from, or son, and *Lake*—the son of *Lake*. *Ap Lake* was one of the knights of "Arthur's Round Table."

The name "*Blake*" is recorded in its present form in the "Hundred Rolls" of 1273, in which appears *Hans le Blake*. Robert de Blake was a resident of Calne, adjoining the family estates in Blakeland, in the reign of Edward III. Some of the families of Blake in America trace their lineage from Robert de Blakeland, 1286. Others

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have attempted to prove that William, son of Giles Blake, of Little Braddow, Essex, England, is identical with the William Blake who was baptized at Pitminster, England, 1594. This is shown later to be erroneous, as the William baptized at Pitminster, England, was the son of a William Blake. The foregoing items as to the origin of the family are gleaned from "The Directory of Ancestral Heads of New England Families, 1620-1700," compiled by Frank R. Holmes.

I. William Blake² (William¹) was born in Pitminster, Somerset-England, in the year 1594, and was baptized there July 10, 1594. He was married at Pitminster, September 23, 1617, to Agnes Band, widow. It is now believed that she was the daughter of Hugh Thorne, of Pitminster, where the Parish Register records her baptism January 12, 1594; and was married to Richard Band, of Batherford. The following records sustain this contention:

Hugh Thorne of Pitminster, yeoman, by his will of 28th January, 1616, bequeathed £30 to his daughter Agnes, to be paid within four years of his decease (other children and wife also named).

Richard Band of Batherford, by will March 1, 1616, made bequests to his father, brother and sister, naming his wife Agnes as residuary legatee. This will was probated January 8, 1621.

No evidence has been found of William Blake's residence between the year 1624, when his son James was baptized at Pitminster, April 27th, and the year 1636, when he was found in America.

The records of Dorchester previous to 1632 are not preserved, and those of several subsequent years are very imperfect, but it is quite certain that if he had been in the town of Dorchester, or in New England prior to 1636, his name would somewhere appear. Mr. Francis E. Blake says:

In the absence of positive evidence it is reasonable to believe that he came to New England in the fall of 1635, or the early months of 1636, and remained at Dorchester, or Roxbury, making the acquaintance there of William Pynchon and others, who were considering a plan of settlement on the Connecticut River. Whether this supposition is correct or not he was with Mr. Pynchon on the 14th of May, 1636, at which time they with their associates drew up and signed the Articles of Association at Agawam, now Springfield, Massachusetts, which agreement is still preserved. It is quite a lengthy document and commences with these words: "May the 14th, 1636. Wee whose names are underwritten beinge by God's P'vidence ingaged together

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to make a Plantation at and over agaynst Ageam upon Conecticot, doe mutually agree to certayne articles and orders to be observed and kept by us and by our successors, etc." Then follow rules for location and distribution of lots and various necessary provisions for carrying on the plantation, and the record is attested by Mr. Pynchon and his associates: "We testify to the order above said being also the first adventurers and undertakers for this plantation."

(Signed) WILLIAM PYNCHON
MATHEW MITCHELL THOMAS UFFORD
HENRY SMITH JOHN CABEL
JEHUE BURR
WILLIAM BLAKE
EDMUND WOOD

A facsimile of the above signature in writing is given in Mr. F. E. Blake's book, who says: "The signature of Mr. Blake here closely agrees with his autograph on the Dorchester records and elsewhere, and leaves no doubt as to his identity."

The five men first named, including William Blake, were given authority to make assignment of lots and manage the general affairs of the settlement. The first allotment of land was made to Mr. Blake on the 14th of May, 1636:

It is ordered that William Blake shall have sixteen polls in bredth for his home lott and all the marish in breadth abuttinge at the end of it to the next high land and three acrs more in some other place.

How long William Blake retained his interest in Agawam is not known. There is no record extant of any sales made by the original owners. His name does not appear upon the records subsequent to the first business transacted there, as above set out, and judging from his business activity in Dorchester, commencing the following year, it is presumed that he had disposed of his interest in the new town of Agawam and returned to Dorchester.

In March, 1637/38, he shared in the division of the lands at the "Neck" (now South Boston), where for more than two hundred and fifty years some of his descendants were owners. In October, 1652, a committee was appointed by the town to "lay out a towne way by willyam blakes, which way Is thus appointed to run from the corner of willyam blakes garden to a stump on the side of a stony hill." (From "Record Commissioner's Report," Vol. IV, p. 59.)

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"William Blake was made a freeman of the Colony, March 14, 1638/39, at which time to comply with the order of the General Court, he must have been a member of the church. There can be no doubt that he was a man of integrity, and above the average intelligence of his neighbors." He served in many important offices.

James Savage in his "Genealogical Dictionary of New England," Vol. I, p. 193, says that William Blake joined the Artillery Company, 1646. This was *The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston*, a famous military organization, which has maintained itself and is in existence at the present time. William's elder brother, John Blake, a merchant of Boston, and as Francis E. Blake says, "evidently a man of considerable influence and of high social standing in the town," joined the *Artillery Company* in 1642. "The Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy—First Families of America," published in 1925, on p. 968, states that *William Blake*, born in England, and a founder of Agawam, Massachusetts, was a member of *The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company*.

His most important office was town clerk, to which he was chosen in 1656.

At the same time he was chosen "Clerk of the writts for the County of Suffolk. For this important service his salary was fixed at the munificent sum of twenty shillings per year and be "rate free." This was continued from year to year. He held this office of Town Clerk up to about six weeks before his death. He died October 25, 1663. In the "Annals of Dorchester," written by his great-grandson, is this record:

1663

This year Died Mr. William Blake who had been Clerk of ye writs for ye County of Suffolk, & Recorder for ye Town near 8 years. He was also Clerk of ye Training band. He died ye 25th of ye 8th mo. ye 69th Year of his Age.

Mr. Blake left a will in which the first bequest was a gift to the town for repairing the burying ground. At a meeting of the selectmen, held September 12, 1664, a committee was appointed "to gett the burying place well and sufficiently to be fenced in, and are to demand of John Blake 20 shillings, given by his father in his last will and Testament to that end and vse."

Mr. Francis E. Blake comments on this:

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Although the value of Mr. Blake's estate was not large, yet it compared well with the possessions of his neighbors. The simple manner of living of one of the principal men of the town is quite clearly indicated by this schedule of his property.

Of him James Savage says: "He was a very useful citizen."

Children of *William and Agnes (Band) Blake*: 1. John, baptized at Pitminster, England, August 30, died at Boston, January 25, 1688-1689. 2. Anne, baptized at Pitminster, England, August 30, 1618; died in Boston, July 12, 1681. 3. William, of whom further. 4. James, baptized at Pitminster, England, April 27, 1624; died at Dorchester, June 28, 1700, "aged 76." 5. Edward, place and date of birth unknown; supposed to be the youngest child; died at Milton, September 3, 1692.

The Dorchester church records give the following information as to the movements of Agnes, wife of William Blake after his death: "The 6(1)69/70 Sister Agnes Blake (ye wife of William Blake deceased) she having removed her dwelling to Boston was dismissed to Joyne to ye theird Church in Boston." The Boston church records show her admission. Her son John and only daughter Anne Leager resided in Boston. She evidently returned to Dorchester, for the records show that she died in Dorchester July 22, 1678.

*II. William Blake*² (William¹), son and third child of William Blake and Agnes (Band) Blake, was born in England, and baptized at Pitminster, Somerset, England, September 6, 1620, and came with his father to America.

There is no record of his marriage, and the surname of his first wife Anna is not known. The church records show the admission of "uxor William Blake" on April 25, 1652. She was living in 1680, but the date of her death is unknown. In 1660 he was one of those who received an allotment of lands in that part of the town of Dorchester, which, in 1662, was set off as Milton. In 1665 he sold to Thomas Davenport his "now dwelling house" with seventeen acres of land, and in the deed therefor the name of his wife Anna for the first time appears in the records. He probably removed in 1665 to Milton, where he owned a large farm on Brush Hill. In the Dorchester records there are some references to the "way leading over brushhill," near Mr. Blake's farm. He was active in the business affairs of Milton, and in the church organized in 1678. He served on the commit-

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tee to build the new meetinghouse. He was a member of a military company, with the rank of sergeant: whether this was the artillery company is uncertain. He was a selectman of the town several years. He attained such prominence in his community that he was chosen Deputy to the General Court in 1680, 1683, 1690 and 1697. He was a farmer, and surely a carpenter, as the records show: "12-2-1676 ther was granted to william Blake Senr libertie to gitt fine load of Clobord out of the Comon Swamp," and in 1681 to "get 1400 Clobords for his own vse." He appears to have been a close friend of Rev. Peter Thacher, a famous preacher of that place and time, who records: "Sargent Blake and myself went to my pasture and righted up the hedge," and later, "Sergent Blake agreed to ground sill my house and lay a double floor and new sleepers."

That Mr. Blake (William²) was authorized to keep an "ordinary" or inn is shown by the records of the county court, held December 4, 1682: "Upon consideration of the necessity of a house of entertainment for Travellers in the new road from Taunton et new Bristol Etra (et cetera) over brush hill William Blake of Milton is allowed to keepe an Ordinary until April next." Nothing more is known in regard to this occupation.

Mr. Blake married a second wife Hannah (Tolman) Lyon, in Milton, November 22, 1693. She was the daughter of Thomas and Sarah Tolman. By her first marriage in 1661 with George Lyon, who died in 1691, she had several children. She died in Dorchester, August 4, 1729, "in the 91st year of her age."

Mr. Blake died in Milton, September 3, 1703, "at the age of 83 years." His will, executed a few weeks before his death, made provision for the comfort of his "dear loving wife." He bequeathed the homestead and other property to his sons Nathaniel and Edward, and legacies to his son Samuel and daughters, Anne Gilbert, Mary Willis, Experience Carver, and Mehitable Briggs. His estate inventoried £343—6—0.

Children of William and Anna Blake were: 1. Samuel, born May 14, 1650, died in Taunton, 1719. 2. Anne, born March 7, 1651, died in infancy. 3. Anne, born March 6, 1652. 4. Mary, born March 20, 1654/55. 5. William, born February 22, 1656/57; lost in the Canada Expedition, 1690. 6. Nathaniel, born July 4, 1659, died October 5, 1720. 7. Edward³, of whom further. 8. Experience, born June

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17, 1665. 9. Agnes, born September 29, 1669. 10. Susan, born July 20, 1670, died May 4, 1676. 11. Mehitabel, born April 2, 1673.

*III. Edward Blake*³ (William², William¹), son of William and Anna Blake, was born in Dorchester, April 13, 1662. His residence was in Milton. June 26, 1696, he married Elizabeth Mory, a sister of his brother Nathaniel's wife, Martha Mory. They were daughters of Walter Mory. Edward's occupation does not appear in any record. He died in 1737, aged seventy-five years. Six children were born to Edward and Elizabeth (Mory) Blake, *viz.*: 1. Anna, born April 7, 1697; married Mr. Sterns. 2. Edward, born July 22, 1698; married Elizabeth French, and had six children; residence Milton and Stoughton. 3. Aaron, born February 23, 1699/1700, died before 1733. 4. Mary, born January 13, 1701/02; unmarried in 1737. 5. Elizabeth, born April 5, 1704; married Mr. Belcher. 6. Moses⁴, of whom further.

*IV. Moses Blake*⁴ (Edward³, William², William¹), son and sixth child of Edward and Elizabeth (Mory) Blake, was born the 6th of August, 1706, in Milton, Massachusetts. He was a weaver and clothier, and resided at Milton. He was married to Hannah Horton, February 11, 1730/31.

"Milton Church Records," of October 31, 1731, state that "Moses Blake owned the covenant and came under the watch and Discipline of ye Church." The date of the death of his wife Hannah Horton is not found of record, but by deed records it is shown that he had a second wife, a daughter of Solomon Bertens, of Rehoboth.

"Taunton Deeds," Vol. XLVII, p. 55, reveal that "on May 31, 1743, Moses Blake, weaver of Milton, in ye County of Suffolk in ye Massachusetts Bay, and wife Hannah, sold to Robert Goff, of Rehoboth, blacksmith, by deed ten acres of land in Rehoboth, it being Hannah Bertens part set off to her by the deviders of her Honored Father's estate, Solomon Bertens."

Moses Blake died October 22, 1776. He was the father of several daughters, among them Susanna, Anna, Mary, and Hannah, and one son Moses, of whom further.

*V. Moses Blake*⁵ (Moses⁴, Edward³, William², William¹) was born at Milton, Massachusetts, son of Moses, but by which wife, and the date, is not now known. That he lived for a time in Providence,

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Rhode Island, and then in Rehoboth is shown by public records. Rehoboth had become the home of a number of the Blakes from Dorchester and Milton. His great-uncle, James Blake, of Dorchester, married a second wife, Elizabeth Hunt, in Rehoboth, September 17, 1695, and the second wife of the first Moses, possibly the mother of this Moses, Hannah Bertens, was the daughter of Solomon Bertens of Rehoboth.

Vol. IX, "Vital Records of Rhode Island," p. 535, records a Mary Blake and Isiah Hunt, both of Rehoboth, married September 18, 1746. The first Moses had a daughter Mary.

The "Vital Records of Rhode Island" show that *Moses Blake*, of Providence, and *Sible Fuller* (Fuller V), of Rehoboth, were married October 21, 1752. Moses Blake was a joiner (cabinet and fine wood worker) and had a joiner's shop in Rehoboth, as shown by the following records (Book LXII, p. 193, "Taunton Deeds") :

I, Moses Blake, of Rehoboth, County of Bristol, Massachusetts Bay, in consideration of 15 pounds, paid by Caleb Fuller of Rehoboth, ferryman, convey and confirm unto him my joyners shop situate in Rehoboth, being near the place called Fuller's Ferry.

Nov. 25, 1775.

MOSES BLAKE
SIBEL BLAKE

"Taunton Deeds," Vol. LVIII, p. 88, April 21, 1767, also gives this record:

Moses Blake of Rehoboth, joiner, for £15 paid by Caleb Fuller of Rehoboth, ferryman, sells a joiner's shop in Rehoboth near place called Fuller's Ferry, and is 16 ft. one way and 18 ft. the other, and also the land on which said shop stands, and to extend 10 ft. to South, and 18 ft. to East from said shop &c.

Acknowledged at Bristol, November 26, 1777.

In a conveyance by Caleb Fuller to Moses' son, Josiah, which will be recited later under head of "Josiah Blake," an exception is made of "a small dwellinghouse in possession of "Heirs of Moses Blake and Spence Beers." This deed is dated April 28, 1781, and indicates that Moses Blake had died previous to that date. Arnold's "Vital Records," Vol. X, p. 227, gives us this: "Sibball Blake, wife of Moses, died August 13, 1785 (from records of the Congregational Church on west side of river)." Arnold's "Collections," p. 534, gives this record of the births of children of *Moses Blake* and *Sibel*, his wife:

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Josiah, of whom further; Hannah, October 8, 1757; Benjamin, March 26, 1760; Molley, April 17, 1762; David, February 13, 1764; Joseph, March 17, 1766 (evidently twin); Dolle, March 17, 1766 (evidently twin); Cyrel, September 10, 1769; Simeon, August 13, 1771.

*VI. Josiah Blake*⁶ (Moses⁵, Moses⁴, Edward³, William², William¹) was born at Seconk in Rehoboth, Bristol County, Massachusetts, now East Providence, and a part of the present city of Providence, Rhode Island, on the 30th day of December, 1753, the son of Moses and Sibel (Fuller) Blake. He evidently was named after his mother's father, Josiah Fuller. Of his youth and early manhood there is no record. We may presume that as the eldest child and son in a large family he assisted his father in the joiner shop near Fuller's Ferry. His son (by second wife, Judith), Dr. John Lyon Blake, states in a letter shown herein later that Josiah lived for a time in the family of Captain John Lyon, a sea captain, of Rehoboth, which explains his early and first romance. He was married three times. No record is found of the first marriage. The tradition among the Ohio and other descendants is that this marriage was an elopement with Betsey Lyon, who died shortly after the birth of a daughter.

Betsey Lyon was a daughter of John Lyon, afterwards a captain in the war of the Revolution. This name Betsey Lyon persists in the family tradition. Josiah named the child Dorothy, possibly after his little sister Dorothy, or Dolle Blake.

The first time Josiah's name appears in a public record, excepting his birth, is when he became a "minute man," and marched at the "Lexington Alarm." He was then past twenty-one years of age. This service is recorded in the office of the secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in Vol. II, p. 228, of "Revolutionary War Service," as follows:

Josiah Blake—

Appears with rank of private on Lexington Alarm Roll of Capt. Phaniel Bishops's Co. which marched on the Alarm of April 19, 1775 from Rehoboth. Residence, Rehoboth. Length of service 8 days.

Appears with rank of private on muster roll of Capt. John Perry's Co. Col. Timothy Walker's Regt. dated August 1, 1775. Time of enlistment May 1, 1775. Time of service 3 mos. 1 week 1 day. Residence Rehoboth.

(Vol. XVI, p. 2.)

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Appears with rank of Private on Company Return of Capt. Perry's Co. Col. Walker's Regt. dated Oct. 6, 1775. Residence, Rehoboth.

(Vol. LVI, p. 136.)

Appears among signatures to an order for bounty Coat or its equivalent in money, due for the Eight months Service in 1775 in Capt. Perry's Co. Col. Walker's (23d) Regt. dated Camp Roxbury Oct. 26, 1775. Payable to Lieut John Paine.

(Vol. LVII, File 14.)

Appears with rank of Private on Muster and Pay Roll of Capt. Loring Lincoln's Co. Lt. Col. Flagg's Regt. Marched to Bennington on the alarm of 1777. Length of service, 5 days. Residence, Leicester.

(Vol. XXI, p. 34.)

Appears with rank of Private on Muster and Pay Roll of Capt. Josiah White's Co. Col. Cushing's Regt. Enlisted Sept. 5, 1777. Discharged, Nov. 29, 1777. Length of service 3 mos 4 days (travel included). Raised for 3 mos. to reinforce Northern Army under Gen. Gates. Roll sworn to in Worcester Co.

In addition to his service as a soldier from Massachusetts, from Rehoboth and from Leicester, we find that the migratory habit, which we shall see was a part of his make-up throughout life, led him across the river from Rehoboth into Providence, where he enlisted in the Rhode Island Line about the 1st of February, 1776, for one year, in Captain Benjamin Hoppin's Company of Colonel Christopher Lippett's Regiment. In this company he held the rank of orderly sergeant for the year of his enlistment. Vol. XII, p. 110, "Vital Records of Rhode Island," records:

Josiah Blake, Sergeant—

Captain Hoppins Company Col. Lippets Regiment, on Company Pay Roll Sept 1776.

In "Intentions of Marriage," Mr. Arnold, on p. 424, records as follows:

Josiah Blake of Rehoboth and Judith Lyon of Lister, Sept. 1, 1781.

After thus publishing the banns in Rhode Island we find the migratory Josiah in Massachusetts, at Leicester, eight days later, apparently the residence place of the lady, also filing intentions, as follows:

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"In the intentions of Marriages, Sept. 8, 1781, Josiah Blake of Rehoboth and *Mrs.* Judith Lyon of Leicester."

Then in the records of marriages is: "Sept. 27, 1781, Josiah Blake of Providence and Judith Lyon of Leicester."

In the Census of 1790, the first census of the United States authorized by Congress, in the Massachusetts volume appears Josiah and his second wife Judith. They continued in Leicester, Massachusetts, but a brief time, for we find them in Rehoboth the following year selling Josiah's property there.

Having sold all his possessions, as he supposed, in Rehoboth, Josiah Blake absolutely drops out of the records in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and from all knowledge of any of his family, including his daughter Dorothy. He was reported or supposed to be dead, for on March 1, 1805, more than twenty-two years after he had sold his Rehoboth property to the Comstocks of Connecticut, we find this last mention of this name: "Taunton Deeds," Vol. LXXXV, p. 127: Henry Wyatt, and Dorothy his wife, *in her own right* for \$18 paid by Elizabeth Nightingale, of Providence, widow of Joseph Nightingale, Esq., late of Providence, quitclaims all right, title and interest in a lot of land in Rehoboth near Bridge on Seconet River, called India bridge, and is bounded every way on land of said Elizabeth, or heirs of Joseph Nightingale, Esq., deceased, &c., &c., "being the same dwelling house and all the lot of land *which Josiah Blake late of said Rehoboth, died seized of.*"

Josiah Blake, when past eighty years of age, and his wife Sarah, left Hartland, in the Connecticut valley and returned to Phillips, Maine, at the instance of his sons, Dr. John L. Blake and Benjamin Blake, where his "long, long trail" ended. Here he died on the 14th day of July, 1840.

Children of Josiah Blake: 1. Dorothy, of whom further. 2. Benjamin. 3. John Lyon. 4. Joseph. 5. Moses. 6. Joshua. 7. Nathaniel. 8. Betsey. 9. Nancy.

VII. Dorothy Blake, daughter of Josiah Blake and his first wife, Betsey Lyon, eloped with and married Henry Wyatt (Wyatt VI), son of Captain Lemuel Wyatt, of Rehoboth, Massachusetts.

(The Tillinghast Line)

*I. Rev. Pardon Tillinghast*¹ was born 1622, at Seven Cliffs, near Beachy Head, Sussex County, England. This place became after-

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wards and is now Eastbourne, and is quite a large summer resort. It is located on the English Channel, in the southeast of England. Mr. James Tillinghast, of Buffalo, New York, a descendant, visited Eastbourne about 1885, and found some members of the family still residing there with traditions of Pardon Tillinghast, who emigrated to America.

Pardon Tillinghast was said to have been the son of a freeholder, and also to have been engaged in the battle of Marston Moor as a soldier in the service of Oliver Cromwell, then commencing his career that afterwards made him Lord Protector of the English Commonwealth. Moses Brown, of Providence, a descendant, says that by tradition Pardon had served in Cromwell's army. Pardon Tillinghast was the first of the name in America. Where he landed is not known, but he arrived at Providence Plantations prior to 1645, a young man of about twenty-two, less than five years after Roger Williams settled there and bought the land from the Indians where the city of Providence is now located. Roger Williams conveyed the land bought from the Indians to thirteen associates, himself one, and such others as "the major part of us shall admit into the same fellowship of vote with us." The first named person in the original deed from Roger Williams was *Stukeley Wescott*, an ancestor of the writer hereof, whose interesting history is given later herein. Judge Staples, in his "Annals of Providence" says: "Besides those who in the words of the original deed were admitted to 'equal fellowship of vote' with the first purchasers, other individuals were received as Townsmen, having no interest in the lands, and some too as twenty-five acres (or less) purchasers. Some individuals were received as inhabitants on the condition contained in the following agreement:

The 19th of 11 mo. 1645 (January 19, 1646).

We whose names are hereafter subscribed having obtained a free grant of twenty five acres apiece, with the right of commencing, according to said proportions of land, from the free inhabitants of this town of Providence, do thankfully accept the same and do hereby promise to yield active or passive obedience to the authority of King and Parliament or the State of England, established in this Colony according to our Charter, and to all such wholesome laws and orders that are or shall be made by the major consent of the town of Providence, as also not to claim any right to the purchase of the said plantations, nor any privilege of vote in town affairs until we shall be received as freemen of the said town of Providence.

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This agreement was signed by twenty-eight persons, and the second name was "Pardon Tillinghast," and is the first appearance of the name of "Tillinghast" in the records of Providence, or New England. Pardon Tillinghast was first married to Miss Butterworth, daughter probably of John Butterworth, of Rehoboth, who was living in Rehoboth in 1643, and was one of the founders of the first Baptist church in 1663, in Swanzev. This first marriage occurred about 1653; the first child, Sarah, was born November 17, 1654, dying in infancy.

At the General Court of Commissioners for the Colony held at Warwick, May 18, 1658, Pardon Tillinghast, with others, all of Providence, was admitted a freeman of the Colony. He appears to have received his twenty-five acres of land, and also purchased on May 9, 1649, a lot from a Mrs. Lea, for thirty shillings. This home lot was located in the neighborhood of what is now Olney Street, and was improved later by the construction of his house to be occupied after his first marriage. This house no doubt was very similar to those of his neighbors. A writer concerning those pioneer days says "they were small, built of heavy woodwork that was wrought chiefly with the ax. They were a story or a story and a half, with a large chimney at one end. Generally a house had but one room below, and a chamber in the half story or attic above. Access to the chamber was often obtained by a ladder."

The furniture of these early settlers was undoubtedly as solid and rude as their buildings.

About 1659 he removed to Newport, Rhode Island, where he purchased certain land and had a deed therefor from Benedict Arnold, the first Governor of Rhode Island. While at Newport probably his first wife died after the birth of her third child, and the records show that Pardon on April 16, 1664, was married to Lydia Taber (Taber II), the daughter of Philip and Lydia (Masters) Taber, of Tiverton, Rhode Island, and granddaughter of John and Jane Masters, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He returned to Providence and purchased, February 19, 1665, a home lot near what is now South Main and Transit streets, extending from the harbor line on the west, containing, like all other home lots, about six acres. Here he built a home and continued to occupy it until his death. John O. Austin says he was "a shopkeeper with other avocations, as cooper &c." He was a friend of Roger Williams, who organized the first Baptist society in

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America, and became an earnest co-worker with Williams in the cause and acquired the honored title of "Elder," and as "Elder Pardon Tillinghast" he was known.

Upon the west or harbor line of his estate he built in 1679 the first wharf in Providence, and also a warehouse, from which he carried on as a merchant the most extensive commercial transactions done at this time in the town, the trade extending to other colonial ports and the Indies.

His political career, begun in 1672, as traced from the public records, reveals evidences that he must have had the confidence of his fellow-citizens to a marked degree. In 1672 he was chosen a Representative, then called Deputy, from Providence in the Colonial Assembly of Rhode Island, also filling the same position in 1780, 1790, 1794, 1797 and 1800. He was a member, selectman, of the town council of Providence continuously from 1688 to 1707, a period of nineteen years.

June 16, 1687, he was appointed by the Court of Commissioners of the Colony overseer of the poor of Providence. He was town treasurer of Providence from 1707 to 1711, this last when he was ninety-two years of age.

Of the religious standing of Pardon Tillinghast in the town and Colony in which he passed nearly seventy-five of the ninety-six years of his life, there can be no question. His religious life had progressed from his youth until in 1681 he became the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Providence. What special preparation or education he had for this position is unrecorded, but undoubtedly his particular reading and study was under the eyes and guidance of the five eminent preachers of the church who preceded him in the pastorate. The following extracts are transcribed from the records of the First Baptist Church in Providence, Rhode Island, the oldest church of the Baptist denomination in America, and as published in Benedict's "History of the Baptists":

This Church was organized in 1639 and it first met for worship in a Grove, unless in wet and stormy weather, when they assembled in private houses.

The church records also show the succession of its line of pastors to have been as follows:

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- 1st Roger Williams.
- 2nd Rev. Chad Brown.
- 3rd Mr. Wickenden.
- 4th Rev. Gregory Dexter.
- 5th Thomas Olney.

The church records continue :

Pardon Tillinghast was next in office. He was born at Severn-Cliffe, near Beechy Head, England, about the year 1622. He came to Providence, by way of Connecticut, in the year 1645, and was of the Particular Baptist denomination, and remarkable for his piety and plain dress. At his own expense he built the first meeting house about the year 1700, on a spot of ground toward the north end of the town, having the main street for the front, and the river to the back.

In 1687, September 1, his taxes were 14 shillings, which would be more than \$14 now.

In 1688 his ratable estate listed for taxation purposes was: "Shop goods 40, enclosed land 4 acres, vacant land 80 acres, 2 shares of meadow, 4 cows, 3 heifers, 24 sheep, 5 horsekind, 2 swine, part of 2 boats, a little sorry housing."

On April 14, 1711, Elder Pardon Tillinghast deeded his house, called the Baptist Meeting House, situated between the town street and salt water, together with the lot "whereon the said meeting house standeth" to the church and their successors, for "the christian love, good will and affection which I bear to the Church of Christ in said Providence, the which I am in fellowship with and have the care of as being elder of the said church." . . . "Memorandum, before the ensealing hereof I do declare that whereas it is above mentioned, towit: to the church and their successors in the same faith and order, I do intend by the words same faith and order, such as do truly believe and practice the six principles of the doctrine of Christ mentioned, Heb. 6:2, such as after their manifestation of repentance and faith, are baptized in water, and have hands laid on them."

This deed is dated "14th of April, 10th year of our Sovereign Lady Queen Anne A. D. 1711," and is recorded in Book I, "Providence Records," pp. 27-28.

The exact date when he was formally installed as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Providence is not given in the records of the church, but one writer says "that he officiated as Pastor up to the time of his decease, a period upwards of forty years."

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In a letter in the Providence Historical Society, it is said: "Elder Tillinghast taught that a pastor might receive by way of contributions, although for his own part he would take nothing." Judge Staples ("Annals of Providence," p. 414) says: "Pardon Tillinghast at his own expense built the first meeting house in the town about the year 1700, and this house was situated on the West side of North Main Street opposite Star Street."

Rev. Frederick Denison, a Providence historical writer, says: "Surely he was as liberal a preacher as could be asked for, who preached for nothing, and threw a meeting house and lot into the Church Treasury."

It has been well said that "with his business enterprises, his political and pastoral duties he must have led a very active and busy life."

Pardon Tillinghast died January 9, 1718, at the ripe age of ninety-six years. He was buried on his own lot at the south end of town near what is now the corner of Benefit and Transit streets, overlooking the river, in the heart of the city of Providence.

The will of Pardon Tillinghast was executed December 15, 1715, and was probated and proved February 11, 1718. His wife Lydia was named executrix with sons Philip and Benjamin to help her.

Pardon Tillinghast was the father of twelve children, three by the first wife and nine by the second: 1. Sarah, born November 17, 1654, died young. 2. John, born September, 1657, died December, 1690. 3. Mary, born October, 1661. Children of second wife, Lydia Taber: 4. Lydia, born April 18, 1666, died June 30, 1707. 5. Pardon, born February 16, 1668; he died October 3, 1743, testate. 6. Philip, born October, 1669; he died March 14, 1732. 7. Benjamin, born February 3, 1672; he died September 14, 1726. 8. Abigail, born March, 1674. 9. Joseph, of whom further. 10. Mercy, born 1680, died November 13, 1769. 11. Hannah. 12. Elizabeth.

*II. Joseph Tillinghast*² (Pardon¹) was the son of Elder Pardon Tillinghast and Lydia Taber, daughter of Philip and Lydia (Masters) Taber. He was born August 11, 1677, at Providence, Rhode Island.

John O. Austin says he was a merchant. In 1701 he was made a freeman. December 22, 1702, he bought of Samuel and Daniel Brown, of Kingstown, for £30, a lot of ninety acres in East Greenwich. Whether he lived there or not we do not know, but the records

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show that on July 22, 1704, he deeded the above-mentioned ninety acres to his brother Pardon "in the presence of our father and mother, Pardon and Lydia Tillinghast."

Prior to 1702 he married his first wife, Freelove Stafford, daughter of Samuel and Mercy (Westcott) Stafford. When he married his second wife, Mary Hendron, a widow, is not known, but we find them living in Newport in 1726, where on June 16, 1726, he and his wife Mary made a deed to his brother Pardon Tillinghast, of Providence, for the consideration of £250 for a six-acre lot and house in Providence, the same premises probably bequeathed to him by his father's will. He died December 1, 1763, aged 86 years, three months and 20 days.

Joseph Tillinghast and his wife Freelove Stafford were the parents of four children, *viz.*: 1. Joseph³, of whom further. 2. Freelove, born in 1707. 3. Anna, born June 25, 1709. 4. Samuel, born October 8, 1711.

There were six children by the second marriage, Elizabeth, Samuel², Nicholas, Daniel, Mary, and Henry.

III. Joseph Tillinghast³ (Joseph², Pardon¹), the son of Joseph² and Freelove (Stafford) Tillinghast, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1703. He was a merchant, as was his father, first at Providence, and then at Newport, where he lived the remainder of his life. Joseph Tillinghast married Lydia Simmons, daughter of William Simmons and Abigail (Church) Simmons, at Tiverton, Rhode Island. The marriage ceremony was performed by Job Almy, justice of the peace, April 4, 1723.

IV. Sarah Tillinghast⁴ (Joseph³, Joseph², Pardon¹), the daughter of Joseph Tillinghast³ and his wife Lydia (Simmons) Tillinghast, was born at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 26th day of February, 1728. She was married to Lemuel Wyatt (Wyatt V), of Newport, on the 2d day of October, 1747. The interesting story of her marriage to Lemuel Wyatt, in opposition to the will of her father, is told in the sketch of Lemuel Wyatt's life hereinbefore given. Sarah died October 22, 1804, in the 77th year of her age.

(The Masters Line)

I. John Masters, according to Savage, probably came in the fleet with Winthrop and settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was made a freeman at Cambridge, "May 18, 1631, with prefix of respect,

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a man of skill and enterprise." His wife was Jane. He died December 21, 1639, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Jane, his wife, died five days later. His will, made two days only before he died ("General Register," II, p. 180), names the following children: Daughters Sarah; Lydia, of whom further; Elizabeth; and son Abraham.

II. Lydia Masters, daughter of John and Jane Masters, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, married Philip Taber (Taber I), of Watertown, Massachusetts.

(The Taber Line)

I. Philip Taber^I was born in England about 1605, and is first found at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1634. Nothing of his parentage or home in England, or the date of his arriving in New England is known or found of record. April 1, 1634, he subscribed toward building the protection for the harbor at Watertown, promising two hundred feet of four-inch plank for the sea fort.

He bound himself in 40s. to appear to give testimony against a person for selling commodities contrary to order.

On May 14, 1634, he was made a freeman of Watertown. He married Lydia Masters (Masters II), daughter of John and Jane Masters, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, this prior to 1639, for we find that John Masters died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 21, 1639, and mentioned in his will, made two days prior to his death, his daughter Lydia Taber.

We find him next at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod, where he was one of the first settlers, and where on March 5, 1639, he was appointed on the committee to make equal division of the planting land in first allotment. In 1639 and 1640 he was chosen a Deputy for Yarmouth in the earliest Assembly of Plymouth Colony. On November 8, 1640, he had his son John baptized at Barnstable, Cape Cod, probably still living at Yarmouth, a short distance from Barnstable, and six years later, February, 1646, his sons Joseph, Philip and Thomas were baptized. He left Yarmouth and went to the island of Martha's Vineyard where, as John Austin, in his "Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island," says "he had been for quite a period." James Savage also mentions his residence at Martha's Vineyard, whence he removed to New London, Connecticut, in March, 1651. In 1656 we find him listed among the freemen of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, where in 1660, 1661 and 1663 he was a commissioner.

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In 1663 he served on a committee in relation to raising money to be paid John Clarke by the Colony for his services as agent to England.

On January 31, 1664, he, Philip Taber (calling himself of Newport, at this date), sold a certain house in Portsmouth "now or lately in occupation of Alexander Balcom."

The date of the death of his wife, Lydia (Masters) Taber, is not found of record. April 20, 1665, he sold his house and ten acres of land in Portsmouth to Anthony Shaw of same town for "40 and three hundred good boards." At Providence, Rhode Island, June 10, 1669, in an inquest case, he testified that he was sixty-four years of age (this fixes his birth in 1605); "that being in his own house he heard a noise of holloaing, &c., and went down to the river, which runneth by his house and saw William Wickenden, who told him there was a child drowned, and arriving at the river side, saw a lad lie dead in the bottom of the river, who William Wickenden took out, and Wickenden's wife came down, and taking an apron off the widow Ballou who came down and stood a pretty way off the child, laid the apron on the lad; and on Taber's asking whose lad it was, Wickenden made answer it was the widow Ballou's lad."

Testimony was also given by Jane Taber (Philip's second wife) in this case, who stated she was aged sixty-four years. She died the same year, 1669. The final record of Philip Taber is dated February 24, 1672, when his testimony was read before the Assembly. By one account he settled finally at Tiverton, Rhode Island, and there died.

Philip Taber and Lydia (Masters) Taber had five children: John, Lydia, Joseph, Philip, Thomas. That Philip Taber was a man of means, ability and standing is shown by the political positions he held, his subscription to the public safety, and his real estate transactions, all this in spite of his apparently restless disposition and migratory habits.

II. Lydia Taber was the daughter of Philip Taber and Lydia (Masters) Taber. On April 16, 1664, she became the second wife of the first Pardon Tillinghast (Tillinghast I), of Providence, Rhode Island, who died January 29, 1718, and whose interesting history is given herein.

Under date of November 4, 1718, the marriage of Mrs. Lydia Tillinghast to Samuel Mason, of Swanzey, is recorded at Providence.

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John Austin says: "Possibly this was Pardon Tillinghast's widow, though she was then aged." Later this was found to be correct.

The remaining children of Philip Taber and Lydia (Masters) Taber were: 1. John², born 1640, died young. 3. Joseph², no record. 4. Philip², married Mary; he died 1693. 5. Thomas², date of birth not found; he married Esther Cooke.

(The Wilmot Line)

We find this name variously spelled—Wilmot, Willmot, and in later days expanded into Wilmarth. There were a number of the name in New Haven, Connecticut, and Boston, Massachusetts, but our interest in the family is in those who settled and lived in "Ancient Rehoboth." Savage, Vol. IV, p. 581, gives a clue as to Thomas Wilmot, with whom we will start our first generation.

*I. Thomas Wilmot*¹ is found in Braintree, Massachusetts. He was one of the petitioners for a grant of a plantation on lands of Pumham, in 1645, that the Indian chief had sold to Morton and his fellow believers, which the Massachusetts Bay government, for their misbelief had confiscated, and was probably the same Thomas Wilmot whom Arnold's "Vital Statistics of Rehoboth" says was among the first purchasers of Rehoboth lands in 1643, paying for his allotment fifty pounds. Among the names of those on the Register of Rehoboth of 1645 as owning lands in the town appears the name of Thomas Wilmot, as it also does in the list of Rehoboth landowners in 1643 and in 1670. Thomas was probably married first about the time of or preceding his removal from Braintree, as the "Vital Records of Rehoboth" make no mention of the marriage.

Mr. Newton Fuller, in his genealogy, "The Fuller Family," descending from Robert Fuller, of Salem and Rehoboth, Massachusetts, published at New London, Connecticut, 1898, says that Jonathan Fuller married Elizabeth Wilmarth, daughter of Thomas, December 14, 1664. This would fix her birth between 1643 and 1645. As there is no record of a Thomas Wilmot or Wilmarth in New England at that time other than Thomas of Braintree and Rehoboth, there can be no doubt of the fact that Elizabeth, who married Jonathan Fuller, was the child of Thomas Wilmot, the first, and the same Thomas Wilmot, who having lost his first wife, on June 7, 1674, married Mary Robinson, who died in February, 1677, and on

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June 27, 1678, married Rachael Read, having his name ending with "h," the name before and since that time having been expanded to Wilmarth by some members of the family. In 1645 Thomas was marked "Sen.," leaving it certain that a "Junior" was there. The children of Thomas, so far as can be ascertained, were: 1. Elizabeth, married Jonathan Fuller (Fuller II), December 14, 1664. 2. Jonathan, married, December 29, 1680, Esther Peck. 3. John, born about 1643. 4. Mehitable, born June 19, 1675. 5. Nathaniel, born September 20, 1677. 6. Thomas², of whom further. 7. Dorothy, born August 20, 1680. 8. Sarah, born December 21, 1682.

II. *Thomas Wilmot*², or Wilmarth (Thomas¹) was the son of Thomas Wilmot¹. His mother's name is not of record. He was admitted a townsman of Rehoboth, 1673. His children, born in Rehoboth, were: 1. Thomas³, born July 7, 1675. 2. Elizabeth, born September 1, 1676. 3. Mary, born December 29, 1678. 4. Mehitable, born March 4, 1681. 5. Ann, born August 22, 1683.

NOTE—That this Thomas in naming his children repeats the names of his aunts, Elizabeth and Mehitable.

III. *Mehitable Wilmot*³ (Thomas², Thomas¹) was born March 4, 1681, the daughter of Thomas Wilmot², at Rehoboth. "Vital Records of Rehoboth" records as follows: "Mehitabell Wilmarth and Jeremiah Ormsbee (Ormsby III), filed intentions of Marriage Nov. 3d 1705. Both of Rehoboth." The record of marriage is not found.

(The Fuller Line)

Robert Fuller, of Salem, Massachusetts, was the progenitor of many Fuller families of New England. He was one of eight early settlers of America by the name of Fuller who are *ancestral heads* of a large and worthy progeny, widespread over the United States and Canada. No one has yet attempted to ascertain the special consanguinity of these eight ancestral Fullers, which would require an exhaustive research in old English records.

Mr. Newton Fuller says:

Dr. Samuel and Edward of the "Mayflower" were brothers, and the ethnological evidences forcibly favor a common origin with the other six Fullers not very far remote. William, of Hampton, New Hampshire, left no children, his property was inherited by the children of his brother John, of Ipswich. The numerous descendants of

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the eight ancestral heads are found almost universally to exhibit an intelligence, a high moral tone, a spirit of thrifty independence and enterprise, which has marked them as worthy sons of their Pilgrim fathers, whose high-toned principles were ever regarded as dearer than life itself.

I. Robert Fuller came from Southampton, England, in ship "Bevis," in 1638. He settled in Salem, Massachusetts, which was his first residence in New England. He removed to Rehoboth, where he had purchased or held lands in 1645. He was made a freeman at Rehoboth in 1658, but seems to have retained his residence in Salem, as shown by deeds in which he signed himself as "bricklayer of Salem" until about 1665, when a division of land was made in Rehoboth and a settlement established, and he became one of the first Proprietors of Rehoboth. King Philip's War, so-called, broke out and in 1676 the Indians attacked Rehoboth and burned the houses of the settlement. Robert Fuller lost two sons during the war, and James Savage, in his "Genealogical Dictionary of New England," Vol. II, p. 218, says: "By the records of Rehoboth, his wife Sarah was buried 14th October, 1676."

Having lost two sons and his wife, his home burned by the Indians, he evidently was driven from the enjoyment of his estate and returned to Salem. The records show that he paid four pounds, ten shillings and three pence for his assessment for the expenses of King Philip's War. He appears to have remained in Salem for about twenty years, having in the meantime married his second wife, widow Margaret Waller, with whom he again settled in Rehoboth in 1696. His wife Margaret died at Rehoboth, 30th of January, 1700, and he died there May 10, 1706. He evidently was a man of thrift and means, as he acquired extensive tracts of land in Rehoboth, Attleboro, Seekonk, and on the Pawtucket River. He was *the first and only bricklayer in New England* for many years.

He had several children: Jonathan, Elizabeth, John, Samuel, Abigail and Benjamin. In a deed of 28th May, 1696, for land in Rehoboth he calls Jonathan "his eldest son," and of whom further.

*II. Jonathan Fuller*², eldest son of Robert Fuller and Sarah, of Salem, was born in Salem about 1640. He married Elizabeth Wilmarth, sometimes spelled Wilmot (Wilmot I, child 1), daughter of Thomas Wilmarth or Wilmot, December 14, 1664. Jonathan lived

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at Attleboro, where he held land jointly with his father Robert (1), drawing his shares in the general divisions of land made to the first settlers in 1661 and 1668. In the Indian War of 1675-76, Attleboro seems to have escaped the ravages and destruction that Rehoboth and other places suffered, so that Jonathan and his family remained in their home, while other living members of Robert's family removed to Salem. He was a selectman at Attleboro. He died at Attleboro, February 10, 1709, aged sixty-nine years, intestate, leaving a large estate which was settled by his widow Elizabeth in March, 1709. Jonathan and Elizabeth had eleven children: 1. Jonathan, born December 23, 1665. 2. David, born September 11, 1667. 3. Daniel, born August 6, 1669. 4. Robert, born June 28, 1671, died July 28, 1671. 5. Thomas, born June 28, 1671. 6. Robert, of whom further. 7. Nathaniel, born March 1, 1675. 8. Elizabeth, born May 12, 1678. 9. Sarah, born April 23, 1680. 10. Mary, born October 1, 1682. 11. Noah, born February 12, 1684.

Jonathan Fuller in his public and private life bears the reputation of being a leading and influential citizen. His large family of children all give evidence of inheriting the staid and high-toned characteristics of their parents. Previous to his death Jonathan made quite extensive dispositions by deeds to his children.

III. Robert Fuller³ (Jonathan², Robert¹), son of Jonathan Fuller and Elizabeth (Wilmarth) Fuller, was born in Attleboro, Massachusetts, March 2, 1673, where he seems to have spent his life. Robert Fuller³ died in Attleboro in 1710.

He married Elizabeth Shepardson, January 4, 1699. She died September 28, 1701. In 1703 he married his second wife, Mary Titus (Titus IV), daughter of Silas Titus. There was one son by the first wife Elizabeth, Obadiah⁴, born December 25, 1699, who lived in Attleboro and Windsor, and married Abigail Follett. Mary Titus, the second wife, became the mother of four children: 1. Josiah⁴, of whom further. 2. Robert⁴, born May 2, 1706, died 1724. 3. Sarah⁴, born April 29, 1708. 4. Elizabeth, born April 23, 1710.

IV. Josiah Fuller⁴ (Robert³, Jonathan², Robert¹), son of Robert³ and Mary (Titus) Fuller, was born at Attleboro, Massachusetts, November 18, 1704. He lived in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, and Pawtucket, Rhode Island. He was married to Mehitable Ormsbee

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(Ormsby IV), March 13, 1728/29, by Rev. John Greenwood. He died January, 1753. The children were: 1. Mary, born April 14, 1730. 2. Oliver, born November 29, 1732. 3. Syble, of whom further. 4. Caleb, born March 31, 1736. 5. Noah, born March 17, 1737.

V. *Syble Fullers* (Josiah⁴, Robert³, Jonathan², Robert¹) was born in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, June 1, 1734, the daughter of Josiah Fuller and Mehitabel (Ormsbee) Fuller. October 21, 1752, she was married to Moses Blake (Blake V) and became the mother of the children as set out in the Blake family line.

"Vital Records of Rhode Island," Vol. X, p. 227, gives this record of Syble (Fuller) Blake's death: "Sibball Blake, wife of Moses died August 13, 1785, from Records of Congregational Church on the West side of the river."

(The Titus Line)

I. *Robert Titus*, the ancestral head in America of the Titus family (sometimes written Tytus) came in the ship "Hopewell," Captain Bundock, in the spring of 1635, from London, aged thirty-five years, and with him came his wife Hannah, aged thirty-one years, and two sons, John, aged eight years, and Edmund, aged five years. Robert and his family settled at Weymouth, where he was made a freeman May 13, 1640. While living at Weymouth two children were born: Abiel, March 17, 1641, and daughter Content, March 28, 1643. In 1644 the family removed to Rehoboth, Massachusetts, and Robert, in 1648-49-50, was chosen a Representative to the General Court of Massachusetts. The date of his death or that of his wife Hannah is to me unknown. Of his children, *Edmund* and *Content*, nothing is found of record. Abiel was at Newtown, Long Island.

II. *John Titus*² (Robert¹), the eldest child and son of Robert Titus and Hannah Titus, was born in England about 1627, and came with his father and family in 1635, living as a youth at Weymouth, until 1644, when with his father he removed to Rehoboth. He married Abigail (Carpenter II), daughter of *William Carpenter*, of Weymouth. Their children were: John; Silas, of whom further; and Jonathan.

III. *Silas Titus*³ (John², Robert¹) was born at Rehoboth, May 18, 1656, the son of John Titus and Abigail (Carpenter) Titus.

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Savage says he was of Rehoboth, and names his two children (without naming his wife), Silas⁴, born August 12, 1679, and Mary, born March 30, 1681. Of Silas³ I have no further record.

IV. Mary Titus⁴ (Silas³, John², Robert¹), daughter of Silas Titus³, was born at Rehoboth, March 18, 1681. She married Robert Fuller³ (Fuller III), in 1703.

(The Carpenter Line)

I. William Carpenter came in the ship "Bevis," in 1638, from Southampton, England, aged sixty-two years. He was a carpenter from Horwell, says the clearance papers at the Custom House, with his son William, aged thirty-three years, and Abigail, wife of the latter, aged thirty-two years, and four grandchildren "of ten years old or less," not named in the clearance document.

He settled with his family at Weymouth, where he was made a freeman, May 13, 1640. He was chosen a Representative to the General Court of Massachusetts in 1641 and 1643.

He died in the winter of 1659-60, aged about eighty-three years. His will of December 10 was probated February 7, 1660, and names his children as follows: sons, John, William, Joseph, Abijah, Samuel; and daughters, Hannah and Abigail, of whom further. He makes bequest to son of John Titus, who had married the testator's daughter, Abigail. No mention of the wife of William is found in the clearance papers of the ship "Bevis," nor is any record found of a wife in New England, or in his will.

II. Abigail Carpenter² (William¹), daughter of William Carpenter, was born in Weymouth, the youngest child of her father, and probably was named after her brother William's wife, Abigail, who came with her husband from England. She married John Titus (Titus II), son of Robert Titus, also of Weymouth, where the pair, as children, were raised and married. The marriage was apparently pleasing to William Carpenter, Abigail's father, for in his will he makes bequest to her son, mentioning him as the son of John Titus. Abigail evidently had preceded her father in death.

(The Ormsby Line)

This name is sometimes spelled Ormsbee. The first of the name known in New England was *Edward Ormsby*, of Boston, whom Savage says was perhaps the son of the widow Ann Ormsby, who was

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admitted to the Boston Church August 28, 1634, and had a grant of land in 1637. In September, 1639, she was recommended to the church of Dedham, Massachusetts, whither she had no doubt removed.

Nothing further is known of or found concerning the widow Ann, or son Edward. The next to appear is *Richard Ormsby*.

I. Richard Ormsby or *Ormsbee* is first found at Saco, in the Province of Maine, then a part of Massachusetts Bay Colony, in 1641. Richard was of the migratory breed, for we next find him at Salisbury, where by wife Sarah he had Thomas, of whom further; Jacob, born March 6, 1647. His son *John* was probably born at Saco. He is next found at Haverhill in 1653, and last at Rehoboth. Richard died at Rehoboth in 1664, where the inventory of his estate was taken July 3d of that year.

*II. Thomas Ormsby*² (*Richard*¹), the son of Richard and Sarah Ormsby, was born probably at Salisbury, November 11, 1645, and followed the fortunes of his father to Rehoboth, where in 1663 he appears with his two brothers as a proprietor of Rehoboth. The date of his death and family of his wife are not known. He had children as follows: 1. Jeremiah, of whom further. 2. Hannah, born September 23, 1678. 3. Jacob, born September 13, 1680. 4. Bethia, born April 15, 1682.

*III. Jeremiah Ormsby*³ (*Thomas*², *Richard*¹), son of Thomas Ormsby, was born November 25, 1672. He lived at Rehoboth. The "Vital Records of Rehoboth" give the following record:

"*Mehitabell Wilmarth* (*Wilmot III*), and Jeremiah Ormsbee, filed intentions of marriage, November 3, 1705. Both of Rehoboth." Date of marriage not given. They had at least one child, *Mehitabel*, of whom further.

*IV. Mehitabel Ormsby*⁴ (*Jeremiah*³, *Thomas*², *Richard*¹), "daughter of Jeremiah Ormsbee and Mehitabell (*Wilmarth*) Ormsbee, was born September 7, 1710." This from "Vital Records of Rehoboth," which also record the following:

"*Fuller Josiah* (*Fuller IV*) married *Mehitabell Ormsby*, both of Rehoboth, married by Rev. John Greenwood, March 13, 1728/29." Intentions, October 26, 1727. They became the parents of *Sibel Fuller*, who married *Moses Blake*, the parents of *Josiah Blake*, our soldier of the Revolution.



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July, 1937

High Lights of Three Centuries of Old Newbury, Massachusetts

BY WILLIAM H. CLARK, WINTHROP, MASSACHUSETTS



YANKEE town in the heart of Colonial New England, Old Newbury originally included all the area now divided into Newbury, Newburyport, West Newbury, Byfield and Oldtown.

Mystery surrounds the giving of the name Newbury to this pleasant country of sea marshes, rolling hills and fertile farms between the Merrimac and the Parker rivers. The name, of course, comes from the city of Newbury in Berkshire, England. But none of the original settlers came from Newbury or even from Berkshire.

Originally, the region was named Quascacunquen and, sometimes, Oldtown. The name Newbury first appeared in 1635, just at the time of settlement, when the Great and General Court of Massachusetts appointed a commission to settle a boundary dispute between Ipswich and the new town of "Newbury." Possibly some member of the General Court wished to honor his native Newbury and had influence enough to write the name into the orders of the boundary commission and thus label the new town.

But if there is mystery about the naming, there is none about the reasons for settlement. To begin with, the Crown had given a grant, in 1627, to Sir Henry Rowell, John Endicott and others, of a tract of land extending "from a line three miles north of the Merrimac River to one three miles south of the Charles River, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean." This area, the grantees held under the

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title of "The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England."

While, for practical purposes, the Governor and Company did not concern themselves with the unimagined westward extension of their grant—the land within sight of the Atlantic being just about all that interested them—they were mightily interested in settling the coastal strip, because the Crown had, with characteristic freedom, given other grants to other parties which conflicted with the Bay Colony's. Thus, on the principle that possession is nine points of the law, the company resolved to make every effort to establish itself as soon as possible. The founding of Salem and then of Boston and its satellite towns by 1630 bore witness to the company's industry and determination.

With Boston securing the southern border of the grant, the next step was to nail down the northern edge, the section along the Merrimac. The character of this area was well known. Fishermen had been drying their fish there for decades and the topography had all been mapped. In fact, descriptions of the lands had been published in London. Witness William Wood's "New England's Prospect," printed in London in 1634. He wrote: "Agawomme is nine miles to the north from Salem, which is one of the most spacious places for a plantation being neare the sea, it aboundeth with fish, and flesh of fowles and beasts, great Meades and Marshes and plaine ploughing grounds, many good rivers and harbours and no rattle snakes. In a word, it is the best place but one, which is Merrimacke, lying eight miles beyond it, where is a river twenty leagues navigable; all along the river side is fresh Marshes, in some places three miles broad. In this river is sturgeon, sammon and basse, and divers other kinds of fish. To conclude, the Countrie hath not that which this place cannot yeeld. So that these two places may yet containe twice as many people as are yet in New England; there being as yet scarce any inhabitants in these two spacious places. Three miles beyond the river Merrimacke is the outside of our patent for the Massachusetts Bay. These be all the Townes that were begun, when I came for England, which was the 15th of August, 1633."

With the political expedience of settling along the Merrimac thus clear, only a specific purpose was needed to actually start the settlement. This came in 1633, when Sir Richard Saltonstall, Henry Sewall, Richard Dummer and Stephen Dummer, together with others, mostly

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from Wiltshire, England, organized a company for the purpose of stock raising. Persuading, among others, John Spencer, Henry Short, Richard Kent, Thomas Parker, Nicholas Easton, Francis Plummer and Thomas Hale to actually undertake the enterprise, the cattle company obtained the land in what was to be Newbury late in 1633 and, adding some excellent Flemish stock to their English-bred herds, started the actual settlement of the then northernmost regular town.

With the settlement of Newbury thus being a commercial enterprise the families who arrived to take up the land and to raise cattle were distinctly different in character from the settlers of most of the other English establishments in America.

They were not at all romantic adventurers nor were they gentlemen seeking to improve their fortunes without working—as was the case in Virginia and other colonies. They were not criminals, ne'er-do-wells, outcasts, sweepings of the slums that English cities were delighted to be rid of as expeditiously as possible. Nor were they the unfortunate victims of poverty and political wars—or even indentured servants and bondsmen. Other colonies, and even other New England towns, had such elements incorporated into their citizenry—and not always to their disadvantage—but Newbury, from the very first, remained free of all such types.

And, perhaps most distinctive of all, the settlers of Newbury were neither religious refugees or religious enthusiasts. The Pilgrims who fled from England to Holland and thence to Plymouth were such refugees. Many of the Puritans who settled Boston and its hatching of towns were religious enthusiasts—if they were not enthusiastic to begin with they soon had to become so if they wished to be comfortable and to prosper.

It seems that the Newbury folks were “substantial, law-abiding, loyal English tradesmen, of that staunch middle class which is the backbone of England. They did not come clandestinely, evading the laws, nor did they come because they were out of favor with the government of the mother country.”

In fact, there is every reason to believe that the settlers were reasonably orthodox members of the Church of England. Witness the fact that the ship on which a number of them left England, the “Mary and John,” was one of the nine vessels affected by the February, 1634, order of the Council for New England, which placed cer-

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tain restrictions on the transportation of merchandise and settlers from England to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. None of these nine vessels, then ready to sail from London, were allowed to sail unless these restrictions were complied with and one of these was that the authorities in charge of each ship were to expressly command the captain thereof to "cause the prayers contained in the book of Common Prayer, established in the Church of England, to be said daily at the usual hours of Morning and Evening Prayer and that they cause all persons on board said ships to be present at the same."

As further demonstration of this point: In later years, after religious freedom had been established in the Province of Massachusetts, the great-grandchildren of the settlers openly formed an Episcopal Church, Queen Anne's Chapel being built in 1711. This parish, which is now St. Paul's, Newburyport, is the oldest in Massachusetts, since the Episcopal Church in Boston, its only predecessor, was taken over as King's Chapel by the Unitarian branch of the Congregational Church.

The first settlers may have arrived in the spring of 1634. The exact date is unknown, but it is believed to be May 14, although there is evidence to show that this date marks the arrival of the settlers from England in the adjacent town of Ipswich and not in Newbury itself. It is certain, however, that May of 1635 saw the first settlers established in what is now Newbury. This little band, consisting of twenty-three or so men, together with their families, left the pleasant little town of Ipswich one May morning in a small ship, sailed out of the river mouth and up the shore through Plum Island Sound until they came to the Quascacunquen River. Then, up this river they sailed, probably drifting up with the tide, to a spot now believed to be just below the present highway bridge. Nicholas Noyes is said to have been the first man to leap ashore. This site is considered of importance by the present Newbury Historical Society and a boulder has been placed there, marked with a legend reading, "1902—Landing Place of the First Settlers—1635." A similar monument, this one a granite and bronze structure surmounted with a metal model of a ship of the early seventeenth century, has been placed on the old lower green in Oldtown, further up this river. This one bears the inscription: "To the men and women who settled in Newbury from 1635 to 1650 and founded its municipal, social and religious life, this monument is dedicated—1905."

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Thus motivated first by a stock raising company, the town was soon enlarged by numbers of families who came to establish homes for themselves in the pleasant fertile lands along the Quascacunquen and the meadows and rolling hills reaching on to the Merrimac. Boston welcomed dozens of ships in 1635 and nearly all of them carried families who soon found their way to Newbury.

In one of the ships which arrived in May, 1635, was Reverend Thomas Parker. With him were several families from Wiltshire. They intended to settle in Ipswich, where Rev. Mr. Parker had been called to aid the settled minister, Mr. Ward. As soon as Parker arrived, he learned that a number of families from Wiltshire had just formed a new settlement a few miles to the north and so, choosing to join men from his "home town" county, rather than to settle down with strangers from other sections of England, he left Ipswich by June and formed a church in Newbury very shortly thereafter. Parker was appointed pastor and James Noyes teacher.

Thus the new town, probably numbering a majority of its settlers as Episcopalians, lost no time in establishing a church which was, as it could not help being under the laws of the Colony, Congregational. Probably, the settlers were not particularly concerned over the change. Being without religious cant, and utterly without any emotional patterns which would lead them to consider themselves as heroes fighting wrongs and persecutions, they simply conformed to the Colony's established order of things as the rational thing to do. Some of them had dauntless affection for the Church of England. Others, equally without doubt, considered that the Established Church had permitted certain abuses and corruptions to become established which could very well be dispensed with. The former compromised with their conscience in one way or another—some had the English prayer book bound into their Bibles. The latter found the transition to Congregationalism very simple.

The majority probably made little difficulty one way or another. When they arrived they discovered that the General Court had made the Congregational Church the Established Church in place of the Church of England. Everyone was taxed to support the Congregational Church and everyone was obliged to attend its meetings regularly. Thus, as good business, plain common-sense behavior, the settlers elected to obey the law of the new land—and doubtless found

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little trouble or bother in adapting themselves, whereas they certainly would have experienced both in overflowing measure if they had attempted to do otherwise. In this matter it is important to remember that the Newbury settlers were not religious enthusiasts. They were serious, sober folk of the middle-class and thought more of establishing themselves on farms and in villages than they did about worshipping God. There could have been little question in their minds about the value of Congregationalism. They simply thought of it, if they thought at all, as being something new in a new land which their brother colonists had adopted as expedient and necessary.

How little trouble there was is attested by the fact that the settlers of Newbury soon came to have such a high regard for their minister, Mr. Parker, that they changed the name of their river, the Quascacunquen, to the Parker River—and such it has remained.

However, in all this, it must not be thought that the settlers of Newbury took their religion lightly. In fact, it was a most serious business, second only to the business of finding enough to eat. The first communal building erected was the church, sometimes combined with a fort, and Newbury settlers were doubtless no exception. Their church was in all probability just like those of the other towns—a low, rude log-hut, flat-roofed or thatched, dirt-floored and with windows mere openings left unobstructed in fair weather or heavily shuttered during storms.

No one knows just the site of the first church in Newbury, but the early days there have been recorded as enduring religious observances similar to those in all early towns. Attendance was strictly required—only absolute disability excused one from enduring the two and three hours' sermons and the hour long prayers in the dismal, unheated church. And strict attention had to be given, too. If one work-weary man or woman found the ministers involved "and tenthly" soporific, his eyes could scarcely close before a fox's tail, carried on the end of a long pole by a deacon-like tithingman, would be tickled under his nose and, if this gentle reminder did not restore the wandering to devout eagerness, the other end of the pole would certainly do so. This other end carried a heavy brass knob.

Disorder in church was sternly dealt with and failure to attend was a serious offense which rendered one liable to a fine of several shillings—and a shilling, although only a quarter in today's money,

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represented a good many hours' backbreaking toil in those days. And attendance was not always physically easy for settlers, particularly from the outer farms. Remote citizens actually came to church at the risk of their lives. The Indian was an ever-constant menace and there was always a chance that a bear or lynx would attack an incautious human. The families marched to church in a body, neighbors often falling in line as the parties passed from one farm to another. Men armed with their muskets and knives would lead the van and other men would close the rear. The women and the children marched in the center. Town by-laws required "all able-bodied males to bring their arms complete on the Sabbath Day." Sentinels were posted at various points to guard against a surprise attack by the Indians during the service. Thus the military power of every town was extended to safeguard church worship and make it possible for everyone to fulfill their civic duty. One of the first businesses which occupied the infant settlement of Newbury was the division of the land. The rule was the scriptural "to him that hath shall be given" and each settler was given land in proportion to his importance. For every fifty pounds which a settler put into the common fund of the company for the breeding of cattle, he was given two hundred acres. Every person who arrived in the town and wished to settle there was given fifty acres, if he could show evidence that he had paid his own transportation costs from England. And, similarly, any person who cared to pay the transportation charges of any other person from England to Newbury, was given fifty acres of land for each such person.

With good land thus readily obtainable, with even then Newbury enjoying a reputation of being more liberal than many surrounding towns, it was not long before the settlement had families enough to make a town. The original plantation on the Lower Green proving too cramped, the entire body moved northward in 1642 to the Upper or Training Green. On the Lower Green each family had been given half an acre for a house site; in the new location each family was given four acres for a house-lot.

This general movement of the town was not accomplished without difficulty for the settlers in many instances had in the single decade become very much attached to the original site. However, the objections raised most strenuously were finally erased by the townsfolk giving the more obstreperous dissenters particularly advantageous

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grants in the new site. A document concerned with the business has been preserved and makes interesting reading: "Whereas the town of Newbury, well weighing the streights there they were in for want of plough ground, remoteness of the common, scarcity of fencing stuffe, and the like, did in the year 1642 grant a commission to Mr. Thomas Parker, Mr. James Noyes, Mr. John Woodbridge, Mr. Edward Rawson, Mr. John Cutting, Mr. John Lowle, Mr. Edward Woodman and Mr. John Clark, for removing, settleing, and disposing of the inhabitants to such place as might in theyr judgments best tend to their enlargements, exchanging theyr lands, and making such orders as might bee in theyr judgements for the well ordering of the town's occasions and, as in their commission more largely appeareth, the said deputed men did order in their first meeting and appoint Richard Knight, John Merrill, Anthony Short and John Emery to go to all the inhabitants of the towne, taking a true list of all the stock of each inhabitant, and make a true valuation of all their houses, improved land, and fences, that thereby a just rule might be made to proportion each inhabitant his portion of land about the new towne, and removing of the inhabitants there."

It was ordered at a meeting of the eight deputed men above mentioned that "each freeholder should have a house lotte of foure akers." It was further ordered, in respect of the time for the inhabitants removing from the place they now inhabit to that which is laid out and appointed for their new habitations, "each inhabitant shall enjoy their house loots foure years from the day of the date of this commission."

The removal, finally accomplished by 1645, marked the end of the importance of the village on the Parker River. The new settlement, nearer the mouth of the Merrimac, grew and grew until it became the present city of Newburyport, although, for more than a century to follow still Newbury.

A description of the town after the removal had been accomplished is given by Samuel Maverick, erstwhile of East Boston, and later Royal Commissioner to New York. "At the mouth," he wrote about 1660, "on the south side of Meromeck and upwards, is seated the Towne of Newbury. The Houses stand at a good distance from each other, a field and garden between each House, and so on both sides of the street for four miles or thereabouts; between Salisbury

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and this Towne the river is broader than the Thames at Deptford, and in the summer abounds with sturgeon, salmon and other ffresh water fish. Had we the art of taking and saving the sturgeon it would prove a very great advantage, the country affording vinegar and other materials to do it withall. In this Towne and old Newbury adjoining are two meeting houses."

Within a very few years so many families arrived that all the land was taken northward to the Merrimac and for several miles up its course to the Artichoke River. Very likely all good land in this area was assigned within ten years of the founding of the plantation. In 1646, interestingly enough, it was determined that the town was large enough and that no more land was to be given away to settlers. All the land in the western portion of the plantation was ordered to be held forever as the common portion of the citizens of the town. This area is now all of the present town of West Newbury and parts of the towns of Newbury and Byfield and is among the most valuable agricultural land in the entire Commonwealth. However, for some reason, the settlers considered it to be practically worthless, scrub lands fit only for a common on which sheep and cattle could be put out to pasture and from which the townsfolk could cut their seasonal supplies of wood.

As Old Newbury grew and grew, for settlers continued to arrive and take up lands despite the effort to reserve the common section, it became necessary to change the form of government. For the first few years the town was governed by the free men acting something like "a committee of the whole." When any matter of town business needed determination, the free men simply met, talked the matter over frankly, in the old New England town meeting tradition, and abided by the vote of the majority.

But soon it became inexpedient to rely upon such an awkward arrangement so the town adopted the provision of the General Court which authorized any town within its jurisdiction to "chouse a few men, not exceeding seven, to order the affairs of the town." These seven men, who were known successively as "Town's men," then "Town's selected men" and finally (and today) as "Selectmen," were elected by the town meeting and strictly brought to an accounting for their conduct of the town's business at meetings held every three months. Today, this stern civic virtue, an attitude of mind in which

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the welfare of the town as a community was considered of far more importance than the success or prosperity of any individual, has sadly changed and the selectmen are seldom brought to book in any save the smallest towns and the annual town meeting is ordinarily regarded more as a vaudeville entertainment than the supreme accomplishment it was in actually giving the person governed the ideal of immediate control of their own affairs.

The Newbury town records show that the citizens then considered the privilege of self-government highly important and if a man won the dignity of being accepted as a free man, an honor neither lightly accomplished or easily born, he was expected to discharge his civic responsibilities as determinedly as his religious obligations. The town records of February 24, 1638, read: "It was voted that Thomas Cromwell, Samuel Scullard, John Pike, Rovert Pike and Nicholas Holt, are fined two shillings and sixpence apiece for being absent from towne meeting at eight o'clock in the morning, having due and fitt warning." And again, April 21, 1638, "Henry Short, John Cheney, Francis Plummer, Nicholas Noyes and Nicholas Holt are fined two shillings and sixpence apiece for being absent from the towne meeting, having lawful warning."

And even if free men did attend the meeting, they were compelled to behave in a manner befitting their dignity. For example, the Newbury Town records for May 5, 1638, read, "It is ordered that John Pike shall pay two shillings and sixpence for departing from the meeting without leave and contemptuously."

Thus it meant something to be a free man, or citizen, in the early days. Strangers coming to town were accepted as inhabitants only by vote of the town and once admitted as an inhabitant, a man could not remove himself without first gaining the permission of the town. If the town did not want a man to take up residence, the town could easily deport him. Specific authority for this was given by the General Court which, in 1635, provided that "any person building a house, without permission, in any towne of the Colony, the inhabitants of the said towne shall have power to demolishe the said houses and remove the persons."

Graphic testimony of the civic responsibility entertained by the settlers of Newbury is given in a letter by Judge Samuel Sewall, a son of Newbury. "In the year 1635," the judge wrote, "the election was

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held at Cambridge; so 'twas again May 17, 1637, upon the Plain in the open Aer. Govr. Vane was there, and had the mortification to see the excellent John Winthrop preferd before him, and chosen Governor (who had been Governor 1630-1-2-3-.) Indeed Mr. Vane seemed to stand so hard for being chosen again, as to endeavour to confound and frustrate the whole business of the election, rather than that he himself should fail of being chosen. There was a great struggle, he being the principle magistrate, for managing the Election. My father has told me may a time that he and others went on foot from Newbury to Cambridge, fourty miles, on purpose to be made free, and help to strengthen Govr. Winthrop's party. And I find his name in the Record accordingly."

If Newbury thus exemplified the beginning of the American and the Yankee ideal of personal freedom yoked with the necessary personal responsibility, the little town also illustrated equally clearly the fundamental feeling that rank and quality, however strictly they might be held to account in businesses that concerned the entire Commonwealth, were nevertheless entitled to enjoy the rank to which they had been born or to which fortune and their efforts had promoted them.

The basic Colonial law, often called the sumptuary laws, provided that " . . . men of meane condition . . . (should not ape) the garbe of gentlemen by wearing gold or silver lace or buttons." Women of the "meane" station were likewise forbidden "to weare silk or tiffany hoodes or scarfes." However, at least to begin with, men and women could wear what they pleased if they possess an estate of two hundred pounds or more. If not, then they were liable to a fine of up to ten shillings for the first offense of apeing "the quality" and proportionate fines for subsequent offenses.

Newbury courts had several such cases brought before them in the first few years of the settlement. On "September 27, 1653, the wife of Richard Knight, the wife of Hugh March, and the wife of Nicholas Noyes were presented (to the court) for wearing a silke coat and a silke scarfe. Upon proof that their husbands were worth more than two hundred pounds each, were cleared of their presentment."

At the same time, the wife of John Hutchins, brought into court on the same charge, was cleared "upon testimony of her having been brought up above the ordinary ranke." But, at the same session,

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other women who had dared to adorn themselves a little were not so fortunate. The wives of Joseph Sweat and of William Chandler were convicted "for wearing a silke hooe and scarfe and fined ten shillings each."

Of course, this was the beginning of the struggle between inherited ideas of class distinction brought over from the Old Country. It could not long endure the distinctive democracy of the New Country and even the great and grim General Court was soon forced to abandon the sumptuary laws. But religious laws were far more deeply embedded and it was not until after the Revolution that they began to crumble.

But, even at that, Newbury was one of the few places which was liberal and dared to compromise with the letter of the religious statutes. This is shown in the matter of the Quakers, a sect bitterly hated by authority and warred upon with intent to exterminate. The strict laws against Quakers were even extended to orthodox citizens who dared out of kindness and mercy of their hearts to give food and shelter to the suffering witnesses of the faith. Newbury had to do its part in persecuting them officially. The General Court required at one time that any persons convicted of the crime of being Quakers "should be seized by the constables, stripped naked from their middle upwards, & tyed to a cartes tayle & whipped through the towne"—from the town in which they were taken to the borders of the Bay Colony. Newbury came into this cruel practice several times as Quakers taken in Boston were whipped through the towns to the Maine wilderness. Under date of December 22, 1662, the following order was issued by Richard Waldron, "To the Constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Windham, Linn (Lynn), Boston, Roxbury, Dedham and until these vagabond Quakers are out of this jurisdiction. You and every one of you are required in the Kings Majestys name to take the vagabond Quakers, Anna Colman, Mary Tompkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the carts tail, and drawing the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them in each town, and so convey them from constable to constable till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril, and this shall be your warrant."

Being officially ordered by the General Court, Newbury like the



NEWBURYPORT—BROWN SQUARE

Courtesy of The Essex Institute

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other towns could not but carry out the specific orders, but the individual citizens could and did often give shelter and food to the infatuated Quakers as they continually sought to make their way to Boston from the Maine wilderness so as to "testify against the Devil" in the capitol. Probably these acts of mercy were winked at by the town authorities most of the time but, once at least, one Newbury citizen was caught in the act of helping a Quaker. Taken to Boston, this Newburyite, William Macy, was fined and reprimanded by the General Court. In disgust, he gave up his property in the district and, accompanied by other citizens in Newbury, Salisbury and other adjacent towns, shook the dust of the Bay Colony from his feet, founding the settlement on the Island of Nantucket.

Curiously, Newbury was no sooner settled than many of its citizens still found themselves suffering for new fields and greener pastures and moved on. In addition to Nantucket, Newbury citizens either founded or were active in establishing such places as Pentucket, now Haverhill, Massachusetts; Pennacooke, now Concord, New Hampshire; Cochicawicke, now Andover, Massachusetts; Salisbury, Massachusetts; Hampton, New Hampshire; and Woodbridge, New Jersey, so named for Rev. John Woodbridge, for some time assistant minister of the First Church of Newbury, Congregational.

Newbury's spirit also maintained the town relatively free of the horrible witchcraft hysteria which shook so much of New England late in the seventeenth century. However, Newbury did have one witch scare, oddly enough ten years before the climax in Salem. But it is to the everlasting credit of the town that the case did not result in an execution, even if such a blot was narrowly avoided. And, at that, the hysteria in Newbury was relatively as mild as in any of the elder settlements and all in all a very minor part of a great panic.

Hemmed in by dark forests, living in darker houses and nourished day by day upon the darkest interpretation of the Old Testament, it was perhaps natural that the settlers should come to think of the super-natural as being just as real and ordinary as sunshine and rain. Mutterings of the approaching panic were common all the early part of the second half of the century and as Colonial America began to copy the dreadful and bloody witchcraft persecutions of Europe, the fire began to burn brighter and brighter.

And, in 1680, the showers of Satanic sparks did kindle a fire in

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Newbury. William Morse and his family began to believe that they were being subjected to persecution by a witch. Their milk would sour too rapidly, green hay would catch fire, queer noises would be heard and odd phenomena would be witnessed, particularly by the children of the family. Somehow, suspicion became fastened upon a neighbor, Caleb Powell. The magistrates of Newbury turned an attentive ear and presently Powell found himself haled before the Essex County Court, ". . . complained of for suspicion of working with the devill to the molestation of William Morse and his family." The subsequent trial was lengthy and exhibited all the characteristic earmarks which, ten years later, were to disgrace the Colony in general and Salem in particular. However, the time was not yet ripe for summary and altogether unreasonable judgment and the doubtless bewildered court salved their several consciences by bringing in a Scotch verdict, one which freed Powell and yet protected the plaintiff and the court likewise: "Upon hearing the complaint brought to this Court against Caleb Powell for suspicion of working by the Devil to the molesting of the family of William Morse of Newbury, though this court cannot find any evident ground for proceeding farther against sayd Powell, yett we determine that he hath given such ground for suspicion of his so dealing that we cannot so aquit him but that he justly deserves to beare his owne shame and the costs of prosecution of the complaint. It is referred to Mr. Woodbridge (minister of the First Church of Newbury) to hear and determine the charges (costs)."

One of the things which helped to save Powell's neck was that the alleged disturbances at the Morse home continued during Powell's term in jail awaiting trial. Newbury, and all Essex County, finding its appetite for horrors whetted by the trial of Powell, and being cheated of a scapegoat to make a public holiday, as all executions in those days were popularly enjoyed, sought another victim.

Shortly the force of public opinion, irresponsible but powerful, then as now, selected none other than Elizabeth Morse, the wife of the Morse establishment. The Essex County Court found "evident ground for proceeding further" and sent the unfortunate woman to Boston for judgment. Boston sat up in delight and the magistrates on Beacon Hill lost no time in holding the trial, in finding the poor creature guilty and pronouncing sentence in the following illuminating terms:

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At a Court of Adjournment held at Boston, 20th of May, 1680. The Grand Jury presenting Elizabeth Morse, ye wife of Wm. Morse, Sr., (she) was indicted by the name of Elizabeth Morse for that she not hauing the feare of God before hir eyes being Instigated by the devil and having had familiarity with the divil contrary to the peace of our souaigne Lord the King his crowne & dignity ye laws of God this jurisdiction: After the prisoner was at ye barre and pleaded not Guilty & put himself on God & he country for triall ye evidences produced were read & committed to ye Jury.

The Jury brought in Their verdict & they found Elizabeth Morse, the prisoner at the barre, Guilty according to the Indictment. The Governor on the 27th of May after ye lecture pronounced ye sentence: Elizabeth Morse you are to goe from hence to the place from whence you came & thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck till you be dead, And the Lord have mercy on your soul.

This Court was adjourned diem per diem & on ye 1st of June, 1680:

The Governor & Magistrates voted Reprieving of Elizabeth Morse, condemned, till the next session of the Court in October.

As attest

EDWARD RAWSON, Secretary.

However, by October the same doubts which had moved the Governor and the worthy magistrates to postpone the execution in May continued in October and continued to persist for years—for the woman, although never pardoned, was finally released on a sort of parole to die peacefully in her home near what is now Market Square, Newburyport.

This experience, this taking of a wife and mother from the midst of her family and placing her upon the gallows was, apparently a salutary lesson for Newbury, for it ended the witchcraft delusion as far as the town itself was concerned.

One of her first prominent sons, however, Samuel Sewall, later Chief Justice of the Colony, was to figure as one of the members of the special court which hanged the witches in Salem in 1692. He, interestingly enough, was not convinced of the reality of witchcraft and, after sitting upon a single case, refused to sit thereafter and, when the brief frenzy ran its hysterical course, he was one of the few magistrates to publicly admit his error. Clad in black, he appeared before the pulpit of his Boston church, the Old South Meeting House, and publicly charged himself with sin for his share in the hangings

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and prayed that the congregation aid him in obtaining Divine forgiveness. All the rest of his life, he reports, he spent a day a year in fasting and prayer as a means of atonement. Judge Sewall reveals himself as a kindly and devout man whose life was a constant struggle not merely for economic advancement but for mastery over his too stern religious principles.

Old Newbury in the Wars—Once established with a port, Newbury expanded very rapidly and became not only an agricultural town, as it had started out to be, and as a large part of the original area still remains, but also an important fishing and commercial city. As such it was called upon to bear its part as one of the leading sections of Colony, Province and Commonwealth and Newbury's record is one of the proudest in the Bay State's military history. Beginning with the early Indian troubles, although Newbury was never seriously bothered itself by the Indians, the town took an important part in furnishing men, supplies and money. Even two years after its settlement, Newbury supplied one-fifteenth of the men the Colony put into active service against the Pequods. During King Philip's War, half of the male population of the town were enlisted in the Colonial forces. And so it went with each Indian War until the final one against the Norridgewocks up in Central Maine, which terminated when the Jesuit Indian leader, Sebastian Rallé, was killed.

During the several French and English Wars, Newbury men went off to fight the French for the honor and glory of Britain along the Canadian frontier and over into the New York theatre. Outstanding amongst Newbury's military men at this period were Colonel Moses Titcomb and Captain William Davenport. The Colonel served with Sir William Pepperell in several campaigns, took a leading share in the remarkable capture of Louisburg and was shot at the battle of Crown Point while at the head of his regiment. The captain raised several companies of infantry and crowned his career by serving under General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham when the British captured Quebec and made the first step towards taking all Canada from the French rule.

In the Revolution, however, just after the growing commercial and maritime interest of the Port compelled it to separate from still agricultural Old Newbury, the two towns distinguished themselves most, playing an influential part in the making of the United States.

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While Boston and other cities and towns were mixing their bread with Loyalists and Patriots in the troublesome years during the final wordy contest with the Crown, Newbury, and its port, early assumed an attitude of uncompromising patriotism and the years each saw the attitude steadily become more determined. The Stamp Act demonstrated this clearly when, as early as 1765, the citizens hung a stamp distributor in effigy and committees were appointed to question each newcomer to town to make sure that his sentiments were proper and, if such did not prove to be the case, to convince him of his errors or to drive him away. All in all, but four persons in all Newbury were thought to be tainted with Loyalism. Of the four, only one seems to have been stout-hearted enough to maintain his position and, as he died before war broke out, it seems that the Newburys were entirely free from all taints. This was unquestionably a remarkable condition.

This open defiance of British rule is all the more admirable when it is understood that it entailed a considerable sacrifice to the growing maritime and commercial interests of the port. Newburyport was dependent for prosperity upon shipbuilding and trade, and the loss of British imports and the curtailment of shipbuilding in consequence must have been a considerable hardship. Nevertheless, the Newbury committee of Safety held the townspeople rigidly in line and the citizens were ready and eager for the outbreak of inevitable hostilities.

At eleven o'clock on the night of the 19th of April, 1775, word of the battle of Lexington and Concord reached Newbury. Within the hour the first company of minute men were on their way to Cambridge and before dawn three more companies were marching south. After the alarm died, the companies returned home, in common with those of other towns, but other companies were formed for regular service in the Continental Army and they served with distinction from the first bloodshed at Bunker Hill, where two cannons brought from Newbury were captured by the British, to the end of hostilities at Yorktown itself.

Four leaders stand out amongst Newbury's Revolutionary military men. Colonel Moses Little is probably the better known. He was officer of the day of the Massachusetts forces in Cambridge when General Washington arrived to take the command. From his first duty at Bunker Hill, the colonel went through several battles with

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Washington until he was finally retired because of illness. Just before his retirement he declined a commission as brigadier-general and the command of a special force raised by the Commonwealth.

Major Ezra Hunt was the second Newbury man who won distinction. He formed the company of which he was captain right in the center aisle of the Old South Meetinghouse directly following a sermon there. He first saw service as a captain at Bunker Hill with this company, said to be the first mustered into the Continental Army, and continued to lead his men under Washington.

The third man was Colonel Edward Wigglesworth. From his appointment to the command of a regiment, in 1776, he served for three years, being retired at his own request. His chief service was with General Arnold. Third in command on the expedition to Lake Champlain, he was responsible for the safe retreat of the American fleet after it had been surprised by the British.

The fourth officer was Brigadier-General Jonathan Titcomb, who served in Rhode Island under General Sullivan. The town of Newburyport formed an artillery company which was also sent to Rhode Island for service, being led by Thomas Thomas, captain.

But it was not as a military power that the towns of Newbury earned their greatest distinction in the Revolution. That honor was won upon blue water. Even Congress, legally and military minded at it was, early realized that the Colonies must take to the sea to stop British seizure of American ships and to maintain communication with France and the rest of the world. If, it was clear, Britain could blockade America, then it could only be a question of time before Washington's army could no longer maintain any formal military offensive. Accordingly, lacking a navy of an immediate value, Congress, after the fashion of the time, issued letters of marque to any merchants who would outfit ships with guns and fighting men and attack British commerce. These letters of marque simply served to distinguish ships engaged in such enterprises from ordinary pirates. Without such letters, if the British should capture a privateer, the American crew would be hung just as rapidly as they could be strung up to a yard. With the letters, the Americans became part of the American Navy and were entitled to be treated as prisoners of war—which meant imprisonment in Dartmoor or some prison ships—a fate only better than that of hanging in that there was thereby given the

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hope and the chance of being exchanged for English prisoners of war or, failing that, of being released at the end of the war.

Newbury and Newburyport, in particular, had for years been an important maritime center. The war had caused such vessels as escaped the British frigates to gather weed on their bottoms and red ink on their account books. This action of Congress was as manna from heaven and Newbury merchants were matched in their eagerness to take to the sea as privateers only by the avidity with which Newbury seamen signed on to cruise and fight.

The exact number of these privateers which sailed from the mouth of the Merrimac is not known. But that they were numerous and successful may be realized from the fact that one ship owner, Nathaniel Tracy, sent out twenty-four ships, with the small total tonnage of 6,330, and the large manpower of 2,800, captured one hundred and twenty merchant ships from the British, totaling 23,360 tons, which were sold, together with their cargoes for three million nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars, gold. Tracy was also principal owner in one hundred and ten other merchantmen, which included two dozen which sailed as privateers. However, the privateers were not always so successful. Fortunes were made by owners and glorious wages and bonuses and shares by the crews. But sometimes the privateers, laden with the cream of the youth of the Newburys, sailed out never to return. Such was the fate of the "Yankee Hero," second Newbury ship of that name. She sailed in 1775 under Captain James Tracy, with twenty pop guns and a crew of one hundred and seventy men, including fifty young men and boys from the best families of the district. She sailed with high hopes—and was never heard of again.

It is difficult to understand the spirit of these near-pirates of the early days of the Revolution. They were, of course, a necessity and they did inflict a tremendous damage upon British commerce. They were, even more, of course, profitable to everyone concerned. And they did offer to sea-minded New England high adventure and honor. But, they were still a little on the shady side. Nevertheless, all New England rejoiced in them and offered all inducements. For example, when the first American privateer, "The Game Cock," left Newburyport to attack the British merchantmen, prayers for her success were offered up in the Newburyport church and the minister in the pulpit, addressing the Divinity, asked aid to the end that the ship might

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"scour the coast of our unnatural enemies." Incidentally, this "Game Cock" was a sloop of but twenty-four tons, no larger than many private yachts today. Nevertheless, she brought several prizes into port, paid for herself a dozen times over and led the way to the gorgeous epic of New England Revolutionary privateering.

As time went on and the regular American Navy began to gain in strength, numbers and glory, the privateers became ever more closely allied to the regular fleets and often took part in engagements with British warships which outclassed them in every particular. The American sailors were the better seamen and could point closer into the wind, shoot more damagingly and out-maneuver the heavier British ships. One reason for this, also, was the fact that the American seamen was an independent customer in contrast to the British gob who, impressed and browbeaten, had not the heart to fight. American men before the mast would call their officers out of turn and insist upon holding a conference before any general decision was taken, but when it came time to fight they pulled the sheets and handled their little guns so effectively that the British found their spars falling about their ears often long before they were through with the formalities they considered necessary to open a naval engagement.

In this development of the American Navy, Newbury and Newburyport play a decisive rôle in both ships and men. The towns started the ball rolling by fitting out the schooner "Diligent" and the sloop "Machias Liberty" to protect the Massachusetts coast until regular frigates could be provided. Then the Newburys built the frigates "Boston," "Hancock" and "Protection" for the navy and followed them with the sloop-of-war "Merrimac." This sloop was paid for by a fund raised by subscription in the Newburys and given to the Federal Government to be paid for when and as and if funds became available. She was placed under the command of Newbury's Captain Moses Brown and, during the five years of her commission, served gallantly and effectively.

Newburyport later built and fitted out the frigates "Warren" and "Alliance."

Of equal importance to American naval glory were Newburyport and Newbury men. It is said that not a single vessel under the American colors was without men from the Merrimac and many of them became nationally celebrated. Two cousins, Henry and Cutting Lunt,

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of Newburyport, were John Paul Jones' lieutenants. The two young men first sailed from home November 15, 1776, on the brig "Dalton," out of Newburyport, Captain Eleazer John, with one hundred and twenty men. Within a month the "Dalton" fell foul of the British sixty-four gun man-of-war "Reasonable."

The resulting encounter was like that of an Ethiopian against an Italian tank and the Cousins Lunt shortly found themselves confined in the infamous Mill Prison, Plymouth, England. There they were penned suffering barbarous hardships for nearly three years, until finally they were released, along with other American sailors, through the good offices of Benjamin Franklin. Another Newbury boy, Charles Herbert, kept a journal of his experiences while in this prison and it, later published, forms one of the most interesting records of English treatment of American sailors in existence.

This dismal beginning of their adventure might have discouraged the Lunts, but it apparently served only to whet their appetites—for no sooner were they freed, than they hastened over to France and wrangled commissions as midshipmen with John Paul Jones, then at L'Orient fitting out the "Bon Homme Richard." Once in action again, the two Newburyport lads distinguished themselves and rose rapidly to be the American naval hero's lieutenants. They served with Jones in many of his most celebrated battles, including the classic engagement with the "Serapis." It was in this battle, incidentally, that the unfortunate act of Captain Landais, commander of the American frigate "Alliance" happened. The "Alliance" was cruising with Jones' ship and was ordered to come into action to engage the British. Somehow, or for some reason, the "Alliance" fired into the "Bon Homme Richard," raking her decks and killing many American sailors. The "Alliance" and the "Bon Homme Richard" were both manned with many Newbury men and thus those on the "Alliance" were forced into the position of firing upon and killing some of their fellow-townsmen. Captain Landais has been accused of treachery motivated by jealousy of Jones in this business, but it seems rather that it was a mistake than such calculated infamy. Jones became attached to the Lunts, and a few years later, when a new ship was being fitted out for him at Portsmouth, he came to Newburyport for the purpose of engaging Henry Lunt for his aide. Lunt, then a captain, had sailed previously on the privateer ship "Intrepid" (naval

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and merchant officers frequently exchanged rôles and ships in those days) and Commodore Jones was disappointed. He remarked that he "would rather have Mr. Lunt to any officer he had ever known."

Meanwhile, the citizens of Newbury and Newburyport who were neither in the army or navy—or privateering—were also busy promoting the successful outcome of the hostilities. The towns built and maintained forts at the mouth of the Merrimac and, while protecting the port and the profitable and necessary business of shipbuilding being carried on on the town's ways, lost no opportunity to harass the British. Such interests are illustrated by the incident of the English merchantman "Friends." This ship, mistaking Newburyport for Boston—imagine that—came to outside the bar and signalled for a pilot. Enterprising citizens responded to the signal, but instead of piloting the "Friends" into safety under British guns at Boston, took her into the Merrimac and enjoyed the discomfort of the ship's captain fully as much as they did dividing up the rich cargo with which the vessel was laden.

One part of any war, which is seldom appreciated and is often belittled, is the provision of powder and guns and provisions and clothes and transportation. In the Revolution the quartermaster service was most inadequate and did much to slow down Washington's effectiveness. Newbury and its port did, however, help out in larger proportion than many other cities. In the eight years from the battle of Lexington to the proclamation of peace, Newburyport alone raised \$2,522,500 for expenses, most of which were for and as the result of war, since the amount was eighty-five times greater than appropriations for the eight years preceding the outbreak of hostilities.

In addition, the Newburys supplied considerable amounts of gunpowder, metal for bullets, and cannon as well. The spirit of the towns is shown by the reply which the towns' authorities made to a request from the Colonial Provisional General Court to send several barrels of powder to aid the army forming after Lexington to besiege the British in Boston. At the time powder was very scarce and Newburyites felt that the small amount of powder they did have was needed for the defense of the harbor and of the coastal forts being built on Plum Island. So, through the local Committee of Safety, the Newburys replied: ". . . we are, therefore, very loath to part with the little we have unless the public cause renders it absolutely

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necessary, in which case we shall readily give up the last ounce, the destruction of this Town being a trivial matter in our estimation compared with the final defeat of the army."

The energy, expedition and patriotism of the Newburys is also shown by the Maine campaign in 1779. On the 17th of June that year three British warships, as part of the British essay in blockading the American privateers, entered the Penobscot and captured the town of Castine. When Newburyport heard of this loss, the citizens held a mass meeting forthwith and dispatched an address to the General Court at Boston, urging an expedition to recapture the Maine town and offering four ships, totaling seventy-two guns, manned and equipped within a week, as a nucleus of the expedition. Boston turned an attentive ear and issued an order to all ports within the Commonwealth, calling for a concerted effort to regain Castine. Boston was fixed as the rendezvous and soon thirty-seven vessels were ready. Unfortunately, the command was neither energetic or capable and, after many delays, the American fleet finally arrived in the Penobscot just in time to be driven upstream and bottled by a large British fleet which suddenly appeared. To save their ships from capture, most of the American captains burned their vessels and officers and men started south for home, trudging through forests. Naturally, much hardship and suffering resulted and Newburyport sent a ship to meet the survivors as they reached the Kennebec, south of the Penobscot. Besides providing food, Newburyport also raised funds to transport the men to their homes. Although the outcome was thus unfortunate, the spirit of the Newburys was appreciated even by the Federal Government. The following letter, addressed to the Committee of Safety, illustrates this:

WAR OFFICE, 30th June, 1779.

. . . . Your favor of the 27th Instant we received & are happy in noticing the Spirited Exertion of the Gentlemen in Newbury Port which have given animation to all who wish to promote the present important Expedition, the Success of which we are in opinion with you, depends on an early & vigorous attack. . . . We wish to pay the Tribute of Applause so justly due to the disinterested and strenuous efforts now making by the worthy Gentlemen of Newburyport but the great hurry of office at the present critical juncture must be our apology for the omission; however we must add that it evinces that

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genuine regard to the Glorious cause in which we are all embarked, for which the citizens of that Town have ever been distinguished. We are &c—By order of the board

SAM'L PHIPS SAVAGE, Prest.

All in all, the Revolution cost the Newburys dearly. Although immense fortunes were made in privateering, the tremendous profits were in many cases soon lost in subsequent misadventures and heavy taxation skimmed the cream of all good fortune. In addition to ships which were either captured or sunk by the British, no less than twenty-two vessels, carrying more than a thousand Newbury men, sailed out of the port during the eight years and were never heard of afterwards. Also, the loss in manpower in other activities was tremendous. No less than fifteen hundred men enlisted in the regular army at one time or another from Newbury and Newburyport, and it is not possible to total the number who served in the navy and in the privateers. A good proportion of them, of course, also failed to return home. War is always expensive—even if it, like the Revolution, does result in the formation of a new and great nation.

If the Newsburys failed to make any lasting prosperity out of the Revolution directly, the towns were even less fortunate in the War of 1812. The famous fire of 1811, which crippled the city for more than a year, added its blight to the paralyzing effects of the embargo during the previous years. Newburyport suffered directly by the loss to its trade and commerce and shipbuilding. Newbury, through agriculture, suffered correspondingly through the poorer market the port thereby afforded. Thus, in striking contrast to the flaming patriotism of the section in the Revolution, the Newburys were practically unanimously opposed to a second war with Great Britain. In this they were in entire sympathy with most of New England, the section feeling that war was unnecessary and that, even if New England ships had suffered, the disputes could all be ironed out without resort to arms. In town meeting, Newburyport adopted a resolution and sent it to the Massachusetts General Court, declaring on the one hand their entire willingness to support the Constitution and to defend their rights as a free nation, but on the other hand asserting their unwillingness to take any aggressive part in promoting the hostilities. This declaration fixed the policy of the section. Throughout the war the towns did not take any active part; being content to garrison the forts

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on Plum Island and at the mouth of the Merrimac. This service, however, served an important end, as it kept at bay several British frigates which from time to time cruised the New England coast, now and then landing parties which looted and burned. The forts also protected the Newburyport yards which built the sloop-of-war "Wasp" and the two gun boats "Eighty One" and "Eighty Three" for the American Navy.

Privateering also flourished during the War of 1812, although it was greatly curtailed by the unpopularity of the struggle. A number of letter of marque vessels were sent out from Newburyport, some of which made epic voyages and brought home wealth and glory—two values always popular no matter how unpopular the enabling circumstances. The brig "Decatur," commanded by Captain William Nichols, was one such Newburyport privateer. In one voyage, within two weeks, he captured eight English merchantmen, four of whom were armed at least as heavily as the "Decatur" was. Captain Nichols was even before that time a renowned Yankee seaman. In the first year of the war he had been in command of the American merchantman "Alert." This ship was taken by surprise by the British frigate "Semiramis." The British put a prize crew aboard and ordered the "Alert" to proceed to Plymouth, where the Yankees would have been jailed. Remembering the experiences of Newburyport sailors in Plymouth jail during the Revolution, Nichols led his crew in a desperate uprising against the prize crew and succeeded in regaining control of the "Alert." However, the British frigate "Vestal" happened along and the "Alert" was again captured. This time the "Alert's" crew could not turn the tables and they were taken to Portsmouth. When Nichols returned home he was, naturally enough, anxious to get back some of his own and thus took to privateering as the most direct and profitable means. That his privateering was of value to the American cause goes without comment.

In the Civil War Newbury and Newburyport had been absorbed into the general life of the Commonwealth so that, as was also the case in the Spanish and World wars, her contributions, like all other Massachusetts cities and towns, ceased to bear the hall mark of the individuality which distinguished the earlier times. The Newburys continued to do their part and furnished men in proportion to their population and paid taxes in due proportion to their wealth.

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Commercial and Industrial Activities—The two sections of Newbury, the farming lands and the seaport, were drifting widely apart by the turn of the eighteenth century. As the years went along the increasing preoccupation of the village at the port inevitably gave rise to friction with the agriculturists and thus the merchants and the tradesmen of the port began to think that they would receive more benefit from their share of the tax monies if they were separated from the farmers. It took several years before the farmers could be persuaded to relinquish the rich taxes of the thriving seaport but, at last, in 1764, on the eve of the Revolution, Newburyport split away and was able to establish its own government.

Thereafter, the port expanded rapidly as its commerce thrived along with its industries and shipyards. Merchant princes made their appearance, just as they did in Salem and in Boston, and the elegant mansions still standing today testify to the profits the hard-headed businessmen wrung from the trade with California and with China and with the pepper islands, not to mention European adventures.

Commerce continued to thrive until 1807, when along with all New England, the shipping industry went into eclipse with the embargo. The first great strangulation was followed by another check in 1811, when, in a single night, a great fire destroyed some sixteen acres of the city's heart, including most of the municipal buildings and institutions.

Like Salem, after the war, commerce revived in a measure and several great houses persisted to continue to operate for generations. But the advent of the railroad and the octopus growth of Boston eventually closed the glamorous chapter of blue water commerce, an epic of which nothing remains but museum relics and glamorous tales of vanished adventures.

In place of glamorous adventure, prosaic industry appeared and, developing steadily, has continued to support the modern city. One of the first manufacturers was that staff of life in the early days—gunpowder. Edward Rawson set up a plant in Newbury before 1639 and it is believed to be the first powder mill in America.

Another early industry, which was destined to reach great development, was the manufacture of silver articles. The first American-born silversmith was Jeremiah Dummer. He was apprenticed in 1659 to an English silversmith, John Hull, said to be America's first

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silver craftsman. Dummer practiced his trade in Newburyport and was the father of Lieutenant-Governor William Dummer, founder of Governor Dummer Academy. A brother-in-law of Jeremiah Dummer was John Coney, another silversmith who engraved the plates for the first paper money used in America.

Perhaps the greatest of these early silversmiths associated with Old Newbury was Jacob Perkins. An amazing genius for his times, he was unable to confine his talents within the narrow field of manufacturing silver articles. His career is remarkable. Born July 9, 1766, he was apprenticed to a local silversmith, who died when the boy was but fifteen. Despite his age, Perkins took over the business and became so distinguished that, at the age of twenty-one, he was engaged by the Commonwealth to make dies for the Massachusetts mint and, not content with this duty, the young man also designed the machines to stamp out the coins. This was the beginning of his importance as a national figure and he spent his time, until his death, July 13, 1849, in passing from one triumph to another.

One of his more important inventions was the designing of a machine for the making of nails. This was when he was twenty-four years old. At that time all nails were made one by one by smiths laboring at a forge. It is said a good man could hammer out a thousand nails a day. Perkins' new machine changed the picture altogether, making it possible for a man to turn out a thousand pounds of nails in a single day.

Unlike some modern inventors, Perkins kept hold of his plans. He associated himself with the firm of Guppy & Armstrong, of Newburyport, who built the machines to Perkins' plans and together they established a nail factory at Newbury Falls, that part of Newbury now Byfield. Their subsequent advertisement for customers is illuminating both of Perkins and of the times. It appears in the Newburyport "Impartial Herald," 1795:

The patentee would inform the public that they have begun the manufacture of brads, and will have a considerable number in fourteen or twenty days. As some will naturally think they cannot supply the whole continent and will therefore order from abroad, they would say that they have three engines which will make thirty-six hundred thousand weekly, and will add one single engine each month.

N. B. A few whitesmiths may have constant employ and liberal wages.

Proprietors: JACOB PERKINS, Inventor; GUPPY & ARMSTRONG.

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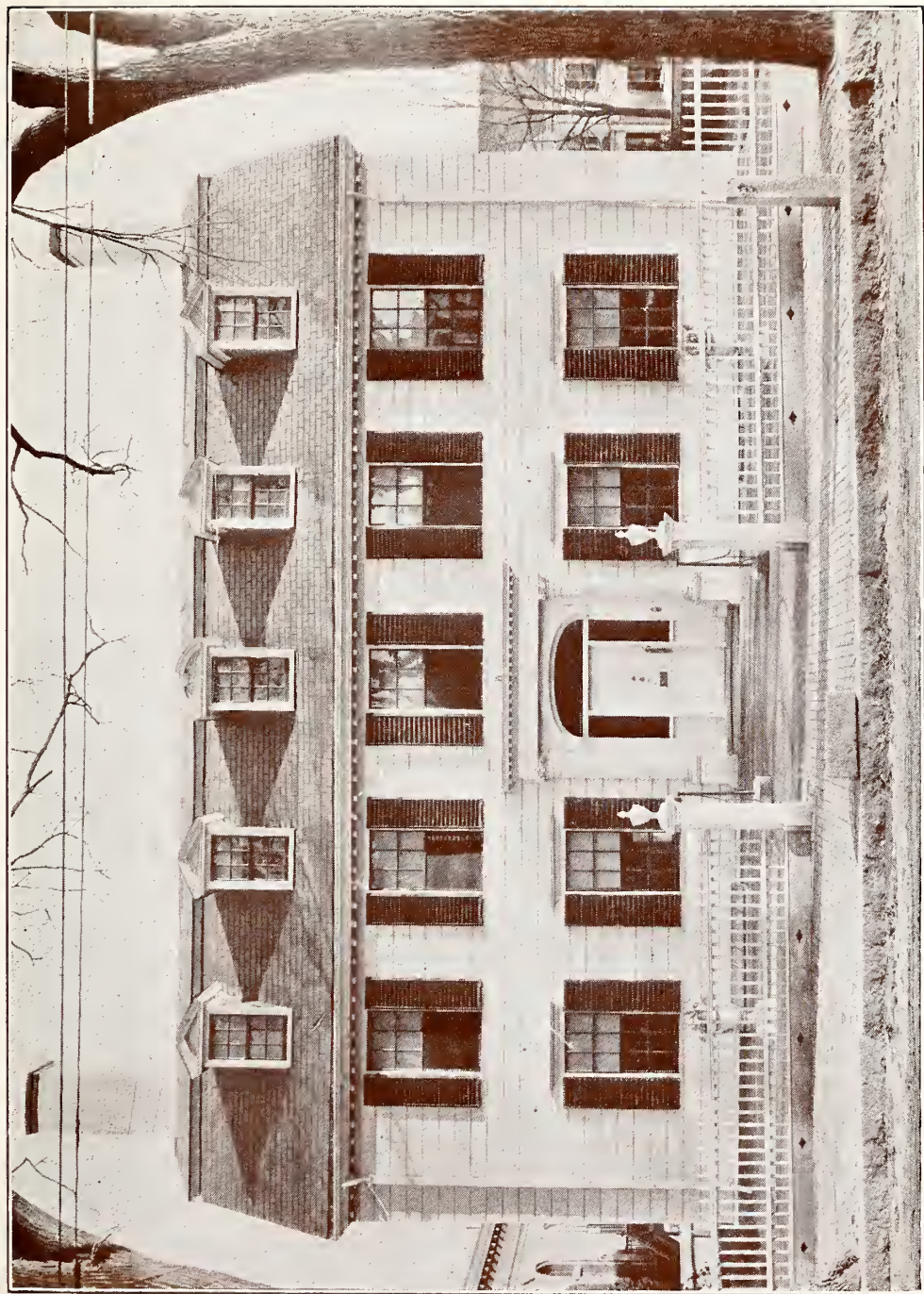
It would be idle to comment in detail upon the host of other inventions which Perkins turned out as he went from success to success. A mere catalogue of the more important is sufficient. This Newbury man during the War of 1812, like Edison during the World War, was employed by the government to work out some problems. Among them, he constructed a machine to rebores old and honey-combed cannon and he also invented a sort of rapid-fire gun which, using the expansive power of steam, discharged a thousand balls a minute.

Water and steam fascinated him. He invented the Piezometer for measuring the compressibility of water and also instruments for measuring the depth of the ocean. He did considerable work on the steam engine, work which has never been realized. In one experiment, he used steam at a pressure which he described as sixty-five atmospheres, which in modern terms is just under one thousand pounds to the square inch.

Continuing his early minting work, he invented a stereotype plate for the printing of bank bills with the idea of preventing the then very common practice of counterfeiting. This plate proved very successful; there being no record of any adventurer trying to work with it.

One of his final successes was that of hardening steel. This he applied particularly to the manufacturing of durable printing plates in a method still in use. This made it possible to harden the most delicate engravings without injury and in 1819 he went over to England to sell his process to the Bank of England. The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" declined to pay Perkins' price and waited until his patent expired before they adopted the process free. Other banks and printing houses, however, treated Perkins more decently and Perkins settled down to spend the rest of his life in London. He became a well-known and honored figure, being given medals and distinctions. He was affectionately known to thousands as the "American Inventor."

Scarcely less famous in America was William Moulton, a Newburyport silversmith who went into business there in 1689, and subsequent generations followed in his steps until a few years ago. The family was celebrated for its gold hand work as well as for its silver. Moulton pieces are "antique hunters prizes." The family garden, shaped like a double hour-glass, is still blooming under the care of a member of the family.



NEWBURYPORT—MICHAEL DALTON HOUSE, 1746 (DALTON CLUB)

Courtesy of The Essex Institute

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Still another famous family industry was that of combmaking, founded in 1759 by Enoch Noyes, a self-taught artisan who carved out coarse horn combs and buttons alone until 1778, when he gave employment to William Cleland, a Hessian deserter from Burgoyne's army. The business flourished, was later removed to Newburyport and continued there, generation after generation until 1934, when it was finally closed and the buildings torn down. Noyes, like many Yankees of his time, was a man of wide interests. He was a great bookworm and formed one of the largest Colonial libraries. He was also a noted horticulturist and imported fruit trees from abroad, probably the first American to do so systematically. He was also a fervent fisherman, one of the first amateurs of the gentle art. On his Newbury farm he built an artificial pond and stocked it with fish.

But silversmithing and combmaking were far from being the only industrial products of Old Newbury. As early as 1686 there was a flourishing business being conducted in the making of pipe staves. What is now West Newbury was covered with dense oak and birch forests which were ideal for cutting staves, the curved members out of which casks, hogsheads and pipes were made to transport and contain rum and molasses and other liquids. A pipe is a large cask containing two hogsheads. For many years Newbury cut these pipe staves and shipped them to the West Indies and to Europe in quantity. This was the first industry of its kind in America and the chief site of the business is today known as Pipestave Hill.

Another contemporary industry of the pipe staves was that of burning lime. In the first days of the Colony everyone made what lime he needed for plaster by burning oyster and clam shells. This resulting mortar was white enough but not very hard. In 1697 all Newbury buzzed with excitement when some geologically-minded citizen announced that he had discovered a very good grade of limestone in the town. Experiments showed that mortar made from this lime was of a very superior quality as it possessed some impurity which caused it to set quickly and to come as hard as granite within a few years. Newbury plaster became very famous in the eighteenth century and many houses still standing today have its "Newbury plaster" as a high light. The limemaking business flourished for many years in Newbury, but gradually tapered off as larger and better grades of limestone were discovered elsewhere. Today, the only relic of the

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once prosperous industry is the great hole where the stone was dug. It is known as the Devil's Den and is of considerable geologic interest as the stone is mixed with asbestos, serpentine, garnets and other minerals and semi-precious stones.

Even in the early days textiles were important and the Newburys forecast the great New England industry of the following years. In 1687, Peter Cheney established a fulling mill and later sold it to John Pearson, whose descendants have carried the business along ever since, branching out also into one of the most prominent blanket weaving firms.

Of even greater importance was the establishment in 1794 of the Newburyport Woolen Company, located in the section of the town now known as Byfield. This factory is believed to be the first woolen manufactory in America; it was certainly the first in Massachusetts. The carding and spinning machines were made from original designs by Standing, Guppy & Armstrong in Newburyport, being fabricated in the stable of "Lord" Timothy Dexter. Incidentally, this self-elected Lord is the celebrated merchant who is alleged to have made himself a fortune by sending skates, mittens and warming pans to the West Indies and trading them for molasses.

The Byfield section was also concerned in the establishment of another great New England industry, shoes. Paul Pillsbury invented a machine for making shoe-pegs out of wood and this invention and mass production initiated the "modery" manufacture of shoes.

The beginning of the eighteenth century, in fact, saw the Newburys really a manufacturing center. Rope and cordage walks employed fifty hands, boot and shoemaking supported one hundred and fifty families, combs and buttons were produced to the value of a quarter of a million dollars. Among other major activities were making snuff and cigars, tanning, leather dressing, wool pulling, carriage building and, last but far from least, distilling. Newburyport rum was famous the world over and in the Colonies a staff of life. Everyone used it as a beverage and it was the oil which smoothed the course of all business and politics. At one time Newburyport had ten large distilleries in operation and their products were transported to all the seven seas. New England rum!

Although the Merrimac towns never attained much importance as a literary center—as Boston and Concord did—yet the first of the

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nineteenth century found the city of Newburyport the chief center of book publishing in New England. For example, one item of damage in the great fire of 1811 was that of a retail book store's loss of \$30,000 worth of books.

A catalogue of important books published in Newburyport would be idle but a few of them were so well known as to merit notice. The first system of arithmetic published in America is such. The work of Nicholas Pike, a Newburyport schoolmaster, this very comprehensive work was published in 1787 and became the standard in American schools for many years. Other such books were Blunt's "Coast Pilot," Quarles' "Emblems and Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man," "The Life of Nelson," "The Life of Paul Jones," "The Poetical Works of Peter Pindar, a Distant Relation of the Poet of Thebes," the "Idler" in two volumes, and Volume II of "Letters Written by the Late Right Honorable Philip Dorman Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield." And there were hosts of technical works, such as medical texts, Bibles, Testaments and other religious tomes, including sermons and such collections as "Christ's Famous Titles and Believer's Golden Chain, Together with a Cabinet of Jewels." The four larger publishing houses were those of John Mycall, Thomas & Whipple, Blunt & March and Angier March.

While all this was developing, Newburyport was still primarily a seaport. Commerce was her end in life and the forest of masts which covered her harbor and the long lines of bowsprits which stabbed into her waterfront street were enough to rank the town second only to Boston. Donald MacKay, in fact, came to Newburyport to learn the art of building ships while still the germs of the "Flying Cloud" and the other gorgeous masterpieces slumbered.

But, when the eclipse of New England shipping arrived, the Newburys were not content to sit down and wait for business to pick up again. Other towns did sit down—and are still sitting when not waiting on the tourist trade. Newburyport has its tourists also, but the city itself lost no time a century ago in turning its back upon blue water and setting its factory wheels to turning in earnest. As a result, today, Newburyport is established on as firm and stable a basis of diversified industry as modern economic organization permits. Annually the city produces more than a million dollars' worth of merchandise.

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By and large, of course, Newburyport is a shoe city and as such is widely celebrated. Of the city's sixty-eight recognized industries, exactly thirty-four are affiliated with the shoe business. But the other half of the total are so different in character and scope that the city is nearly depression proof. The list of industries includes such products as silverware, both hand and machine made, automobile tire fabrics, electrical specialties, bakers' ovens, cereals, horn combs, iron and non-ferrous foundry castings and machinings, fire doors and shutters and many more. Served by a good harbor, a modern railroad and wide concrete highways north and south and west, Newburyport today indeed is a worthy successor to the Newburyport of the past.

Education—The Newburys have taken a prominent place in the development of the New England educational system from the very beginning.

When Lieutenant-Governor William Dummer died on October 16, 1761, it was found that his will bequeathed to "Rev. Mr. Thomas Foxcroft and Rev. Dr. Charles Chauncey, ministers of the first church of Boston, and Mr. Nathaniel Dummer, of Newbury, in the County of Essex, my dwellinghouse and farm and all my real estate lying and being in Newbury," with orders that the rents of the property should be used in erecting a schoolhouse on the Dummer farm and that the annual income from the property thereafter should "be appropriated and set apart towards the maintenance of a grammar school-master." Accordingly, in 1762, a schoolhouse was duly erected on the farm, now in Byfield, a low, dark, one-story building about twenty feet square. Dedicatory services were held February 28, 1763, and the next day school began with twenty-eight boys.

In 1782, the Massachusetts General Court having provided the legal enabling act, the school was incorporated with the creation of a board of trustees and the title of "Dummer Academy." Thus was the oldest boarding school in America born. Today Governor Dummer Academy is one of the leading schools in the United States, with a present enrollment of about one hundred and twenty boys.

But even before this activity Newbury had been busy assisting in the fermentation and development of Harvard College. The town contributed funds to the support of the institutions and, in the first class to be graduated, a class of nine students, Newbury's Benjamin Woodbridge was ranked first. However, this does not mean that Ben

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was the best scholar. Harvard in those days ranked its students neither alphabetically or scholastically—but according to the rank the boys' parents held in Colonial society. This was, of course, merely an effect of the rigid social distinctions of those days before Yankee democracy brought down the English caste system.

Later on, Newbury furnished seven professors to Harvard, including Samuel Webber, who was president of the university in 1806, and Cornelius Conway Felton, president in 1860. But Harvard was not the only institution of higher learning which felt the influence of Newbury. From the towns came Samuel C. Bartlett, president of Dartmouth; Leonard Woods, president of Bowdoin; and Benjamin Hale, president of Hobart. Female education also received its start in Newbury. The first female seminary was founded in Newbury. Among its students was Mary Lyon, founder of Mt. Holyoke College.

West Newbury—Originally the commons of Old Newbury, land voted by the Newbury town meeting in 1642 to be perpetually held in common by the citizens, by 1660 some of the inhabitants built houses on lands in the area and in 1686 the land was finally split up amongst the citizens and several farms were established which are still held by the descendants of the men who first cut down the trees and broke the sod.

The land was such good farming territory that the population increased so rapidly that, in 1698, the residents of the section built their own meetinghouse on Pipe Stave Hill, thus forming the Second Church of Newbury. In 1731 yet another Congregational Church was needed and later St. Anne's Roman Catholic Church and All Saints Episcopal Church were built. This latter church, one of the most beautiful little churches in New England, was built in 1913 under the supervision of its present rector, Rev. Glenn Tilley Morse, who followed the character of St. Nicholas' Church in Newbury, England.

As early as 1777, following the example of the port, West Newbury began to agitate separation from Old Newbury. The movement was strenuously opposed and it was not until 1819 that the General Court was persuaded to incorporate all the land from the Artichoke River to the Groveland town line under the name of Parsons. A year later the General Court was persuaded to change the name of the new town to West Newbury. The town today, about twenty-four square miles in area, is truly one of the loveliest bits of rural New

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England. Without an industry of any kind, without a railroad and with electricity its only concession to modern times, the little community is one of the beautiful summer homes and prosperous farms. Its great trees and old, old gardens surround grey homesteads and the fertile fields have been cultivated by generation after generation of the original proprietors.

Newbury Initiatives—Woven into its general growth, Old Newbury time and time again distinguished itself by initiating many developments of national significance. For example, Newbury was the first town to have a flag. In 1684, nearly a hundred years before Betsy Ross, Nathaniel Saltonstall, of Haverhill, wrote to Captain Thomas Noyes, of Newbury: “. . . . I have order to require you, which I herein do, with all convenient speed, to provide a flight of colours for your foot company, ye ground field, or flight thereof is to be green with a red cross with a white field in ye angle.”

In 1714 a Newbury minister began the teaching of singing by note rather than by rote. He was Rev. John Tufts, of the West Parish. He published a music book entitled “a very plain and easy introduction to the art of singing psalm tunes, with the cantus or trebles of twenty-eight psalm tunes contrived in such a manner as that the learner may attain the skill of singing them with the greatest ease and speed imaginable. Price sixpence or five shillings per dozen.” This great novelty was bitterly resisted by the clergy as a whole, accustomed to droning out the psalms by ear. The New England “Chronicle,” for example, observed: “Truly I have a great jealousy that if we once begin to sing by rule, the next thing will be to pray by rule and preach by rule and then comes popery.”

It was in Newbury, July 6, 1724, that the famous amphisbæna was discovered. Cotton Mather elected to make much of it and a controversy swept the entire seaboard. Its existence is well authenticated. (The creature was a snake with two heads—and it was believed the Devil was concerned in the creation of the monster.)

A persistent tradition asserts that a week before the Boston Tea Party was held, some hot-headed citizens of Newbury seized a quantity of the hated stuff and burned it in Market Square. If this is true, the first tea party was held in Newburyport and not in Boston.

The first snuff made in America was ground in the Larkin Mill in Newbury. It is still being made!

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Lloyd Garrison began his crusade against slavery in Newburyport, and William Wheelwright, shipwrecked in Brazil from a ship of his native Newburyport, built the first railroads in South America, established steamship lines and is one of the patron saints of Chile. He opened American trade with South America.

The American Academy of Arts and Sciences began in Newburyport in 1780. And so it goes—the proud record of Old Newbury, Yankee town.

THE FREEMEN OF OLD NEWBURY DURING THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS

- 1634—Frauncis Plumer, Thomas Hale, John Eales, Christopher Hussey, Mr. John Spencer, Henry Shorte, Phillip Fowler, Mr. Tho. Parker, Mr. Nicholas Easton, Mr. James Noyes, John Webster, Rich: Kent.
- 1635—John Clerke (Clarke), Richard Browne, William Moody, Mr. Stephen Batchelro, William Mosse.
- 1636—Richard Knight, Anthony Mosse, John Saunders, James Browne.
- 1637—Edmond Marshall, Henry Sewall, Jr., Thomas Smythe, Nicholas Holt, Nicholas Noise, Archelaus Woodman, James Browne, John Bartlet, Robert Pike, Thomas Coleman, John Cheney, Edward Rawson.
- 1638—Daniel Pierce, Abraham Tappin, Henry Lunt, Thomas Hale, Richard Singletery, Christopher Batte, Edmond Greenliffe, Thomas Moulton.
- 1639—Steven Dummer, John Osgood, John Goffe, John Mussell-whit, Steven Kent, John Rimington, Thomas Browne, John Moulton, John Clark, John Roffe, Anthony Sadler, Thomas Masie.
- 1640—John Oliver, John Saunders.
- 1641—John Lowell, Thos: Davies, John Emery, Samu: Plummer.
- 1642—John March, Richard Knight, John Cooper, John Stevens, Willi: Stevens, Antho: Sommersbey, Henry Somersbey, William Berry, Samu: Guil, Abel Hews.
- 1645—William Gerrish.
- 1646—Christopher Bartlet.
- 1648—John Pore.
- 1650—John Saunders, Tho: Milward, John Knight, Ben: Swet.
- 1651—John Chatter (Cheater).
- 1653—William Hilton.
- 1654—John Kent, Nath: Weare, Sr., Rich: Dole, John Emery, Jr., Rich: Bartlett, Will: Cotell, Tho: Bloomfield, Tho: Sears, Will: Chandlour.

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- 1657—John Davis, Joseph Noyes, Joseph Muzzey, John Webster.
1658—Tho: Hale.
1659—John Allen, Solomon Keyes.
1660—Robert Addams.
1662—Abraham Merrill.
1663—Dani: Pearse.
1665—Shubal Dumer.
1666—Samuel Moody, Caleb Moody.
1668—Wm. Peelsbury, James Ordway, Nath: Clarke, Tristram Coffin.
1669—James Kent, Jno. Kent, Jno. Bartlett, Jr., Jno. Wells, Abiel Somersby, Henry Jacquish, Benja: Lowell, John Bayley.
1670—Joseph Plumer, Benj: Rolfe, John Poore, Jr., Franc. Thurlo, Nicho: Batt, Job Pilsbury.
1671—Paul White, Tho: Noyes, Jonathan Morse, James Smith, John Smith, John Knight, Jr.
1673—Mr. Joseph Gerrish, Elisha Elsie (Ilsey), James Bayley, Dani: Cheny, Joseph Browne, Sam: Poore, Moses Pilsbury, Benjamin Morse, Sam Bartlett.
1673-1674—John Noyes, Cutting Noyes, John Lunt, Abra. Adams, John Badger, Joseph Gerrish.
1675—John Sewall, John Richardson, Sam: Sayer, Benjamin Morse, Tho: Wells, Joseph Morse.
1677—Richard Dumer, Jr., Hen: Short, Steph: Greenleaf, Jacob Topan, Rich: Bartlett, Jr.
1679—Jno. Dole, John Sewall, Charles Annis, John Pengitta (Pettingell).
1681—Caleb Boynton.
1682-1683—Daniel Lunt, Daniel Merrill, William Moody, George March.
1683-1684—Joseph Knight, Tymothy Noys, James Jackman, Wm. Elsly, Danel. Merrill, Jno. Bartlett.



Tragedies of the Indian Wars in New England

BY B. H. GOLDSMITH, NEW YORK CITY



THE BACKGROUND—In contemplating the human tragedies of the several wars with the Indians, which troubled New England from the beginning of colonization to the eve of the Revolution, it is difficult to obtain a clear understanding of the tribulations which the settlers sustained. The later Indian wars, particularly those attending the extermination of the Western tribes, took place so comparatively recently that their associated history and biography is written in modern terms and with full and adequate weight given to the sentimental and romantic features. Very different are the Colonial records for, in three centuries, a considerable change has come over the American attitude towards human life and its values. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, folks did not consider pain and suffering and anguish worth recording. The Colonial records of the Indian wars are brimmed with military details, accounts of the exploits of this captain and that, but, only in a very limited degree is any attention given to what is today the most important aspect of all—human interest.

And this characteristic was not confined to the few educated men who could afford to take time out from the business of making money and clearing land to write the annals of the time; it was the ordinary day by day habit of mind of everyone. Life may not have been cheap in those hard days, but suffering and sudden death were too common to excite much comment. For example, Belknap, in his "History of New Hampshire," quotes a letter from Abigail Hinsdale to her husband, Colonel Hinsdale. The good lady, resident in the new settlement of Hinsdale, New Hampshire, writes at length of mundane matters and then in a mere postscript, mentioned an Indian attack upon the villages and disposes of the matter in these few lines " Hardiclay was found dead upon the spot, with both breasts cut off and his heart laid open. One of the inhabitants was found within 60 rods

TRAGEDIES OF INDIAN WARS IN NEW ENGLAND

of the fort and both scalped. We fired several alarms and the great gun at Fort Dummer was shot. Thirty men from Northfield came to our assistance and helped to bury the dead. They followed the Indians, found Colby's track, who was barefoot. (Colby had been captured in the raid.) They found no blood, which gives reason to think Colby is well. The rest escaped to the fort." And this account not by a military man, but by a woman! Imagine a modern woman writing of an Indian attack, personally endured.

Thus, save only by the questionable exercise of liberal imagination, it is impossible to reconstruct the actual emotions and experiences of the bloody century. However, during those anxious days, days of constant peril and anxiety, days when murder and mutilation lurked behind every tree, days when the coming of night meant the coming of opportunity to cowardly but brutal savages, there must have been multitudes of epics of heroism, of sacrifice, of adventure and of romance.

Whatever was the case, whatever the tales now forgotten, one thing at least stands out very clear. The settlers were gifted with hardihood. Not only the men, but the women and children, though their faces must have blanched with the news of horror that every passing stranger brought, stayed with their farms and, what is more, boldly dared the savages and pushed the frontiers of New England northward and westward into the very jaws of danger. Silent endurance, sleepless vigilance—these were the characteristics either born or developed in the settlers by the Indian wars.

Against this background of white strength, it is only fair to picture the red savage as, to judge from the contemporaneous accounts, he really was. Probably, the bloody nature of the Indian has been exaggerated. They were savage, of course. But, as is exemplified in the relations with the Pilgrims of Plymouth, the red natives were capable of honor and courage and fidelity. To judge the Indians fairly, it is also not only necessary to remember that they were Indians and not civilized folk, but two other points. First, the Indians were fighting against extermination. It was abundantly clear to them, as the numbers of the whites swelled constantly and the frontier reached out further and ever further, that both Indians and whites could not live together. Constant conflict exemplified the fundamental impossibility of civilization and savagery existing side by side. Thus, the

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Indians had either to abandon their homes and flee into the as yet untouched wilderness—where they would have to fight Indians in possession for room—or else they could attempt to exterminate the whites. That they elected to fight for their homes is hardly discreditable, nor is it just to blame them for fighting with tomahawk, knife and fire, their natural and only weapons, and using the tactics of ambush and horror—for, again, that was the only way they knew how to fight. And, indeed, it was the only way they could fight, for against English guns and discipline the savage could not compete. This is shown time and time again by the manner in which a mere squad of soldiers would boldly attack and rout a hundred or more savages. That the French aided the Indians and, according to historians of the times, encouraged atrocities, is another matter. Perhaps the best that can be said of the French is that it was war—and “what would you? *C'est la guerre!*”

The second point which must be remembered in justice to the Indians, is that the settlers were, at least, finally, just as cruel and bloody, in a civilized fashion, of course, as the Indians were. With their settlements strung out in a most vulnerable frontier, with themselves vastly outnumbered, fear was the greatest ally the settlers could have and they came to practice a ruthless cruelty at every opportunity “to teach the Indians a lesson.” That is, of course, the whole secret of “successful colonization.” The dark pages of the wars are brimmed with this cruelty. Vengeance must be exacted a hundred fold—that was the guiding principle. And, naturally, the Indians retaliated with interest.

Witness just one instance, one as late as mid-eighteenth century. Ventromile relates it in the Maine Historical Collection. The St. Francis Indians, Abenakis, had long been a bloody scourge to the Maine settlers. When the British captured Quebec and all America was taken from French dominion, the British power was ample to end the Indian wars forever. To make this clear to the Abenakis, one Captain Kennedy was sent to the St. Francis Indians to make a treaty. Despite his flag of truce, the Indians captured the captain and all his men. This final outrage, capping a long series of “wanton cruelty and murder all along the frontier,” led General Amherst to order the destruction of the St. Francis Mission—the headquarters of the tribe. In his order of September 13, 1759, he ordered Major Rogers to undertake the business.

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You are this night [the document runs] to set out with the detachment as ordered yesterday, *viz.*, of 200 men which you will take under your command and proceed to Missiquoy Bay, from whence you will march and attack the enemy's settlements on the south side of the River St. Lawrence, in such a manner as you shall judge most effectual to disgrace the enemy, and for the success and honor of his Majesty's arms. . . . Take your revenge, but don't forget that tho' those villians have dastardly and promiscuously murdered the women and children of all ages, it is my orders that no women or children are hurt.

Ten nights later, Major Rogers attacked the St. Francis Indians, and took his revenge. In his own diary, he wrote, after he had killed at least two hundred Indians and burned their villages, "To my own knowledge, in six years' time, the St. Francis Indians had killed and carried into captivity on the frontiers of New England, four hundred persons; we found in the town, hanging on poles over the doors, etc., about six hundred scalps, mostly English." Cause and effect.

In addition to understanding the reason for the Indian wars, and the development of mutual ferocity and savagery, it is also necessary to picture the means by which the settlements protected themselves against the Indians. The larger towns, of course, were under a perpetual martial law by which the sleeping citizens were sentried night and day by armed guards and, theoretically, safe from surprise—although more than one large town went up in smoke with butchered citizens staining the snow and files of captives stumbling off towards Canada. The small settlement and the isolated farmhouse, on the contrary, were without this "protection."

If they were surprised, that was the end of the business. However, if by the killing of some citizen who chanced to be out in the fields or in the woods, the farmhouse or the village could have a few minutes' warning, then they could race to the shelter of what has been termed the "blockhouse," but what was then called the "house of refuge." These houses were of no particular type, but were, of course, the strongest and the most defensible houses in the neighborhood. Once in these houses, the settlers could stand off the Indians long enough for help to come from the nearest town, help either summoned by a messenger, who escaped through the Indians under cover of night, or who dashed away before the Indians thought to close about the fort. Often, however, the settlers had no opportunity to

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cry for help, but depended upon the sound of the guns being heard and relayed by chance to some settlement.

The fact that the settlers could thus hold off the Indians became possible only because the tribes were not disciplined and stood in mortal terror of regular soldiers. If they had been under discipline, they would never have given warning of their approach by killing one or two citizens on the outskirts, nor would they have neglected to blockade the house of refuge before wasting time in pillaging the deserted homes and setting them afire. And, if they had been disciplined, they would have been bolder and, instead of slinking away at the first sight of a marching troop, have stood their ground and annihilated the handful of soldiers. Often, an Indian raid would halt at the doors of the house of refuge and, when the deserted houses had been ransacked and set afire, the Indians would vanish into the woods, fearful that, if they stayed to assault the house, the soldiers would arrive from the nearest town and kill them before they could escape. Thus, most of the Indian attacks were surprise affairs. If they succeeded, well and good; if not, then the invaders would depart as swiftly as they came. Of course, when French officers commanded the Indians, the surprise would be more skillfully arranged and the investment of the house of refuge immediately accomplished and scouts would be put out to warn of relief parties—leaving the attackers full liberty to assault the fort. But, even so, usually the French could not control the Indians to any extent and, once the first blood was shed and the first house pillaged, the Indians ran wild beyond all management.

The ideal type of these houses of refuge was a two-story wooden structure, built of heavy logs or timbers with dove-tailed corners. The upper story overhung the lower all around the building by two or three feet. This overhang was pierced with several hatches and loopholes through which the defenders could shoot straight down or empty pails of embers or boiling water to the discouragement of any Indian attempting to set fire to the walls. Of course, the building's windows and loopholes in the walls themselves gave the opportunity for defense in a horizontal direction.

In addition to the overhang, it was customary for at least two opposite corners to have flanking towers, usually called "flankarts." These towers, which served also as watchtowers, gave, through their loopholes, extra horizontal fire-lines which commanded the entire exterior of the building.

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A second kind of house of refuge was just an ordinary dwelling-type built with doors and walls of oak which, because it is fire resistant, compared to the easier-worked and commoner white pine, gave some degree of shelter. Commonly, however, these ordinary houses were surrounded by an enclosing palisade of logs, stood on end, buried for six feet or more and tied together laterally with cross-beams. These palisades often had their four corners enlarged into flanking towers which, with the fighting-top built to overhang the base, served to control the exterior of the palisade and the ground beneath immediately against the walls.

All of these houses of refuge were large and roomy, affording shelter to all the citizens of the town and neighborhood. In times of peril they were kept well provisioned and, with a well on the premises, they were safe from all Indian attacks, if a sufficient number of men were on hand to man the walls. Often, in a shortage of fighters, the women folk would fight side by side with the men and, nearly always, during an engagement, they would stand behind the men, loading muskets as fast as the men could discharge them.

Towards the end of the wars, the Indians were as well armed with muskets as the settlers were, although they were far from being proficient marksmen. And the use of their guns was limited by the fact that powder and bullets were difficult to come by. In this connection, the English historians have much to say about the French arming the savages, but it is noteworthy that all the English units of government found it necessary, even from the very beginning, to pass stringent laws against trading with the Indians in guns and in munitions. Any Indian would bargain anything he owned for an English musket, and powder and bullets were more precious with the Indians than gold with the English. Time and time again, in this business, the fingers of scandalous trading with the Indians reached out from the frontiers and touched high personages in Boston itself. Men were men then, as now, and when a fortune could be made by trading with guns, who was the Englishman to weigh the lives of settlers far away against a bundle of furs in his ship on the way to the London market?

Thus, at the conclusion of the wars, holding a house of refuge against an armed horde of savages was a difficult business. But, at first, the houses were arks of safety indeed. Indian weapons were powerless against oak and musket fire and there was but one danger

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the settlers had to fear, once they were inside. That was fire. Indians would creep up under cover of darkness and set fire to the walls. A difficult business at best, this danger could always be averted by constant alertness and thus, because of the houses of refuge, the settlers were able to hold their settlements against the Indians and wait until the tide of settlement continued on and made what had been a frontier safe and sound as Boston itself. Nothing can be said too proudly in praise of this spirit. Time and time again, houses would be burned down and whole families murdered. On the morrow, a new house would be built and a new family move in with an ever-increasing number of neighbors alongside. For instance, consider Maine. When King Philip's War ravaged the Colony, the District of Maine had but four settlements, strung along shore in a straggling fashion. Despite the horrors and barbarities of the Indians, and despite the fact that Maine was exposed most of all to the French-abetted Indians of Canada, the settlements grew in size and number until, when the Indian perils ended in 1760, the District numbered thirteen towns and settlements were found right at the back door of French territory.

One other thing remains of general interest before any particular episodes of the Indian wars may be properly viewed. This is the relations of the French Government and the Jesuit priests to the atrocities practiced upon the English settlers by the Indians. The whole business is clouded with conflicting statements and it must be remembered also that war and the methods of making war were far more direct and personal in those days of hand to hand struggle than at the present time when a man with a "Big Bertha" or a gunner in a battleship turret may not even see the enemy town or ship his act will destroy. However, if the great mass of English protest is to be given any weight at all, it seems probable that the French Government did encourage Indians to commit their horrible raids and it seems equally clear that the Jesuits of New France have considerable to explain. To begin with, it is certain that the Indians found a greater freedom and license for the exercise of their savage methods than with the English. English soldiers had Indian allies also, and atrocities were committed by them, but their number and seriousness is very much less worthy of condemnation than is the case with the French. In general, it is true that the French only returned with interest what the English had already done. For example, the French Government would

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encourage their Indian allies to take captives and to bring them to Montreal and Quebec. There the French would buy the captives from the Indians (pay a bounty on them is one way the practice was described) and then return the captives to Boston—at a considerable advance in the price, of course. This was slavery in essence—but the first English settlers started the business when they sold Indians into slavery in the West Indies way back in the Pequot War. But, of course, the French were outside the boundaries of “civilized” war even for the times, when they deliberately turned their savage allies loose not upon armed soldiers but upon practically defenseless women and children in isolated frontier settlements. There was military advantage in the business, of course, and, as Americans learned this century, with the French, war is war, but it does seem barbarous even for so practically minded a people as the French.

With the Jesuits, the verdict of history, at least of American and English histories, is far more indefensible. There is no record of any Puritan clergyman ever accompanying a raid of painted savages against any people, either red or white, and of standing by while women were slain, babes killed in their mothers’ arms and corpses mutilated. Perhaps the Jesuits did not lead these raids, perhaps they did not instigate them, although Colonial historians allege that such was the case. It is a fact, however, that the Colonists believed this dreadful accusation to be true, and much of the bitterness against Catholics which appeared later on in Provincial days, and even in the time of the Commonwealth, is directly traceable to the alleged behavior of Jesuit priests in the Indian wars. The folk of Massachusetts literally hated Jesuits; they made laws classing them, and all priests, with such abominations as Quakers and heretics, condemning Jesuits and priests alike to death if they dared to set foot in the Colony.

It is to be hoped today that the tales of Jesuit leadership of the Indians are not true and that, while they did accompany some raids, it was impossible for them to have prevented the atrocities committed in their presence. Certainly the Jesuits were brave men and noble and sacrificing individuals and bear an honorable history in their relations with the Indians of the Great Lakes. But, it is, nevertheless, regrettable that the priests did not teach, or, perhaps, were not able to teach, their so-called Christian Indian allies, to be more humane.

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The converts of the Jesuits were the Indians who committed the nightmare atrocities for nearly a century along the English frontier, those fiendish outrages which will forever blacken the names of Frontenac, Thury and, for another, Ralé. Their memories may be extenuated, their frenzied butcheries may be glossed over by time—but the century of bloodthirsty barbarism will forever stain the lilies of France and the cross of the Jesuits.

Consider Sebastian Ralé, contemporary of Bigot on the Kennebec and Thury on the Penobscot. At Norridgewock, near the Ticonic Falls of the Kennebec, which was the highway between French Canada and the English settlements, somewhere about 1693, Ralé established a mission and converted the savage Abenakis to the Church of Rome. He was a Frenchman and, after working as a priest in the west, came to Maine, where he was to end his days with an English bullet. He was a strong man and gained complete control over his charges. When Lovewell's War opened, he formed the spearhead of the French resistance to English settlement of Maine, and the English not only charged him with preventing peaceful treaty with the Indians, but also with instigating the dreadful atrocities which ravaged the English settlements. In 1723, when the English raided the Indian village at Norridgewock, seeking Ralé's person as well as vengeance upon the Indians, Ralé escaped, but left papers behind him which were alleged to prove the Jesuit's complicity with Vaudreuil, French governor, in fomenting the Indians against the English. Indeed, some of these papers have been preserved, along with Ralé's famous dictionary of the Abenaki language, now at the Harvard University Library. Ralé's papers are to be seen in the archives of Massachusetts, far up under the State House roof, and, quoting Parkman, include " . . . a letter to him from Vaudreuil, dated at Quebec, 25 September, 1721, in which the French governor expresses great satisfaction at the missionary's success in uniting the Indians against the English, and promises military aid, if necessary."

Finally, after years of horrible Indian atrocities, the English sent an expedition which succeeded in burning the Indian mission to the ground, Ralé was killed in the fight. Captain Moulton, who commanded the party, expressed his victory as being satisfactory except that he had "failed to take Father Rasles alive."

The death of Ralé aroused Governor Vaudreuil to the point of

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expostulating with Governor Dummer, of the Bay Colony. "You will have to answer to your King for Ralé's murder," Parkman quotes the French governor as writing. Dummer's reply, preserved in the Massachusetts archives, attempts to treat the business reasonably. After making much of the evidence of relations with the French governor against the English, Dummer wrote of Ralé, ". . . instead of preaching love, peace, and friendship, agreeably to the Christian religion, Ralé was an incendiary, as appears by many letters I have by me. He has once and again appeared at the head of a great many Indians, threatening and insulting us. If such a disturber of the peace has been killed in the heat of action, nobody is to blame but himself. I have much more to complain that Mr. Willard, minister of Rutland, who is innocent of all that is charged against Ralé, and always confined himself to preaching the Gospel, was slain and scalped by your Indians, and his scalp carried in triumph to Quebec. . . ." This from the Governor of Massachusetts to the Governor of New France.

Deerfield—Both the French and Jesuit influence are to be traced in the massacre at Deerfield, one of the more important events of the war known as Queen Anne's, which occurred at dawn on the bitter cold morning of February 29, 1704.

Deerfield was settled first in 1670, largely by a group of folks from Dedham, who were given eight thousand acres in the area north of Hadley by the General Court to repay them for alleged loss of value to Dedham real estate because of the establishment of the Indian plantation of John Eliot's at adjacent Natick. First called Pocumtuck, an Indian name, deer were so abundant in the woods that the name Deerfield soon became accepted. The settlement grew rapidly, despite the minor raid upon it made by Indians during King Philip's War, September 1, 1675. Several houses were burned at that time and one man was killed. Nearby, about the same time, the celebrated massacre of Bloody Brook occurred—Captain Lothrop and eighty men being ambushed and slain. This tragedy caused the settlement to falter for a time, but new citizens came in 1682 and the town was, for the times, a large and thriving municipality when the French and Indians looked down upon it through the night preceding that fearful February leap year day.

Sheldon, in his "History of Deerfield," states that there were

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forty-one houses in the town, fifteen of which were inside the stockade and the rest strung out in a line running north and south with the river. On the day of the massacre, there were two hundred and forty-nine "souls, including twenty soldiers forming the garrison" in town. Only one hundred and twenty-six escaped.

Deerfield, it appears, had warning of the attack. For months, previously, the Indians had been making minor raids up and down the Connecticut Valley. The Reverend John Williams, pastor of the town, became very apprehensive and, requesting Boston for protection, asserting that the palisade about the "fort" was rotten and useless, was sent twenty men for a garrison. These were enough, of course, to discourage any ordinary Indian attack.

But, shortly before fate overwhelmed the town, direct warning that a large party of Indians under the leadership of French officers was marching down from Canada, and had singled out Deerfield for attack, was given from Albany by Colonel John Schuyler, a trader. The colonel reported that some Mohawk Indians, allied with Canadian Indians under Jesuit "conversion," had told him that a party of Canadian Indians had left St. Louis, then an Indian village near Montreal, and were well south down Lake Champlain, headed straight for Deerfield.

The majority of the citizens were incredulous, but a few strengthened their houses and the garrison began a regular watch each night. Meanwhile, according to Sheldon's history, several ghostly phenomena occurred which in the light of later wisdom, were interpreted by the entire Colony as supernatural warnings. Of course, the period was superstitious. The witchcraft horror was dying, but it was far from being dead and everyone was as certain of constant supernatural companionship as they were of the presence of the members of their own households. One of the chief of these Deerfield "warnings" was "a trampling noise around the fort, as if it were besieged by Indians." Others reported hearing "the sound of horse troops, the roar of artillery, the rattle of small arms and the beating of drums to the charge." Omens or not, they were timely for the raiding party, three hundred and forty strong, counting both French and Indians, was well down from Canada. Led by the Frenchman, Hertel de Rouville, they had come down the ice of Champlain, crossed Vermont *via* the valley of the Winooski and the valley of the White River and thence poured

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down the ice of the Connecticut. They made their long journey comfortably despite the snow and cold, being well equipped and confident that Deerfield had had no warning of their coming.

The last day, they left the river and took to the heavily forested bluffs along the river and, during the darkness on the night of February 28, formed on a bluff, cloaked with a dense stand of white pines, immediately behind the unsuspecting village.

As the long hours of the night held, the savages painted their faces black and crimson, whetted their tomahawks, while the French laid out the plan of the attack and arranged the activities of the several divisions of the attacking force. This was no mere Indian raid; it was a strategically worked out plan which was aimed to blanket the entire village in a moment.

At the first grey of dawn, the signal was given, the Indians passed down the bluff and, leaving their snowshoes heaped at the edge of the forest, crept across the deeply drifted plain towards the town. Everyone was asleep; even the sentry, half-frozen and wearied, had fallen into dreams, dreams from which he never awakened.

Nevertheless, the Indians, under French discipline until the first blood was shed, came forward with great caution. The snow was crusted over, but crackled beneath the feet of the wolves. Fearful that this noise would give warning of the attack, the French had the Indians advance in halts and brief spurts so as to mimic the gusty scurry of the northwest wind which was blowing.

The major division led the way, ordered to swarm into the palisaded center of the town. Successive divisions had the outside houses assigned individually. The plan was that not a shot was to be fired, or a shingle war whoop to be screamed, until the entire village had been occupied. Picture the scene—black and crimson painted savages creeping through the cold grey light, silent but ravening for the blood they were soon to shed.

Unfortunately, the keen northwest winds had drifted a mound of snow against the wall of the palisade so that all the Indians had to do was to walk up the crusted drift, step over the useless wall and leap inside. They did and, in a moment the butchery began with a war whoop as the signal, the signal which loosed the fury, the signal which awoke men, women and children from their warm beds to find murder and mutilation screaming upon them.

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The surprise was complete. Savages battered down doors and slaked their thirst upon victims, in many instances still asleep. Of all the town, only two houses made resistance—only one successfully. Save for these—and the few who at the further edge of the village escaped into the woods, everyone else was either killed or captured. Possibly the fact that one hundred nineteen were not killed, but were captured, is due to the influence of the French officers who, after nearly fifty had been slain, were able to have the Indians spare the rest, spare them for slavery if they were not ransomed.

The first house to make a resistance was that of Ensign John Sheldon, the largest house in the village. Being stoutly constructed, the savages were unable to break through the doors at the first surprise and the aroused inmates gathered to make resistance. However, smashing a hole in the front door with their tomahawks, one Indian thrust his musket through the crevice and fired blindly. This chance shot struck and killed Sheldon's mother, who was in bed directly in line with the shot.

As the howling savages pounded at the door, which could not long withstand the assault, Sheldon and his wife, Hannah, who were upstairs in their chamber, at the back of the house, leaped from a window, hoping to escape to the woods. The ensign landed safely, but his wife sprained her ankle so that she was unable to stand. As it was necessary that someone should run south to Hatfield for aid, Mrs. Sheldon bravely commanded her husband to leave her to the mercy of the Indians and save the rest of the village by bringing help. This, the ensign did. Despite the zero weather, the half-clad man, with strips torn from his coat to bind his naked feet from the cutting edge of the snow crust, ran through the woods to Hatfield. Mrs. Sheldon was, of course, found by the Indians and taken to Canada.

Hardly had Sheldon reached the cover of the woods, than the Indians rounded the rear of the house and forced the back door. This ended any resistance and they, instead of setting fire to the building at once, used it as a jail in which they impounded their captives until the time came to start the dreadful march back to Canada. As they removed their wretched captives, the Indians, of course, fired the house as a final touch.

The only other house to make a resistance was that of the Stebbins

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family, next to the house of the pastor, John Williams. In addition to Stebbins, the house covered his wife, his five children, and three men, David Hoyt, Joseph Catlin and Benjamin Church. Warned by the war whoops, the men and boys opened as brisk a fire as they were capable of against the French and Indians as they appeared. Luckily, although Stebbins was killed by a chance shot, and Mrs. Stebbins and Hoyt wounded, the defense killed an Indian chieftain and a French officer, said to be a brother of Hertel de Rouville. This discouraged the attack and it was temporarily abandoned—because no Indian would stop to fight when there was blood to shed, captives to make and loot to be shared without wasting time in fighting. Several later sporadic attacks also failed and the Indians left the house alone when they began their retreat. This was the only house not burned, although the house of Thomas French, the town clerk, was saved—survivors extinguishing the flames before they had done much damage. The meetinghouse was also similarly saved from serious damage.

In less than an hour the attack was over and with the lurid light of the burning town painted upon the sky not yet bright with day, de Rouville headed the van back towards Canada, with one hundred and nineteen captives marching, wounded, ill-clad and anguished before the rear guard.

Sheldon's alarm had been unnecessary; he was met by marching men up from Hatfield, who had seen the flames reflected upon the sky. Gathering up the refugees as they came, the English entered the palisade through the south gate and surprised a handful of laggard Indians who were lingering over their plundering.

These stragglers, the English drove northward until they gave the alarm to de Rouville. He, hurrying to the rear, organized an ambush into which the English, about fifty strong, blundered. Nine of them were killed by the first volley and the rest retreated forthwith to the Deerfield palisade, where they made a stand. This was enough for de Rouville; he was anxious to get away before the flames called more English to vengeance. Calling off the rear guard attack, he hurried again to the van and forced the captives to march at their best; even women, with babes at their breasts, were not spared.

Reverend John Williams, who related his story of the three hundred mile march to Canada through the winter woods in his book "The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion," pictures the bitter hard-

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ships of that terrible trail. If the captives could not keep up, they were butchered. Williams' own wife suffered this fate. She, stumbling when wading a stream in which the ice was broken, injured herself so that she could not walk rapidly enough; an Indian sank his tomahawk into her head. A fruitless pursuit found her body days later and carried it back to Deerfield.

However, Williams' daughter was more fortunate. Young and attractive, Eunice Williams awakened the interest of an Indian brave. When she became exhausted and was unable to continue, instead of suffering the fate of other such unfortunates, the Indian lifted her upon his back and carried her along.

Once in Canada, the captives were broken up according to the residence of the Indians who claimed them. Those who had relatives with funds, were specially ransomed by the Bay Colony through the offices of the French. Those who were without means, remained slaves until, in 1713, John Schuyler was sent to Canada to effect the return of those remaining alive.

He made an interesting report concerning Eunice. She was separated from her father as soon as she arrived in Canada and was taken to Caughnawag. There she was converted by the Jesuits, being renamed Margaret, and married to an Indian. Romance would have it that it was the same Indian who carried her to Canada and saved her from the tomahawk. This detail is uncertain. However, Schuyler reported that the girl was unable to speak to him in English, but through an interpreter refused to return to her father, saying "Zaghte" which, apparently, means "It is impossible." Schuyler says that the girl was "very poor in body and bashful in the face." Her fate is unknown.

If the fate of the captives was thus hard, they at least escaped the atrocities practiced upon those who were murdered. All were scalped; that was a matter of course in those days—both English and French paid government bounties for scalps. Major Benjamin Church, of Boston, leader of the English military forces against the Indians at the time, wrote of these atrocities the Indians practiced in his account of his expedition. Speaking from personal experience, he described one incident thus: ". . . a Woman that those Barbarous Salvages had taken and killed, exposed in a most brutish manner (as can be expressed) with a Young Child seized fast with strings to her breast; which

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Infant had no apparent wound, which was doubtless left alive to suck its dead Mother's Breast, and so miserably to perish and dye. Also to see other poor children hanging upon fences dead, of either Sex, in their own poor rags, not worth the stripping them of, in scorn and derision."

Church also relates another instance of Indian ferocity. Following an attack upon Berwick, where they captured one Joseph Ring, they were followed and driven off by English, who killed nine of them. In revenge, the Indians tied Ring to a tree and burned him alive.

One interesting sidelight upon the Deerfield massacre concerns a bell. The story is not well authenticated, but is romantic. It seems that the Deerfield meetinghouse boasted a bell which was cast in France and destined for the Jesuit church at St. Regis, near Montreal. The French ship carrying the bell to Montreal was captured by an English privateer and the bell, brought to Boston, was obtained for the Deerfield Church. The tradition relates that the raiding party was accomplished by a Jesuit priest, Péré Nicholas, whose sole charge it was to obtain the bell and bring it to St. Regis. The bell, or a bell, was shortly after the raid hung in the chapel there and, although Deerfield folk are said to have, in the following century, requested the return of the bell, the bell remained in Canada.

Lancaster—Equal in interest to the Deerfield tragedy is the massacre of Lancaster, in King Philip's War, on February 10, 1675. A horde of 1,500 Narragansett Indians swept down upon the settlement, killed some fifty men and women and carried an unknown number of women and children into captivity, from which they were ransomed within a few months by the Colony. One reason why this raid is of such interest is that it was described at length and vividly, too, by Mary Rowlandson, wife of the minister of Lancaster, Reverend John Rowlandson.

Her book, printed after her safe return to her husband, who was in Boston at the time, not only presents a striking picture of the raid, but also relates the story of her captivity, as well as that of her three children, one of whom died from exposure and a wound.

"On the tenth of February, 1675," she wrote, "came the Indians in great numbers upon Lancaster . . . about sun rising. Hearing the noise of some guns, we looked out. Several houses were burning,

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and the smoke ascending to Heaven. At length they came and beset our house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that mine eyes ever saw . . . they shot against the house, so that the bullets seem to fly like hail, and quickly they wounded one man amongst us, then another and then a third.

"About two hours . . . they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it, which they did with hemp and flax brought from the barn."

(With the firing, the Indians killed forty-nine of the fifty men inside and carried off the women and children, twenty-four in number.)

She writes:

. . . . Now is the dreadful hour come, that I have often heard of . . . but mine eyes now see it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying out, "Lord, what shall we do?" . . . But out we must go, the fire increasing and coming along behind us, roaring, and the Indians gaping before us with their guns, spears and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the house but my brother-in-law, being wounded . . . fell down dead, whereat the Indians scornfully shouted, and halloed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his clothes. The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same, as would seem, through the bowels and hand of my dear child in my arms. The Indian had hold of us, pulling me one way and the children the other. . . . Hell hounds roaring, singing, ranting and insulting, as if they would have torn our hearts out. . . . I had often before this said, that if the Indians should come, I should rather be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the trial my mind changed. Their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit that I chose rather to go along with these, as I may say, ravenous beasts, than that moment end my days. . . . Oh, the roaring and singing, and dancing, and yelling of these black creatures which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And as miserable was the waste there was made, of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs and fowl (which they had plundered . . .) some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling to feed our merciless enemies. . . .

THE INDIANS CARRY OFF THE CAPTIVES

Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture upon the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill we both fell over the horse's head, at which the

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inhuman creatures laughed and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days. . . .

After this it quickly began to snow and, when night came on, they stopped. . . . And now down I must sit in the snow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick child in my lap and calling for water, being now, through the wound, fallen into a violent fever. My own (wound) was also growing stiff, that I could scarce sit down or rise up, yet so it must be, that I must sit all this cold winter night upon the cold snowy ground, with my sick child in my arms, looking that every hour would be the last of its life. . . .

I sat much alone with a poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned all night and day, having nothing to revive the body or cheer the spirits of her. . . . Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, with my babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again. My child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world, they (the Indians) bade me carry it out to another wigwam, I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles. Whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two hours in the night, my sweet babe, like a lamb, departed this life on February 18, 1675. It was about six years and five months old.

After this followed months of difficult experiences. Half starved, although never physically mistreated, Mrs. Rowlandson was separated from the rest of the captives, from her son and daughter, and taken by her master, Quennapin, westward across the Connecticut and then up that river into the Ashelot River Valley in New Hampshire.

Meanwhile, negotiations had been going on between the General Court and King Philip and eventually it was arranged that the captives should be redeemed. Mrs. Rowlandson's price was twenty pounds. The Indians agreed to meet the representatives of the General Court on Wachusett Mountain. Thither the captives were brought from time to time.

The man responsible for the actual release of Mrs. Rowlandson was John Hoar. With only two unreliable Indian guides, he boldly entered the bitterly hostile camp of the Indians. He was greeted by a volley of musket fire directed about his body and over his head. Unmoved, he calmly walked into camp, sat down before King Philip himself and turned the hatred of the Indians to admiration by quietly inviting all the Sagamores to be his guests at dinner.

In the subsequent negotiations, it became evident that Quennapin was not content with the twenty pounds he had fixed. Hoar, however,

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was equal to the occasion. As a final move, he took out of his pack a bottle of rum and offered it as a bonus. The Indian chief could not resist. Mrs. Rowlandson was free.

So I took my leave of them [the woman wrote] and in coming along my heart melted into tears, more than all the while I was with them, and was almost swallowed up in the thoughts that ever I should go home again. About the sun being down, Mr. Hoar and myself and the two Indians came to Lancaster, and a solemn sight it was to me . . . not one Christian to be seen, nor one house left standing . . . there I have lived many comfortable years amongst my relations and neighbors. . . .

Cocheco—This little seacoast settlement of Cocheco suffered annihilation early in the progress of King William's or St. Castin's War. In 1689, the New Hampshire settlement was small but thriving, containing at least five garrisoned or fortified houses—Waldron's, Otis', Heard's and the two Coffins'. They were all built stoutly of timber and, securely bolted and barred at nightfall, were considered impregnable to ordinary Indian attacks—as indeed they were. Further, Major Waldron was regarded as a very prominent trader with the Indians and thus, since even the Indians needed an avenue for business, the neighborhood was neutral ground. Thus, although savages thronged the little town in numbers day after day, the settlers considered them all more or less friendly and were content to practice the single caution of bolting their doors each night.

That spring, squaws, mindful of kindness extended to them by the white women of the village, dropped ambiguous hints that the Indians were plotting to raid the houses. The women were alarmed, but the men glossed the matter over and Waldron himself, secure in his belief that the Indians would never raid his premises, told the settlers not to worry—he had a reliable intelligence system and would receive warning of any danger in ample time.

But Waldron was mistaken. The Indians of the region hated him like poison because of what they considered his treachery to them in King Philip's War, on September 6, 1676. That day troops from Boston surrounded more than five hundred Indians in Cocheco. Most of these were native Indians and at the time peaceful. But, with them were some hundred odd Massachusetts Indians who had fled northward for safety when the Colony began to smash Philip's forces.

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These Indians were all gathered at Waldron's establishment to trade and loiter. With great difficulty, he "persuaded" the Massachusetts troops from attacking the Indians. Indeed, he did prevent a bloody battle. However, to gain his point, he agreed to a stratagem which, to say the least, was treacherous.

Belknap tells the story:

The Major proposed to the Indians to have a training and a sham fight after the English mode; and summoning his own men, they, in conjunction (with the soldiers) formed one party and the Indians another. Having diverted them a while in this manner, and caused the Indians to fire the first volley; by a peculiar dexterity, the whole body of them were surrounded, before they could form a suspicion of what was intended. They were immediately seized and disarmed, without the loss of a man on either side. A separation was then made; Wonnalancet, with the Pennacook Indians, and others who had joined in making peace the winter before, were peaceably dismissed; but the strange Indians who had fled from the southward and taken refuge among them, were made prisoners to the number of 200; and being sent to Boston, seven or eight of them, who were known to have killed an Englishman, were condemned and hanged; the rest were sold into slavery in foreign parts.

Major Waldron doubtless believed he had done his own Indians a good turn by saving them from English bullets, but they rather believed he had betrayed them and nursed their feelings until the outbreak of St. Castin's War gave them an opportunity for their dreadful revenge.

All spring they nursed their plot and, on the 27th of June, 1689, the plot was perfected. At the time it was customary for settlers to allow squaws to sleep before the fires in the kitchens at night. Thus, the evening of the massacre, the Indians sent two squaws to each of the five houses to beg shelter for the night. Before dawn, when all the settlers were asleep, the squaws, at a signal, were to steal to the doors, unbar them and admit the black-painted warriors.

The plan worked to perfection, the settlers admitted the squaws with one exception; the younger Coffin refused them admittance. While this was in progress, one Mesundowit, with a smile masking his treachery, invited himself to supper at Major Waldron's and told him that on the morrow a large number of Indians were coming to trade. This news delighted Waldron and he readily agreed to allow two

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squaws to sleep at his fire and even showed them how to work the fastenings of his door so that they could leave the house at dawn without awakening the whites.

And so Cocheco went to sleep that night, with all the houses but one hosts to two Indian squaws. At the dark hour a night-bird whistled. It was the signal. Like shadows, the squaws opened the doors, the warriors crept in and the butchery began.

At Waldron's, the warriors actually forced the door of the major's chamber before he awakened. The old man, leaping to his feet, seized his sword and, leaping to the attack, drove the Indians out of his room into the main room, where he conducted his trading. Stepping back into his chamber for a moment for his musket, a savage stole behind him and leaped upon his back, holding the eighty-year-old soldier helpless.

Howling with glee, the braves carried their hated "friend" to a chair at the head of his table, across which he bartered for furs and, standing about, mocked him, saying that now they would each settle their accounts. One by one they did, slashing him with their knives. Tiring of this "harmless sport," one brave hacked off one of the major's hands, another his ears, a third his nose. Then, as the old man was about to collapse, the Indians held his own sword upright upon the floor in such a fashion that, when the major fell from his chair, he was spitted upon his own weapon.

The major's son-in-law and daughter were forced to witness this barbarity. The son-in-law, Abraham Lee, was then killed and the daughter, together with the other women in the house, were taken captive.

Meanwhile, the other houses were being similarly treated. Otis was killed and his family taken captive. Wentworth offered resistance and escaped. Coffin's house, that of the father, was easily entered, but no one was killed, although the savages looted joyfully. The younger Coffin's house was not opened, thanks to his refusal to admit the squaws and, upon promise of safety, he surrendered and was taken to his father's house, while the savages looted at will. For some reason they failed to return to take the two Coffin families captives. All in all, twenty-three settlers were killed and twenty-nine taken to Canada and sold.

The experience of the Heard family is remarkable—and shows

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that the Indians could remember a service as well as Waldron's treachery. As the attack opened, Elizabeth Heard was just returning home with her four children from Portsmouth, coming by river. Unperceived by the Indians, the woman noticed the uproar and, fearing danger, actually walked up to Waldron's house, where she saw lights, and knocked for admittance, thinking that the spot where the Indians were torturing the major would be her refuge.

No reply being received from her knocking, Mrs. Heard's son looked in a window and saw what was going on. Terrified by the discovery, Mrs. Heard was unable to move, but ordered her children to dash into the forest for safety. Later, still unseen by the Indians, she recovered sufficiently to crawl to some shrubbery nearby. There, at dawn, she was discovered by an Indian who, marching up, put a pistol to her head. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, he recognized Mrs. Heard as the woman who, during the treachery of 1676, had permitted a young Indian who, it seems, escaped from the round-up by the Boston troops, to hide in her house and so escape. With a grunt, the Indian turned away and joined the band who, having looted Waldron's house, were now setting it afire.

Soon, with the coming of daylight, the Indians vanished and Mrs. Heard, gaining enough courage to stand and walk, found her own house undisturbed. The Indians, seeking Waldron's blood, had remembered Mrs. Heard's kindness to one of their number fifteen years before.

Oyster River (Durham)—In August of the same year as the Cocheco massacre, a small but brutal raid was made upon the Huckin settlement in what was then Oyster River and is now a section of Durham. Nineteen men, two boys, and about a dozen women and some six girls occupied the single "fort." Unsuspecting of danger in broad daylight, all the men went one August morning to work in the fields, to be slaughtered to a man by the Indians shooting from ambush. Warned by the shots, the two boys closed the gates of the "fort" and, with the women loading muskets, kept up such a brisk fire that the Indians were held in check. With flaming arrows, arrows wrapped in oil-soaked fibres, the Indians managed to set fire to the roof of the fort and this compelled the two boys to agree to accept the Indians' offer to respect the persons of the women and children if the two boys

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would surrender. The savages honored their agreement by impaling four of the children on sharpened stakes and then carrying the rest, some fifteen women and children, to Canada as captives. One of the boys, however, managed to escape within a few days and led a party of soldiers from Boston in chase—but fruitlessly.

Salmon Falls and Casco—The following year, 1690, was marked by two more massacres carried out by French-officered and Jesuit-influenced Indians.

Salmon Falls, New Hampshire, was the first to suffer. Shortly after midnight on the 27th of March, Sieur Hertel, with twenty-five Indians and twenty-six French soldiers, swept down upon the garrison house, the two stockaded forts and the cluster of defenseless cabins. Even the sentinels of the settlers were asleep. Defense was hopeless; in a few moments, breaking into all the houses, thirty odd persons were slaughtered and the rest, fifty-four in number, made captive. After looting and spoiling, the French and Indians set fire to the village, not even bothering to unfasten the cattle tied in the barns, and departed for Canada. Of the fifty-four captives, upwards of forty seem to have been women and children.

The other settlers of that section of New Hampshire organized a party of one hundred and forty men to take up the pursuit and managed to come up with Hertel at a bridge near Berwick. Hertel posted his men on the further bridgehead and held the English in check until dark, when the French and Indians silently withdrew and were not followed further. A nephew of Hertel was killed in this fight and Hertel's son was wounded. The English report reads, "We fought as long as we could distinguish friend from foe. We lost two killed and six or seven wounded, one mortally."

The affair at Casco, the then settlement on Casco Bay, Maine, was, for the times, a major engagement. Portland is situated today on the site of the original settlement. At the time of the massacre, May 16, 1690, there was a genuine military fort, named Loyal, four garrison houses, as well as numbers of ordinary dwellings and barns. No regular soldiers were stationed in the town at the time, although a company of such men, under a Captain Willard, had been garrisoned there during the winter. The defense of the town was entrusted to a military company, or "town soldiers," who were supposed to man the garrison under military discipline, but failed to do so.

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Captain Davis was in command of this company with Thaddeus Clark as lieutenant. Frequent warnings of the presence of large numbers of Indians in the vicinity were received by the middle of the month, but nothing much was thought about it, other than to "keep an eye peeled for Salvages," until the 15th, when Lieutenant Clark was ordered with thirty men to go out and investigate the curious behavior of cows pastured in the woods on Munjoy Hill. Mather's "Magnalia" relates what happened: "The English were suspicious when they came to enter the lane, that the Indians were lying behind the Fence, because the cattle stood staring that way, and would not pass into the woods as they used to. This mettlesome company then run up to the fence with a huzza! thinking thereby to discourage the enemy, if they should be lurking there; but the enemy were so well prepared for them that they answered them with a horrible vengeance, which killed the Lieut. and thirteen more on the spot, and the rest escaped with much ado unto one of the garrisons."

This skirmish was the beginning of the general assault. All the garrisons, to which the inhabitants crowded, were stoutly defended until the attackers withdrew at dark. Then the English made the sad discovery that all their ammunition was exhausted. However, by skillful management, all the garrisons were evacuated, the settlers gaining the shelter of the fort. There, in the morning, while some Indians fired all the houses, the French and other Indians to the number of five hundred made a regular attack upon the fort. The embattled defenders, however, made a brave resistance, holding off the hordes of savages for five days and four nights. Unfortunately, the fort had been built at the edge of a bluff and the French so undermined the soft soil below that the fort could not be longer held.

Willis' "Portland" quotes the story of what happened by Captain Davis, the officer in command of the settlers:

. . . . The 16th of May, 1690, about dawning, began our fight; the 20th, about 3 o'clock afternoon, we were taken. They fought us five days and four nights, in which time they killed or wounded the greater part of our men, burned all the houses, and at last we were forced to have a parley with them in order for a surrender. We not knowing that there were any French among them, we set up a flag of truce in order for a parley. We demanded if there were any French among them and if they would give us quarter. They answered, that they were Frenchmen, and that they would give us good quarter.

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Upon this answer, we sent out to them again, to know from whence they came, and if they would give us good quarter, both for our men, women and children, both wounded and sound, and that we should have liberty to march to the next English town and have a guard for our defense, and safety unto the next English town—and then we would surrender; and also that the Governor of the French should hold up his hand and swear by the great and ever-living God, that the several articles should be performed. All of which he did solemnly swear to perform; but as soon as they had us in their custody, they broke their articles, suffered our women and children and our men to be made captives in the hands of the heathen, to be cruelly murdered and destroyed many of them, and especially our wounded men; only the French kept myself and three or four more, and carried us overland for Canada. . . . About twenty-four days we were marching through the country for Quebeck in Canada, by land and water, carrying our canoes with us. . . .

The entire settlement was burned before the attackers withdrew and everything was lost. The dead bodies were left where they had fallen, hideous, scalped, mutilated things. There they remained until August, two years later, when Sir William Phips and Major Church, leading an expedition from Boston, landed at Casco and found the site strewn with white bones, bleaching among the ruins of the fort and village. The Boston men buried the bones, how or where is not recorded. Church reported that he buried “ . . . the bones of these—over 100 persons—who had been destroyed by savages under the *Sieur Hertel*.”

The destruction of Portland (Casco) was the major incident of *St. Castin's War*. In King Philip's war the settlement was also raided by Indians, when twenty-four men, women and children were killed. This raid came about August 11, 1676, and opened at the house of Anthony Brackett. His holding was situated in what was known as Back Cove, now Deering Oaks Park. One Symon, called the *Tarratine*, was the chief leading the Indians.

On August 9, his braves killed one of Brackett's cows, but Symon promised Brackett that he would bring the culprits to Brackett's house for satisfaction. Under this pretense, Symon filled the house with armed Indians on the 11th and took the family prisoners—Brackett, his wife, five children and a negro slave. One other man, Nathaniel Mitton, happened to be in the house. While Brackett was surprised,

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unarmed and bound before he knew what was happening, Mitton was able to attempt resistance—and was shot dead for his pains. Passing next to the Corbin place, the Indians killed Robert Corbin, Humphrey Durham and Benjamin Atwill and captured Mrs. Corbin, another woman and James Ross, town constable.

Meanwhile the alarm had been given and the Indians, turning from their raid upon the settlement, killed five more men, surprised in the woods on their way to mow grain for Anthony Brackett. Passing by the farm of Thomas Brackett, the Indians killed him and captured his wife and children. The entire north side of the settlement was thus raided house by house, but the south side of the town, warned by the smoke of the burning homes to the north, frightened the Indians away. One account, quoted by Willis, reads:

On the 11 of this instant we heard of many killed of our naybors in Falmouth or Casco Bay, and on the 12th instant, Mr. Joslin sent mee a briefe written letter under the hand of Mr. Burns, the minister. Hee gives an account of thirty two killed and carried away by the Indians. Himself escaped to an island . . . ten men, six women, sixteen children. Anthony and Thomas Brackett and Mr. Munjoy his sonne onely are named.

The Indians went along raiding to the northward headed towards the settlements on the Kennebec. Near the present site of Georgetown, the Indians were so desirous of haste, that they left their captives behind under small guard, and Anthony Brackett and his family managed to escape. The Maine Historical Society Collection, dealing with this episode, reads: "It was upon this occasion that Anthony Brackett and his family escaped out of their hands by means of an old birch canoe which his wife repaired with a needle and thread found in a deserted house. Hubbard says, 'In that old canoe they crossed a water eight or nine miles broad, and when they came on the south side of the bay, they might have been in as much danger of other Indians that had lately been about Black Point and had taken it; but they were newly gone; so things on all sides thus concurring to help forward their deliverance, they came safely to Black Point, where also they met with a vessel bound for Piscataqua (Portsmouth), that came into that harbor but a few hours before they came hither, by which means they arrived safely in Piscataqua River soon after. . . .'"

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Another account of the escape has it that Brackett escaped by land while Mrs. Brackett escaped with her children by rowing across to Black Point in a leaky old dug-out canoe given her by an Indian who had received some kindness from her previously.

Brackett's father, also named Anthony, and his mother, name unknown, were also both killed by Indians in an unimportant raid near Portsmouth, where they settled in 1635 or so, on September 28, 1691.

Haverhill—The final tragedy of bloody St. Castin's War (King William's War—as senseless and unnecessary a slaughter as ever was) took place in Haverhill in March, 1697. It is memorable because of the exploit of Hannah Dustin. The story of the raid may best be told through the experiences of the Dustin family.

One March morning, Thomas Dustin went out to clear one of his fields, accompanied by his seven children. Mrs. Dustin, delivered of her eighth child but a week, was in bed at home, under the care of her nurse, Mary Neff.

Hardly had Dustin put down his musket, which the settlers always kept by them in those dark days, and exchanged it for his axe, than an Indian war whoop sounded and several bullets spattered about his feet.

Shouting to his children to run to the town garrison, Dustin rushed to the bar to get his horse. He had a plan to save his seven children. His bed-ridden wife and his new babe were doomed. He knew that, but he hoped to stand off the Indians long enough for his other youngsters to gain the shelter of the garrison. Mounted on his horse, with the howling Indians literally at his heels, Dustin galloped after the stumbling and fear-frantic children. Coming to them, he reared his horse back upon its haunches and, dismounting, placed the animal between the Indians and the children. "Run on," he shouted and, as they scampered as fast as their chubby legs permitted, he waited for the Indians to come up. Holding them back with a shot, he mounted again and, racing after the children, loaded as the horse galloped. Then, with the children once more, he repeated the stratagem and so, somehow, managed to escape unhurt, riding into the alarmed garrison with his children and his horse without a scratch. Picture the father standing inside the palisade, with his grateful arm

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about his faithful horse's head, agonizing over what must be happening back in his home.

His fears were well founded. Compelling the weak woman to get out of bed, the Indians snatched her week-old child from her arms and dashed its brains out against a rock in the dooryard and then went on to butcher other women and children. In less than an hour, with twenty-seven women and children murdered and scalped and every house outside of the garrison in flames, the Indians were on their way back into the woods.

How many captives they took with them it is not known. However, with the exception of Hannah Dustin and Mary Neff, they were all killed before the Indians went very far. Why Mrs. Dustin and her nurse were spared is a mystery, particularly in the light of what followed.

Making their day up the river to an island six miles above Concord, New Hampshire, where the Contoocook River joins the Merrimack, the Indians finally went into camp. Soon, all the Indians but twelve went off on another raid. They believed that a dozen could guard two women, one still weakened from the child-bed. It so happened that another captive was in the camp, a boy named Samuel Leonardson, who had been taken months before and more or less adopted by the Indians.

Stricken by Mrs. Dustin's plight, the boy made friends with her despite the objections of the Indians and, in a conversation, he was electrified by Mrs. Dustin asking him how best to kill with the tomahawk. Armed with the information, that same night, Mrs. Dustin executed a bold plan which has made her name immortal.

Just imagine the scene. The dark island with twelve Indians asleep, braves and squaws. The Spring River at flood, rushing by with a dull roaring. In the still air, the smoke of the campfire rises straight upwards. Mrs. Dustin, Mary Neff and the boy stretch out apparently asleep but alert and quivering with suppressed emotion. At last, Mrs. Dustin lifts her head, waits, and gets to her feet. Not an Indian stirs; they are all safely asleep. Silently, she gives the signal to the waiting woman and boy, And, as silently, the three pick up tomahawks, the Indians' own weapons, and quickly, with but one error, each crashes in the skulls of four Indians.

Only one blow was misdirected. A squaw was not mortally

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stricken but, screaming, dashes away into the darkness, probably to die shortly.

Quickly, for fear that the Indians who left might return, the intrepid woman loads a canoe with corn and meat and, with her two companions starts to leave the island. But, there is one thing more to do. Her babe has been avenged but vengeance is not yet slaked. Mindful of the horrors these very Indians had practiced upon her neighbors, Hannah Dustin leaves the canoe for a moment. A bright knife glitters and then gleams dully in the flickering light of the camp-fire. And then, her work completed, she steps into the canoe, drops something at her feet, and picks up her paddle. The something is a bundle of eleven Indian scalps.

Sixty-odd miles of stream lay between her and Haverhill, where she hoped her husband and her seven children were safe. Sixty miles of weary paddling between thickly-forested river banks, out of which at any moment, might come a flight of arrows or musket balls, sixty miles of stream which, a highway for all Indians, might at any one of a thousand bends open out a fleet of canoes filled with black and crimson painted warriors. But the sixty miles passed safely and Hannah Dustin climbed ashore at Haverhill and joined her husband with her eleven scalps in hand.

Accounts of the details of this heroic epic differ. Parkman says, quoting Mather, that ten savages were slain, a squaw escaped and an Indian boy was purposely left unharmed. Yet others say that the three killed ten warriors and two squaws and brought a dozen scalps to Boston, not Haverhill. Be that as it may—it seems probable that the woman would follow the easy path of the river directly to her husband at Haverhill rather than attempt an overland trip to Boston, nearly a hundred miles, most of which was wilderness and Indian haunted. However, whether or not the correct spelling of Hannah's name is Dustin or Dustan, the difference in opinion does not detract from her bravery, courage and energy. She is justly regarded as one of New England's great heroes, woman though she was.

Fort Massachusetts (Adams)—In 1746, near the close of what is known as the Four Years' War, or Governor Shirley's War, the tragedy at Fort Massachusetts took place on August 20. Rigaud de Vaudreuil left Montreal the 1st of August with sixty French soldiers

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and a large number of Indians. Their objective was the English fort at Crown Point. But, when near the present site of Saratoga, de Vaudreuil abandoned this dangerous enterprise in favor of an easy raid upon the settlement at Adams, the "fort" there being known as Fort Massachusetts. The Frenchman made his plans carefully and succeeded in getting within sight of the unsuspecting settlers, actually pausing at the verge of the clearing and hiding behind only a thin screen of foliage.

The plan was to lie hidden until night and then creep up to the palisaded structure and force an entrance in a moment. There was but twenty-two men within the fort, half of whom were incapacitated with a fever. Ammunition being low, the captain, John Hawks, of Deerfield, had sent his surgeon, Thomas Williams, the day before over the Mohawk trail to Deerfield for a fresh supply. Under these conditions the planned surprise would have been most effectual.

However, when once the painted braves saw their unsuspecting victims walking about in all innocence, they slipped the leash of the French and charged out, whooping and blazing away with their muskets. The English, thus warned, ran to the fort and closed the gates securely.

The terrain beyond the palisade was thickly covered with stumps and logs and thus the Indians had abundant cover from which to fire at the fort. Indeed, from the side of the nearby Saddleback Mountain, the French soldiers were able to shoot over the log wall directly into the fort's parade ground.

Captain Hawks, being desperately short of powder and lead, ordered his men to shoot only when they could be sure of killing a man, and by this means he and his ten able men kept the seven hundred odd Indians and French in check.

During the night, with the French soldiers maintaining a strict watch, so that no one could escape from the fort to warn Deerfield, the defenders heard the Indians busy chopping wood, ready to make a rush and pile burning faggots against the palisade and thus burn it down. Captain Hawks had his weary men labor at drawing water from the fort well and piling it in barrels against the wall so as to be enabled to fight the expected fire, but before the Indians could start their blaze, a heavy rain began to fall and thus the labors of both Indians and English were wasted.

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In the morning, two of the English were shot, leaving Hawks but seven men on their feet and making the odds about a hundred to one. Meanwhile, Sieur Rigaud had learned that Surgeon Williams was expected back with ammunition and reinforcements. He, therefore, detached a party of sixty savages to intercept the expedition. The Indians laid an ambush for Williams' party and killed them all, fourteen or fifteen men.

Meantime, Hawks arranged a parley with Sieur Rigaud outside the fort, meeting the Frenchman, who had advanced with a flag of truce. The Frenchman promised "good quarter." Hawks asked for two hours to consider and was given the time. With Hawks' men were three women and five children. He did not wish to expose them to the tender mercies of the French, but with less than sixty rounds of powder left, he was forced to agree with his men that their case was hopeless.

At the end of two hours the French entered—and with them the Indians. The French kept their word—so far as Hawks, Chaplain Norton and the women and children were concerned—these ten persons they guarded against the Indians. But the twenty-two soldiers were all killed and scalped and mutilated on the instant. Even the dead soldiers were not left in peace. The body of one of them, Thomas Knowlton, was scalped for example, decapitated and then cut into pieces.

After boldly raiding on over the mountains to Deerfield, where a dozen men were killed and several boys and girls captured, Sieur Rigaud returned to the ruins of Fort Massachusetts and then made for Canada.

On the way north, the wife of John Smeade, who had been captured, was suddenly taken ill. Parkman, quoting Chaplain Norton, tells what happened to this unfortunate woman, who met her hour in a wild forest, surrounded by hordes of savages: "Some of them made a seat for her to sit upon and so brought her to camp, where, about ten o'clock, she was graciously delivered of a daughter, and was remarkably well. . . . Friday, This morning I baptized Smeade's child. He called its name CAPTIVITY. . . ."

The Byrants of Gorhamtown—Sixteen miles north of the present city of Portland, fair upon the savages' trail between Casco and

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Sebago, the little settlement of Gorhamtown was early deserted by all but four families at the outbreak of the Four Years' War. However, a strong "fort" being built, these families believed they could easily make it their refuge in case of an Indian raid and so they stayed on. On the morning of April 16, 1746, everything was peaceful in the village. The McLellan, Cloutman, Bryant and Read families went about the multitude of chores unsuspecting of the lurking savages. All day the peace held, but with the darkness the McLellan family was aroused by the barking of their dog. Closing their doors and windows, they anxiously stood guard all night. But nothing happened—until morning. The men went out to work in the fields again. Read came over to borrow a chain. Lighting his pipe, he was about to start off, when a swarm of Indians appeared, captured him and, sweeping past the McLellan cabin, which Mrs. McLellan hastily barred, descended upon the Bryant home. The Bryant men were all at work in the fields. Mrs. Bryant was captured and four of her children butchered. Continuing, the Indians surprised Bryant and his son at work. The boy escaped to the fort, but Bryant was caught and slain. Cloutman had wisely sent his family to the "fort" that morning, but he himself was surprised. Not resisting, he was taken along to Canada with Read.

Meanwhile, Mrs. McLellan, not knowing what had happened, beyond seeing the savages making off with Read, finally sent her little daughter, Abigail, over to the Bryant's house for news. The child, wise for her years, carefully reconnoitered as she went and so saw the savages killing the Bryant children, without being discovered by the Indians herself. Dashing home, she sobbed out the story to her mother who, stout soul, barricaded her doors again and, blowing upon the conch shell, the warning signal of the Maine pioneers, called her husband and son home. The two men, once inside the house, hastily prepared their defenses anew and stood to their guns all the rest of the day and all the second night—to be relieved early the following morning when a squad of men from Falmouth appeared, having been dispatched by Casco to see what was wrong up country.

Dick Hunniwell, the "Indian Killer"—One of the outstanding English settlers in the Portland area was Richard "Dick" Hunniwell. Many traditional tales of his exploits have been told, but even those

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found worthy of note by sober historians show the man to have been a remarkable figure. He was active in Queen Anne's War and met his fate finally in 1713, two months after the war had ended.

Hunniwell suffered greatly at the hands of the Indians; the savages had treacherously killed his wife and child one day during his absence. Ever after he hated all red skins as a matter of principle. To him, an Indian was a beast, vermin, to be exterminated whenever the opportunity offered.

Once, when the man was mowing hay, he was overlooked by a party of Indians. One of them, risking the danger of the famous man, whose mere appearance deterred the rest of the Indians from even permitting Hunniwell to discover them, attempted to creep up behind the mower and tomahawk him. Hunniwell, according to the story, noticed the black painted savage creeping towards him, but since his musket was not at hand, being laid down at the end of the swath being cut, pretended not to be aware of his danger until, just as the Indian rose behind him to swing his axe, Hunniwell whirled about and, with a sweep of his scythe, sheared off the Indian's head. And then, fixing the head upon a pole, Hunniwell erected the pole as a sort of "scare-crow" to keep other Indians off and calmly went on with his mowing.

Another time, Hunniwell chanced to enter a clam diggers' hut on the shore of Casco Bay, near Scarborough. There, sitting peacefully beside the fire with the clam diggers were two Indians. Without saying a word, Hunniwell picked up a gun and, after examining it minutely, put it to his shoulder and waved it about, as if testing the sights. When the two Indians' heads were in line with the sights, Hunniwell pulled the trigger. When the smoke cleared the two braves lay dead, each with a hole drilled through their skull.

Of course, the Indians of the region were wild for revenge and laid trap after trap for Hunniwell, but with uncanny good fortune he either eluded the ambush entirely or shot his way out unhurt. Once, when the man so escaped, the Indians managed to capture his horse. Taking their bows, they shot scores of pitch-pine splinters into the side of the poor creature and then, setting the splinters on fire (pitch pine burns like wax) they set the horse free. As he ran, the draft kindled the fire to fiercer and fiercer heat.

But Hunniwell was at last to meet his fate and a bloody end it was.

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Peace had been signed at Portsmouth, two months previously. Some cattle having strayed, Hunniwell set out with a party of twenty men to look for them. It was believed that the animals were in the neighborhood of Great Pond (now Massacre Pond). The day was fair and warm and the party, making an outing out of the expedition, wandered along merrily. Most of the men were not even armed. Hunniwell had a pistol and a knife; that was all. As the party reached a pond, nothing was seen of the cows. It was suggested that they might be beyond a certain dense growth of alder bushes, which ran down to the west end of the pond and screened a lish meadow beyond. In a careless group the twenty men walked up to the thicket and, just as they started to push their way into the tangle of grass and bushes, a great volley of flame crashed out. Two hundred savages had ambushed themselves in the thicket and let the settlers walk up to the very muzzles of their guns before they fired. Of the twenty men, nineteen fell. One man alone was unhurt and escaped to the garrison. A party being formed to attack the savages, the lone survivor led them to the fatal spot. There in a heap were eighteen bodies. The nineteenth, which was Hunniwell's, lay apart, dreadfully mutilated. The Indians had at last revenged themselves upon Dick Hunniwell, Indian fighter.

The nineteen bodies were buried in a single grave; the site is not known, but the name of Great Pond was changed to Massacre Pond as a memorial. The survivor, commenting upon the business afterwards, said that someone had asked Hunniwell why he had not taken his musket along. Hunniwell replied, "I don't need one. If I should I'll take the gun of the first man killed."

Matinicus Island—During the French and Indian War, thanks to the increasing number of settlers and the main theatre of activity being lifted from the Maine frontier up into Canada itself, the Indians were content to make small raids upon isolated houses. All in all, hundreds of settlers were thus killed and captured. Such was the case of the Hall family on Matinicus Island.

Ebenezer Hall had built himself a home upon the remote island, confident that its distance from shore would be ample safeguard from the Indians. There, on the morning of June 1, 1757, nevertheless, he was attacked by a large party, who had navigated out from Penob-

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scot mainland in a fleet of canoes. The man was alone, save for his wife, two sons, three daughters and a boy named Greene. The Greene boy managed to escape the attention of the savages and, hiding in the woods until the raid was over, made his way out into the bay and was picked up by a passing ship.

Hall barricaded his doors and windows and, single handed, maintained a brisk defense for ten days. Probably he would have held out until the Indians tired and went away, but on the tenth a chance shot came in through a loop-hole and, striking him in the head, killed him. Mrs. Hall and her children did what they could to continue the fight, but the Indians, guessing from the changed character of the marksmanship that Hall was out of the fight, charged the door, broke it in and seized the family. The dead man's body they scalped; Mrs. Hall and the five children they carried off, making their way up the Penobscot. At the headwaters the Indians split up; Mrs. Hall being taken by one group and the children by another. Nothing was heard of the five youngsters ever after, although the Colony made a search for them. Mrs. Hall, a large, handsome woman, was considered by the Indians to be a valuable prize. In Canada she attracted the attention of Captain Andrew Watkins, who not only paid her savage owners two hundred and fifteen livres, but bought her a passage to London. There she managed to find passage to New York and so returned to Falmouth.

An English Reprisal—Lest it be thought that all the bloodshed was committed by the Indians, the story of Captain James Cargill needs to be related. In 1755, the Provincial Government at Boston took steps to overawe the Indians by placing a bounty upon them, as so many wild beasts. For every Indian delivered alive to the authorities they would pay one hundred and ten pounds and for every scalp, one hundred pounds (in provincial paper money, of course), to all settlers. If the hunter concerned was, however, an enlisted man in the Provincial service, he would be given two hundred and fifty pounds for each captive and two hundred pounds for each scalp. This was a bonus to encourage enlistment.

Down in Maine, bands of scouts were then formed to patrol from settlement to settlement and thus keep the Indians from making any raids. If this system had been adopted before, it would have prevented many tragedies. However, Boston had neglected to make the

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move until this late date, because Boston objected to being taxed to pay for the defense of the few settlers in remote Maine. The Tarratine Maine Indians at the hour were at peace with the English; in fact, several of their Sagamores were in Boston treatying with the General Court.

Spurred, however, by the liberal bounty on scalps, Captain James Cargill, of Newcastle, who had been commissioned to raise a party of scouts, set out, according to Eaton's "Annals," to line his pockets and those of his men by making a scalping raid. At Owl's Head the scouts ran across an encampment of Tarratine Indians. Cargill ordered an immediate attack and killed twelve savages at the first volley. The rest of the Indians fled. While Cargill's men were scalping the Indians, a squaw, named Margot, or Margaret Moxa, or Moxie, appeared, ignorant of what had happened. In her arms was a papoose. This child the English viciously knocked on the head.

Cargill's scalp bounties were paid, but Boston caused him to be arrested and charged with the murder of the papoose. After two years' imprisonment in Boston he was finally released—there was then no need of placating the Tarratines any further.

The French had long paid bounties for scalps. Boston began the business officially in 1703 with a payment of forty pounds for each Indian scalp turned in to the authorities. In 1723 the bounty was raised to one hundred pounds and, in 1745, a temporary bounty of four hundred pounds was paid to scouts who fought at their own expense and three hundred pounds to soldiers outfitted by the Province.

So, for more than a century, New England witnessed hundreds of such tragedies as these. With blood and tears the settlers, however, held their ground and when, at last France was beaten, the shadow of the Indian vanished forever from the northeast.





GLOUCESTER—THATCHER'S ISLAND

Only twin lighthouse towers along the Atlantic Coast today

Courtesy of the Gloucester Chamber of Commerce

The Fishermen of Gloucester

BY FREDERICK PETERSON, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



FISH TOWN—The world over, Gloucester is known as fish town. The first settlers came to fish more than three hundred years ago. For three centuries thereafter the city's main source of income was fish. Today, although like all New England towns, Gloucester's life is many sided, it is still fish that is the mainspring of the grey old town on gnarled Cape Ann.

Times have changed and are changing, ever more rapidly, even in Gloucester. The gas engine has literally spilled the wind out of her schooners' sails. Modern merchandising methods have, even in this generation, compelled vast alterations in the whole business of fishing. Yet, it seems reasonably safe to believe that, three centuries from now, if there is any Gloucester at all, it will still be the cod, the haddock and the mackerel that will support many of the city's inhabitants.

The First Fishermen—Like all ports along shore, Gloucester in these days of tempting tourists tries eagerly to link herself with the legendary Viking voyagers from Greenland and Iceland. But, again like all other ports, the tales remain apocryphal. Spicy, perhaps, but shadowy.

The French explorer, Champlain, sailed into Gloucester harbor during his visit to New England and named the place "Beau Port." He was a late comer however, for Verrazano, sailing under the flag of France, rounded Cape Ann in 1524 and French and English sailors frequented the entire coast beginning as early as 1504, seeking the codfish, the Englishman, John Cabot, reported in 1497 and 1498.

France preferred the St. Lawrence River to Cape Ann, however, and when Captain John Smith mapped New England in 1614, he was free to strew names about as liberally as his prodigal fancy dictated. In honor of a Turkish lady, whose charms Smith remembered from his youthful adventures, he named the cape "Tragabigzenda." This name stuck for a while, but finally disappeared under the royal frown of Charles, who erased Smith's polysyllabic title in

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favor of his mother's name, Anne, wife of the first James. Cape Anne is still, probably, the proper title of the storm scarred granite headland, but local usage favors the simpler Cape Ann.

While Smith was busy mapping New England, fishermen had for some hundred years been using Gloucester harbor, in common with many other sheltered spots along the coast, as landing places in which to dry and salt their fish. Probably any water-side tavern in most English and French ports of the sixteenth century entertained fishermen who could draw a better map of the New England coast from memory than Smith did upon the spot.

However, it was not until January 1, 1623, that the first serious attempt was made to found a permanent fishing station at Gloucester. That day, Edmond, Lord Sheffield, proprietor of a large section of New England, wrote to the Pilgrims at Plymouth, giving them a tract of land on Cape Ann together with privileges of hunting and fishing and, more important, trading with the Indians. However, the Pilgrims were not able to finance the venture and, accordingly, dispatched Edward Winslow to England to raise the necessary funds. This delay cost the Pilgrims Cape Ann for that same summer of 1623 another group of men, known as the Dorchester Company, established settlers in Gloucester, or in its immediate neighborhood—tradition places the site at what is now Stage Fort Park, the first glimpse seen of Gloucester as visitors come out of the woods on the road from Manchester.

The motives back of this establishment were, unlike those responsible for both Plymouth and Boston, distinctly not religious. It was sheer, hard-headed business.

The situation was economically after this order. In the waters off New England fish abounded in teeming multitudes.

The abundance of sea-fish are almost beyond believing, and sure I should scarce have believed it, except I had seen it with mine own eyes [wrote Francis Higginson]. I saw great store of whales and grampusses, and such abundance of mackerels that it would astonish one to behold, otherwise codfish in abundance on the coast, and in their season are plentifully taken. There is a fish called bass, a most sweet and wholesome fish as ever I did eat; it is altogether as good as our fresh salmon, and the season for their coming was begun when we first came to New England in June, and so continued about three months' space. Of this fish our fishers take many hundreds together, which I have seen lying on the shore to my admiration; yea, their nets

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ordinarily take more than they are able to haul to land, and for want of boats and men they are constrained to let many go after they have taken them, and yet sometimes they fill two boats at a time with them. And besides bass, we take plenty of scate and thornbacks and abundance of lobsters, and the least boy in the plantation may both catch and eat what he will of them. For my own part, I was soon cloyed with them, they were so great and fat and luscious. I have seen some myself that weighed sixteen pounds; but others have had, divers times, so great lobsters as have weighed twenty-five pounds, they assure me. Also here is abundance of herring, turbut, sturgeon, cusks, haddocks, mulletts, eels, crabs, muscles and oysters. Besides, there is probability that the country is of excellent temperature for the making of salt; for since our coming our fishermen have brought home very good salt, which they found candied, by the standing of the sea-water and the heat of the sun, upon a rock by the sea-shore; and in divers salt marshes that some have gone through, they have found some salt in some places crushing under the feet and cleaving to their shoes.

Thus the raw material for a great industry. The fish to catch and the salt with which to cure them. But the market? That lay over three thousand miles of salt sea.

Commonly, the New England fishermen left England and France in the early spring, fished and cured all summer, and returned home late in the fall, being away from home nine to ten months. And, since fishing and the curing of fish required many hands, each boat really carried twice as many men as were actually needed for the business of navigation. Thus, fully half of the crew were idle, save when actually fishing. This made the New England fisheries expensive; the overhead reduced profits.

So, said the Dorchester Company, let us reduce this overhead by establishing a permanent fishing station on Cape Ann. Instead of having double crews on our ships, let us maintain the surplus in New England, where they can be employed in the fishing when the need arises. And, when not fishing, they can be gainfully employed in making salt, cutting timber, growing vegetables and in trading with the Indians. It was an excellent idea. Not only would the overhead be reduced but the formerly idle hands could be expected to return a handsome profit in timber, grain and fur—as well as in fish.

Naturally, the Dorchester Company experienced no difficulty in raising capital. The three thousand pounds estimated as the neces-

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sary working fund were quickly subscribed and, in the summer of 1623, a vessel was sent overseas. Without any particular destination in mind, the expedition fished for a while in the Bay of Fundy with poor luck and then, at the very end of the season, came south into Massachusetts Bay, where a good catch was quickly obtained. The fishing done for the year, the expedition landed fourteen men on Cape Ann, with supplies for a year, and sailed home with a cargo which sold for a thousand dollars—which represented a loss to the Dorchester Company, because under the custom of the times, only a third of the profits went to the owners, the men taking a third for their labor and the other third going into the outfitting of the ship.

The men left behind at Gloucester found plenty to do. They had to, first of all, provide themselves with shelter and then to lay up a store of dried meat and fish with which to feed the next fishing expedition the forthcoming summer. Unfortunately, it does not appear that they were trained or fitted to such a limited and arduous existence and little was accomplished.

The Dorchester Company in the next spring sent over two ships—one, the same ship as before, the other, what was known as a fly-boat. This latter vessel was a flat-bottomed, shallow-draft craft which, when altered to house a crew was so top-heavy that it was necessary to add an extra keel to keep her from capsizing.

Again, although the fishing was good, the two vessels returned to England in the fall and once more failed to make a profit for the company. About all that the second year accomplished was to add eighteen men to the settlement at Gloucester, making the number thirty-two.

The summer of 1624 also marked the first activity of the Plymouth Pilgrims on the Cape. Edward Winslow had returned from his fund-raising campaign in England with a ship, the "Charity." This ship the Pilgrim fathers sent to Gloucester, putting William Pierce in command of the fishermen and Captain Baker as sailing master. Aboard, also, was an English carpenter and a saltmaker—the first to build the frames upon which to dry the fish, the second to make the salt with which to cure the fish. Unfortunately for the Pilgrims, or so the Plymouth records allege, Captain Baker and his merry men preferred drinking to fishing and Pierce was unable to get much work out of them. The carpenter died and, as for the saltmaker, he

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“ was a foolish fellow who spoiled whatever he touched.” Thus the Plymouth venture was as profitless as the Dorchester Company’s efforts were.

About this time, one John Lyford, a dissenting clergyman of the Church of England, who had joined the Pilgrims in Plymouth, was found to be of no value to the community and was expelled, following his joining with John Oldham in certain involved intrigues against the Pilgrim elders.

Another former Pilgrim, Roger Conant, who had left Plymouth previously, invited Lyford to join him at Nantasket. Soon after Lyford joined Conant, the Dorchester Company, seeking to establish a leader in Gloucester who would make the thirty-two settlers there work, invited Conant to join them as Governor of Gloucester. Conant took up the offer and went to Gloucester with Lyford. Thus the infant settlement at Gloucester gained both a governor and a minister at the same time.

In 1625, both Plymouth and the Dorchester Company determined to make a real effort to put the Cape Ann fisheries on a paying basis. Each sent two vessels. The Dorchester Company sent over cattle and supplies as well as fishermen and arrived at the same time that two vessels beat up the coast from Plymouth.

To the surprise of all, they found a strange vessel, probably straight from England, in possession of the Pilgrim drying stage and wharf. Of course, titles to New England land at that time were involved and nothing would have been thought of a strange fisherman coming into port. But, the stranger certainly had no right to trespass on the Pilgrim’s property and, accordingly, Captain Myles Standish, who was with the Plymouth men, was all for driving the interlopers away with fire and sword.

The strangers were commanded by a Captain Hewes, or Hughes, and were not in the least awed by Standish. Hewes and his men erected a barricade of barrels on the fish-drying stage and dared the Pilgrims to oust them. William Pierce, in command of the Plymouth party, would not authorize Standish to use force and Conant also urged peace. Just what took place is not recorded, but evidently Standish was overruled, for the Pilgrims set about building themselves a new stage and left the trespassers be. This business is believed to

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have taken place on the site of the present Stage Fort Park, today a seaside picnic ground and public bathing beach.

Pilgrim misfortunes were multiplied soon by the burning down of their salt-making plant. Despite these reverses, however, the Pilgrim men persisted in their fishing and sailed home with full cargoes. Nevertheless, there seems to have been little net profit, for the Plymouth Fathers never returned to Cape Ann, abandoning the business completely.

The Dorchester Company fared no better its third year than before. One vessel, the fly-boat of the year before, failed to reach the Cape at all, doing its fishing off Newfoundland. Of the two that did reach Gloucester, the experience of one is unknown. The other did catch a full fare of fish and arrived home safely but, all in all, the year ended so unfavorably that the Dorchester Company gave up its venture altogether.

Not only was the fishing unprofitable, but the settlement at Gloucester had proved to be a liability instead of an asset. So a ship was sent over to bring the colonists. All but four returned—Roger Conant, John Woodbury, John Balch and Peter Palfrey, according to the "History of Gloucester," by John J. Babson. These four went south a few miles to the region then known as Naumkeag, now Salem and Beverly.

A sidelight upon both Conant and Naumkeag is thrown by his petition years later to the General Court of the Bay Colony to change the name of Beverly to Budleigh. It seems that the folk of the Colony called Beverly "Beggary," and Conant did not like that at all. "I," he wrote in his petition, "I was the means, through grace assisting me, to stop the flight of those few that were here with me, and that by my utter denial to go away with them, who would have gone either for England, or mostly for Virginie, but thereupon stayed to the hassard of our lives." Budleigh was, it seems, the name of Conant's home town in England; Beverly still retains its name and has, for many years, looked down upon Salem rather than the reverse.

Early Days and Early Fishermen—The withdrawal of the settlers did not mean at all that Gloucester was deserted. Fishermen continued to call there to dry their fish and, as the settlement at Boston began to thrive, along with the earlier settlement at Salem, it was not

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long before real settlers arrived who came to farm as well as to fish and establish a permanent town.

Just when the first permanent Gloucesterites arrived and who they were is not known. However, it is believed that a party did come up from Boston in 1631 under the leadership of Abraham Robinson. In 1633 it is alleged by Babson and others that the settlers were regularly meeting in divine worship—but this is also mere hearsay.

By that time, however, settlers must have been arriving in some number for, in 1639, the General Court passed acts aimed to encourage folks to go and settle in the new town.

The year 1642 is, finally, a definite date, because in that year the place was incorporated as the town of Gloucester, the name being selected because certain influential members of the plantation came from Gloucester in Old England. That year also marked the arrival of Reverend Richard Blynman, who came up from Plymouth to be minister to Gloucester. With him came several families. Blynman did not last long; he found his congregation not at all God-fearing in the manner to which he was accustomed and his services were frequently interrupted by those he considered to be disorderly citizens.

He left town in 1650, incidentally, taking several families with him to a new parish in New London, Connecticut, where, happily, he lived peacefully.

Out of that dim seventeenth century came echoes of certain stout, if disorderly, personages. Babson tells of one Christopher Avery, honored selectman of the town, who, despite his position, was not a stranger as a culprit in court.

John Rowe is another individualist who was not afraid to speak his mind, and it is significant that, among hundreds of sober, God-fearing contemporaries, one idle outburst of his has been recorded by historians, while their very names are, in large part, forgotten, or just mere entries in the town's vital records. One night when Master Rowe must have been very much disgruntled, he shocked the town by shouting, " . . . if only his wife were of his mind, he would set his house afire and run away by the light, and the devil should take the farm . . . (nor would he) live no longer among such a company of hell hounds."

But, Rowe to the contrary, the town prospered, honorable citizens arrived or grew up from childhood and the fishing town became firmly

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established. Foreign trade attracted attention, as did shipbuilding and other industries. Even whale fishing at one time was largely followed. But, always, and forever, it was the sober, serious business of catching the cod that furnished the bulk of the people with their livelihood.

Interestingly enough, Gloucester never did offer agricultural practitioners a decent chance of livelihood and, since all the citizens of the town did not want to follow the sea, in 1736, the General Court gave to such citizens of Cape Ann as desired land, grants in the District of Maine. A number of them took advantage of this opportunity and founded the town of New Gloucester, which is situated about half way between present Portland and Lewiston. In a few years the ex-fishermen had cleared twenty acres, built miles of roads and several bridges, a church and a sawmill as well as dwellings. In 1744, the French and Indian War brought difficulties and, following an Indian raid, the settlement was abandoned. In 1753, however, some of the Gloucesterites returned and, after the peace of 1763, New Gloucester thrived.

Among the settlers of New Gloucester were children of John Brock, of Gloucester, son of Francis Brock, who came to Gloucester late in the seventeenth century. Francis, John and most of the men of the third generation were fishermen, but William and another John went to New Gloucester as farmers when in their twenties and later acquired lands in nearby Buckfield.

But, this business of agriculture aside, as well as other activities such as foreign trade, manufacturing and the like, most of Gloucester remained faithful to the business of fishing.

With the merchants and captains, the ships in foreign and domestic commerce, we are not concerned. Gloucester boasted nothing special along those lines; Salem and Boston navigators and traders were far more spectacular—and successful. It is with the fishermen that Gloucester reached and maintained her individuality and it is the fishing folk who are interesting. The first settlers came to Cape Ann on the heels of the fishermen. Those who remained stayed to fish. It may well be that the last inhabitants of the Cape will still be fishermen—for the sea is one natural resource that apparently does endure exploitation.

The first fishermen, native to Gloucester, were shore fishermen.

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They rowed, and soon sailed, and now motor, out to the fishing grounds just off shore each day, fished a day's work and then returned home with their fish, fresh for the market. These shore fisheries, so-called, have always flourished, although at times with much greater attention than at others. Perhaps it is significant of modern times that the shore fisheries are now nearly all controlled by Italian immigrants, or first generation Americans of Italian parentage, who daily motor out to the grounds and daily market their catches. Their boats, commonly owned by a family and operated by father, uncle and sons, are blunt, broad craft, perhaps thirty feet overall, just about as seaworthy and dry as a small boat can be. What they lack in style and sweet lines, they make up in color—their hues run from scarlet and cerise through the brightest of lemons and oranges to blues and purples that scream aloud. This group who also include Portuguese without distinction, save amongst themselves—are not members of the fish town aristocracy, but they do a sizable business in fresh fish and it is noticeable that economic upheavals affect them to a much smaller degree than is the case of the large fishermen who have "big money tie-ups" and most naturally dance to the tune of the markets.

The first fishers along the Cape used the shallop and sloop types of craft built along traditional English lines. By mid-seventeenth century, however, the Cape began the development of its own fishing boat, known as the Chebacco boats, after the town of Chebacco, which is now Essex, where the type originated and where most of them were built on the muddy banks of the tidal river which runs up from Gloucester through the salt marshes. These Chebacco boats seldom reached the size of fifteen tons and they were queer looking things. Lacking a bowsprit, topmasts, and even shrouds, they were simple, two-masted "fore-and-afters" with two sails spread between gaffs and booms.

However, they were roomy and able, in days when time was of such little value that a long beating to windward was of small account, and they filled the need for shore fishing for cod and other such fish which then were so abundant on the ledges and bars along shore that, reports Babson, "in less than two hours, with a few hooks, sixty-seven cod fish, most of them very great fish, some a yard and a half long and a yard in compass were commonly taken." That may have been true in those days; it certainly is not so today when a cod two feet long is something to have your picture taken with.

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Soon, along in the eighteenth century, as salt became cheap and abundant, the Gloucester fishermen began to voyage northeast to the Grand Banks, where great fish were to be had by anyone venturing the tempestuous and foggy perils of that vast fish paradise. The Chebacco boats, and even the English model ships were ill adapted for this work and the pinkie type of schooner was evolved to meet the need. They ran from twenty to fifty tons and marked a long step forward in fishing architecture. They were fitted with bowsprits for head sails so that they could "point into the wind" and, with shrouds fitted to their two masts, it became possible to add top-masts and top-sails so that more wind could be bagged. They were about as ugly as it is possible for anything as inherently beautiful as a sailing ship to be. Their broad, blunt bows, stubby masts and short bowsprits were a far cry from modern ideas of schooners, but it was the high sterns, almost castle-like that gave them their characteristic appearance and name of "pinks."

Without rails, save for a plank fixed a few inches above the deck, the short pinks must have bounced about so much as to be dangerous and it was probably with their first adventuring to the banks that the long roll of Gloucestermen lost at sea had its beginning. They had no galleys on the pinks; just aft of the foremast, set in a wooden trough filled with dirt surfaced with brick, a brick or stone fireplace was erected with a short plaster-lined wooden chimney. On this fire the cook prepared all the meals. Imagine cooking in a northeasterly gale on such a boat!

Cotton canvas sails were unheard of in those days; in place of the light but strong fabric of modern times, the pinks carried homemade sails shaped out of hempen burlap. So loosely made was this heavy fabric that, in a light wind, when spray was not coming aboard over the nose, the watch on deck was employed drawing buckets of water and tossing them over the sails, "wetting them down so they would hold the wind."

Forward, under the forecastle, were bunks where the crew could sleep. The greater part of the hold was given over to the storage of cleaned fish, salted and packed in barrels filled with brine. Forward of the main mast and at the stern there were "cuddies" covered with hatches in which stores and supplies were kept and where some of the crew could get out of the weather. In place of a wheel the ships were

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steered with tillers and it must have required great strength of character as well as muscle to keep the pinks on their course with such an arrangement when the wind came "smoking strong."

But, what the early Gloucester fishermen lacked in able vessels they made up in character and sheer bravery. Without any really adequate navigating instruments, they "smelled their way" up along the Maine coast, crossed Fundy, coasted along Nova Scotia, ran across the St. Lawrence Gulf, and then stood out to the banks. Often, coming home, they would make a single bold leg right down to Eastern Point, never sighting land until the hour they lifted Thatcher's Island out of the eternal flat monotony of the ocean. And that, to modern ideas at least, is navigation.

If navigation was thus a matter of "compass and nose," meaning judgment and experience, their provisioning was equally simple. For short voyages, out to nearby fishing grounds, they would take along, reports Babson, for a week's trip, "two quarts of molasses, five pounds of salt pork, four pounds of flour, seven pounds of hard-tack, a barrel of water and a little New England rum, which in those days was considered both victuals and drink." Of course, they counted on eating some of the fish they caught. For example, with cod and haddock the only fish for which there was a market, whenever they caught a halibut by ill luck (they would often change their grounds if the halibut became so numerous as to be hooked too frequently) they would slice off a few choice steaks and throw the rest of the carcass away (halibut now sells for thirty cents or more a pound at times). These steaks they would sometimes hang in or near the fireplace chimney, curing them in the abundant smoke. These smoked steaks, or sea hams, as they have been called, they would take home for use when times were hard. Of such other fish as sole, pollock, hake and the like, the early fisherman had no use at all. Indeed, to catch a pollock was to believe that "bad luck" had singled the victim out.

For longer voyages, the meagre "short stores" were varied by beans, rice, salt beef and tea. Bread and cakes, so-called, were baked in Dutch ovens placed within the radiation of the fireplace heat. Meat and fish were fried on spits held over the fire. Liquids were cooked in heavy iron kettles hung above the blaze on a swinging crane.

In the early days all fishing was done over the rail on hand lines. Early each March the pinks would fit out, leave in April at the latest,

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and make two trips before winter set in. An ordinary catch was about thirty-five thousand fish. As each man hauled a fish aboard, he would rip out the tongue of each and, at the end of the period, deliver the tongues to the captain, who would count them and enter them into the ship's log. At the end of the voyage the count would be totaled and each man received his pay in proportion to his total of tongues.

When the pinks reached Gloucester the crew hauled the barrels of pickled fish on deck and upended them into an enclosed "pound," commonly a wooden box of large size and slatted so that the harbor water could circulate through it readily. This "pounding" washed away some of the pickle and then the crew would haul the pound ashore and spread the split fish to dry on the flakes, after they had drained thoroughly.

The pinks which fished nearer home were more flexible. They fished for cod and haddock in April, May and June, for hake in July and August, and for pollock in September and October. Often, if Boston was nearer than Gloucester, they would run into the Bay Colony metropolis and sell their fish fresh to hawkers, who sold them retail by trundling them about town on wheelbarrows. Large cod were kept in pickle, if necessary, and dried at Gloucester the same as the Bankers' fish. Some of the cod were kept so long on the flakes, and then buried for a term, that they attained a ripeness of odour and a redness of color which gave them the name of "dun fish." For these there was a ready market in the West Indies, as well as in America.

By the time the Revolutionary War clouds gathered, Gloucester was a very important fishing center, leading Marblehead, Beverly, Boston, Plymouth, Scituate and Newburyport. At least seventy-five vessels fished regularly on the Grand Banks and at least as many more were engaged in shore fishing and in short trips to nearer grounds. The war effectually ended all fishing on the Banks. Not only was there danger of capture by the British, who welcomed the opportunity to drive the Yankees away from the Banks, considered an English preserve, but times were so hard that it was impossible to finance a long voyage, let alone get a decent price for fish in any market that could be reached.

The shore fisheries, however, soon picked up after the war and before the War of 1812, which again brought hard times to Gloucester, as it did to all New England, at least ten score vessels were busy

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with the shore fishing. And, eventually, the Banks fisheries came back, too, in a bigger way than ever before.

The Modern Fisherman—As America prospered in the first half of the nineteenth century, the fisheries could not fail to be affected. Markets grew better and capital became available for investment in ships and fittings. Naturally, keeping in step with the tremendous development of the American merchant-marine ship design, the original Gloucester pinks were replaced with cleaner-lined, faster-heeled schooners. The development of the fishing schooner, like the development of the Yankee clipper ship, is an epic in itself. It is perhaps just to say, however, that the fisher folk were even more conservative about adopting refinements in design than were the merchant sailors. Bigger ships, certainly. Safer ships, of course; but faster ships, well, fishermen just would not sacrifice anything in the name of speed. Thus, when the first real "clipper" fisherman appeared off the Gloucester ways, the fishermen scoffed first and then became alarmed at the idea of men risking their lives in such a narrow-beamed, heavy-canvassed dream. However, a full crew of reckless men was easily obtained and the clipper slipped away under the horizon while the fisher folk of Gloucester were still saying that the schooner would capsize in the first gale it met. And they were still talking about her foolishness, when back she came in record time with a full cargo. Then it became evident that time spent traveling between the Grand Banks and the market was lost time and any ship that could save that time was a ship that could make money. It needed but the one voyage to convince Gloucester and the modern fishing schooner came into full bloom.

It is needless to remark that the modern Gloucester fisherman is just about the utmost refinement of its type in creation. Strong, able, dry beyond belief even in headwinds, and the safest, staunchest craft afloat, the Gloucesterman is the ideal small ship. Really, despite their size, they are more comfortable than a liner and, save for trick yachts designed for speed in light summer airs, they are the fastest winged things afloat. Many a yachtsman, beating home into Marblehead with his lee rail awash and green water streaming from bow to cockpit combings, has envied a fishing schooner passing by with dry decks, a bone in her teeth and a rainbow under her nose. It is true that the

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day of sail has ended for the fisherman. Gas engines pound the schooners from port to grounds and back to markets. Sails are used only when actually riding on the Banks or in exceptionally favorable conditions. And it may well be that the steam trawler and, now the Diesel engined ship, will replace them utterly. Time is profits today even more than ever before and invested capital will not wait on the wind when steam and oil will send a vessel straight to the market without delay, straight home in obedience to radio telephone orders.

However, sail has lingered with the fishermen longer than with the merchant and for nearly a century the Gloucester schooner was supreme. And it was not always that the schooners were as able as they have been the past few generations. In their first stages of development they were too small, their equipment was inadequate—cables were too light, anchors too small, and rigging too weak to stand the strain of the frenzied driving that the race for the market often entailed. And even with modern and adequate fittings the business of fishing is perilous beyond most other occupations. Many a vessel has disappeared, perhaps cut in two by a racing liner, a liner which, plunging through the dense fog of the Banks, never knew that its great steel cutwater had sliced through a wooden schooner like an eggshell and sent a score of men to join the thousands Gloucester has lost, to make more widows and orphans for Gloucester's sad roll. Bad weather now, as ever, takes its toll. Caught on a lee shore, many a schooner has left its bones on the sand and rocks from Newfoundland to the very doors of home. In one year, 1871, Gloucester lost nineteen vessels and one hundred and forty husbands, fathers and sons. In one night, February 24, 1862, Gloucester lost fifteen schooners and one hundred and twenty men. Hundreds of vessels and thousands of men lost already, and probably to the end of time, no matter how modern science may improve methods and machines, the sea will probably continue its decimation.

The actual work of fishing today, as still practiced by the "Gloucester fishermen" as distinguished from the steam trawlers, although still a battle of wits and muscle against the Atlantic, is a highly developed business. The Grand Banks of Newfoundland in season are host to unnumbered multitudes of codfish who come there to feed upon the abundant plant and animal life brought by two conflicting great ocean rivers—the Labrador Current, swinging down along the shore line

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from between Greenland and Labrador, and the Gulf Stream, running up from the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, between Florida and Cuba. These two rivers, one about seventy degrees warm, and the other down to and at times below freezing point of fresh water, meet in this area. They do not mingle, the dark blue of the tropical water is sharply divided from the pale green of the Arctic water, but the food they freight make the Banks the happy hunting ground of fish and fishermen.

The schooner today, after arriving on the Banks, does not set about fishing haphazardly; fish even in their multitudes are eccentric creatures—they may teem in one spot and be absent altogether in another close by. From experience, the fisherman captain selects a “likely” spot. Sailing or motoring very slowly, first one dory is cast off and then, at half-mile intervals or so, other dories are put out until all the crew, two men in a boat normally, are at work. Only the captain and the cook and, possibly, an extra hand remain on board to handle the vessel.

In each dory, besides two pair of oars, is coiled a trawl. This trawl is a stout line, often a mile long, upon which, at intervals of about a yard, are hung hooks. Each trawl may have as many as three thousand hooks. Thus, instead of standing at the schooner’s rail with a line in each hand, each pair of fishermen fish with thousands of hooks.

As the dory is cast off the men row away at right angles to the ship’s course, paying out the trawl as they go. Each end of the trawl carries an anchor and a buoy. The anchors sink the trawl and hold it in position; the buoys mark the position of the trawl.

After putting out the last dory, the schooner comes about and sails back to where the first dory was cast off. At the beginning of the “lie” the schooner picks up the first dory, by this time the trawl is paid out and anchored and buoyed, and then sails back along the line, picking up each dory in turn. Thus a great square area of the ocean bottom is set with many thousands of baited hooks.

A few hours later the ship sails back to the point at which the first trawl was started, drops the first dory and sails along the first line, dropping a dory at each buoy. The fishermen pick up the buoy, haul up the anchor of the trawl and then start off, pulling in the trawl as they go. Fish are snatched off the hooks and flung into the bottom

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of the dories and, by the time the trawl is hauled, the schooner has put about and, starting with the first dory, sails down the line and picks up the crew. If the catch has been satisfactory, the schooner anchors and keeps setting trawls and hauling them as long as the fish continue to fasten themselves to the hooks. If the fishing is not satisfactory, and when it "pays out," then the schooner sails off to try its luck further along. Each day, or more frequently if necessary, the fish are emptied out of the dories, counted as they are "forked" aboard, and cleaned and salted away in barrels.

All this is simple and ordinary enough—in fair weather. But the Banks are proverbial places for two things. The first is storm. Nearly all the storms that cross North America from west to east, or come up the coast from the Gulf, pass across the Banks and create tremendous seas. If the weather is so tough that the dories cannot be launched (and it must be really bad, dirty weather, for the dory is the one small boat that it is almost impossible to capsize or swamp), then the men have a few hours of rest with the vessel either pitching end over end at anchor, or if the seas are so high that such maintenance of position is dangerous, the schooner lifts its hook, hoists a storm try-sail and, pointing into the wind, rides the waves as smoothly as a duck, being blown with the wind, of course, but permitting everyone aboard, excepting a solitary, disgruntled victim of a watchman at the wheel, to stay snug and warm below.

The second proverbial danger of the Banks is fog. High gales are bad enough—they sometimes come up so strongly that dories out on the trawls cannot regain the schooner. But, if the weather only stays reasonably clear, then the schooner can run down and pick its crew up. When the fog shuts in, then the trouble begins. Bred of conflicting air masses, one warm and humid because of the Gulf Stream, the other cold because of the Labrador Current, fogs are of daily occurrence. Twenty-four hours on the Banks without fog is a matter for warm congratulation amongst all fishermen. Often the fog comes in patches, moving slowly about in vast, many mile square curtains. This "fair-weather" fog is not feared, because it comes and goes and, even if it does not lift in a reasonably short time, the schooners and their dories can find each other by means of bells and horns and whistles. At times, when a group of schooners happen to be anchored near together, appearing on the vast emptiness of the

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ocean like a few dust motes in a sunbeam, the din of bells and whistles sounds like a symphony orchestra tuning up for serious business.

When fog and gales are combined, then does grey peril walk the Banks. The fog, even at noon, cloaks the waters so densely that literally one end of a dory is hidden from the other. The wind, and the roaring of the scud, torn from the crest of each wave and thrown for yards in sheets, drown all sounds of vessels' horns and whistles and bells. All the dories can do then, if they are so unfortunate as to be caught, is to try and find their schooner, or else to throw out a drag, or sea-anchor, and lie to against the wind, riding out the gale and waiting for either the fog to lift or the schooner, the mother hen, to find them, the chickens. Of course, this condition is not common. Banks fishermen are as weatherwise and as seasoned salts as a human can be. They know their business—but the Banks are treacherous and fog and gale have taken many a fisherman and made many a widow.

Today, with regular weather broadcasts by radio, some of the danger of surprise has been taken away, but as long as men must earn their pay and as long as capital must have its return, fishermen on the Banks cannot sit safe and snug whenever the weather threatens, and thus there will probably always be fishermen lost in the fog. Often the victim will be picked up by another fisherman—many a man has returned to Gloucester upon another ship than the one on which he sailed, often dramatically, but often he has never been heard of again, unless, perchance, a ship has sighted the drifting dory too late to save the fisherman from death by cold and exposure.

Of all the men who have thus been lost in the fog while hauling their trawls, the epic of Howard Blackburn, although the tale is fifty-three years old, stands as an epitome of both the peril of the Banks' fishermen and the stoutness of their spirit.

The story, preserved in many books of the sea, and still told, with more or less variation, along the waterfronts of New England and in ship's fo'castles in all oceans and in many tongues, begins on the morning of January 25, 1883. With his mate, Thomas Welch, Blackburn put out to set a trawl from the schooner "Grace L. Fears." While at work a fog set in and became so thick in such a short time that they were unable to find the "Grace," although they rowed for hours. Weary, they anchored and waited for several hours, hoping the fog

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would lift. Night came on and with the night a heavy gale. Eventually, the wind lifted the fog and, far away the pair saw the dim riding lights of some vessel. Unhappily, the ship was dead to windward. Nevertheless, they pulled up their anchor and toiled manfully against the gale but, although, in their frenzied efforts, Blackburn lost his mittens overside and his hands froze, they had the horror of discovering that the wind was stronger than their united efforts—for every foot they pulled ahead towards safety the gale blew them back a fathom. Finally, to prevent being lost altogether, they rigged a sea-anchor and lay to all night, hoping that the wind would ease. But the morning brought only more wind—and an utterly empty ocean. All day Blackburn and Welch lay to, and all night again. In the following morning's light, with still an empty sea, Welch, overcome by exposure, became despondent and died. There was Blackburn, alone in the most forsaken place in the world—the high seas—alone with the dead body of his mate.

All this time Blackburn had kept his hands cupped so that, as they froze, he could still hook them about his oars if opportunity came to use them. With Welch dead, Blackburn thought to take his mate's mittens, but although they came off the corpse readily enough, Blackburn's cupped hands were so solidly frozen that he could not push them into Welch's mittens.

Somewhere to the west Newfoundland lay, somewhere under the unbroken perfect circle of the horizon, how near or how far Blackburn had no means of knowing or even guessing. He could sit and wait until a schooner might chance by near enough to see him. If the schooner did not come, he would slowly freeze to death. Or, he could keep from freezing by toiling at the oars. And if he must row, he could at least head towards shore.

So, as the wind had finally relented, Blackburn hauled in his sea-anchor, unshipped his oars, and seating himself on the ice-covered board that served as rowing bench, curved his frozen, bare-fleshed hands over the rough wood and set to work, leaning forward, dropping his blades, straining back, lifting his blades, leaning forwards, pulling back, over and over in endless monotony, regular as a machine. The sun rose before him and the flesh, frozen, lifeless flesh, shredded off until the tendons were bare and even the bones rubbed the oars. Still he swung backwards and forwards. The sun stood overhead;

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Blackburn never so much as turned, he rowed and rowed. The sun came down behind him. Still he swung mechanically; all physical sensation and all mental emotion inert. The sun touched the horizon. Blackburn stopped in his arc, shipped his oars and turned his head. To his bleared eyes there appeared a low, faint, black line ahead. A cloud? A mirage? No, it was land, Newfoundland!

Probably all of twenty miles away, Blackburn could not hope to reach it before he sank from exhaustion. And, besides, he might not be able to keep his direction and so, in semi-delirium, row away from instead of to the black thread of hope. So, sensibly, he put out his sea-anchor once more—a bundle of oars, grating and other materials to slow down the motion of the dory created by wind pressure—and slept on the seat where he had rowed.

The morning sun awoke him. He looked for the land he had lifted last night. It was gone. But, at least, he knew it could not be far away, or at least not so far away as it had been. So, once more hooking his lumps of bone and tendons, frozen so that they could not bleed, about the oars, he pointed away from the rising sun and rowed again. Unlike the day before, this day he turned his head again and again, hoping to see that thin, black line appear once more. Noon came and went—no land. He was weakened; his strokes had no power and the wind, although not strong, was against him. Mid-afternoon and still no land. Nightfall—well, perhaps that darkness ahead was land, or perhaps it was only a thickened cloud. Again he dozed in his seat with his sea-anchor keeping him from being blown out to sea again.

Another morning. No land! All day he rowed until, by noon, he turned once again, perhaps for the thousandth time and there was land, solid, black land. Hours, endless hours they must have been, he rowed on. By three he was near enough to pick out hills from their background, white hills, desolate hills, snow-drifted hills. Toward dark he managed, with his bleared eyes, to pick out a shape on the shore he was nearing. It might be a house. It was a house! Dark had fallen when his keel grated on the shingle. He dragged his anchor out, wedged it mechanically behind a boulder and staggered towards the house. No lights? No, there were no lights, nor any warmth or food. The building was an empty, deserted fishing stage.

All night Blackburn walked the floor of the little house, he dared

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not sleep for fear he would freeze to death. He ate snow for refreshment and because his scanty water had long been exhausted.

In the morning Blackburn started off. Another man, with but stumps left of his hands, would have abandoned his dory and started walking along shore on his two good feet, seeking a village which might be behind the next head-land, or the next, or the next. Not so Blackburn. He was a fisherman. Probably it never entered his exhausted mind that he might walk to safety now. He shoved off, seating himself again on that board, dug in his oars and pulled back and forth, back and forth, coasting along seeking the rescue which would be his if he could only keep pulling long enough.

Probably he would have died that day. Probably he would have died as he sat rowing. Men at war have marched in their sleep. Blackburn not only rowed in his sleep that day; he rowed while his heart was slowing down the last few degrees of tempo that would have ended his struggle.

But, even the Atlantic relents occasionally. Not long after Blackburn pulled out from shore and turned to coast along, he rowed from behind a promontory and started across the mouth of a little bay. At the head of that bay was the hamlet of Little River. Blackburn never saw the bay, never saw the hamlet, never saw the smoke lifting up from the snow-covered roofs. But fishermen in Little River saw Blackburn's dory. They saw how slowly it crawled along. They saw how uncertainly it moved. They saw how desperately exhausted the stranger rowing a Gloucester dory must be. Out they went to the rescue and Blackburn's five days in his dory, three days of rowing with the body of the dead Welch at his feet were ended. At first there was grave doubt that Blackburn would recover. And even when his courage pulled him through long enough for heat and stimulant to aid his heart, it was feared that blood poisoning would set in among the mangled stumps that had been hands and thus finally pull down the curtain. However, the Gloucesterman, the man who had rowed three days, was not to end thus ingloriously. The cold and the salt had kept infection away and months later, when Blackburn returned home in the spring, all that he left behind in Little River was his fingers—all ten of them.

Trawling is not the only form of fishing for cod and other ground fish. There is the form of fishing known as gill netting. In this the



GLOUCESTER—A BIT OF WATERFRONT

Showing fishing vessels tied up at the wharves

Courtesy of the Gloucester Chamber of Commerce

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trawl is replaced by an immense net. This net, held to the near-bottom by light anchors at regular intervals, is kept in a position perpendicular to the bottom by numbers of glass ball floats tied at points along the top of the net directly above the anchors. The meshes of the net are about eight or nine inches square. Fish which are small swim through the net without any difficulty, but large fish, fish really large enough to be worth catching, are entangled in the meshes by their gills, being held as securely as by the hooks of the trawl. This method saves not only bait, and the endless labor of chopping bait and securing it upon thousands upon thousands of hooks, but, while catches are smaller in number, makes them at times more valuable, because the fish are larger.

The applications of steam and gas engines to modern fishing has removed much of the labor. For example, beam trawlers and seiners haul the lines and nets aboard with the power of a donkey engine or even a gas motor and thus, while the capital investment is greatly increased, fewer hands are needed, to the profit of the owners and the increase of unemployment. These modern steamers are shabby looking ships, so small as to make it seem incredible that men dare mid-ocean in them. For some reason most of them seem to be perpetually in need of paint upon their hulls and go about their business solid blots of rust.

But under decks and on the bridge the latest devices of science are all found. Radio, for example, not only enables captain and crew to talk with their homes and with the owners, but it also enables them to keep up with the markets, with the news, with the weather and, above all, to summon their faithful servants, the Coast Guard, whenever something goes wrong. Probably not less than once a month city folks pick up their morning papers to read that in response to an SOS, a trim white Coast Guard cutter has left its patrol off shore to hasten to the aid of a steam trawler that has broken down in a gale, dropped its screw, or to rush medical aid to some fisherman who has suffered a serious injury or who has been stricken with illness. The Coast Guard now maintains an airplane rescue service which can, when the radio speaks, dash out, load on a man felled with, as for instance, appendicitis, and have him on the operating table of a city hospital in a few hours.

The work of the United States Coast Guard among fishermen may not be widely appreciated, like its more spectacular service in other

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details of its far flung duties, but the fishermen appreciate it. For example, the International Ice Patrol maintained by the Coast Guard on the Banks, requires ships to be at sea about three weeks before being back in port. Time and time again, when the slim white cutters cruise by a fisherman, a signal is made, the cutter stops, and a fisherman rows over with a choice halibut or two for the cutter's mess. Not much, of course. But an expression of appreciation that the Coast Guard men value.

Halibut fishing is one of the special catches that Gloucestermen in season profit by as prices are often very good. Years ago, in search of the delectable fish which, unfortunately, is not very plentiful, the schooners of Gloucester used to wander into the far north, up into Baffin's Bay, along Greenland and beyond to the northeast. But the long voyages, although fares were good, did not pay enough in the long run, and today most Gloucestermen fish for halibut nearer their own front door.

Halibut fishing is gamey work. Your halibut is not complacent cod. He is a big fish and a fighting fish and they must be killed by beating them on the head with a club before they can be dragged into a dory. Otherwise, they could, and have, injured men or knocked the bottom of a boat loose from the sides. Halibut are commonly caught by the use of trawls as in ordinary ground fishing, but the halibut trawls are very much heavier and bear larger and stronger hooks than is needed for cod and haddock fishing. Often, however, a halibut will fasten himself upon a cod trawl and then it is a job to get the great fish out of the water before he either bends the hook out straight and so escapes, or breaks the trawl itself and thus makes off with trawl and all the fish that may be on it.

A second specialty fishing is both sporting and, if luck is in, profitable. This is the swordfishing. The swordfish is the most gamey of all the salt water fish commonly caught commercially and, to the lure of attractive money, is added the spice of real danger. It is hardly necessary to say that thus the swordfishing is popular because the Gloucester fisherman is always ready to risk his life in his trade and always enjoys a boisterous adventure—as witness the tales of Gloucester crews making a landing in Canadian towns and cleaning out their respective waterfronts just to vary the monotony of fishing with a little head-cracking.

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Another reason why the swordfishing is popular these days is that, with a ready market, no particularly heavy investment is required, because as the fishing is a summer business and the grounds are usually on Georges Banks, just off Cape Cod, any craft that will float will serve and fitting out is a simple business.

Most of the trips are of two weeks or less because the fish are not salted but rushed fresh to the nearest market, commonly Boston, although the railheads of Woods Hole and New Bedford in Buzzards Bay are often selected and the fresh fish, iced, are rushed by train to New York and other markets instead of being relayed through the big market at Boston.

Swordfish are not caught with a hook and line, a trawl or a seine, commonly. If one of the monsters, with their fathom-long sword for a nose, happens to get entangled in ordinary fishing gear, it is as unfortunate for the fisherman as if a shark had blundered by. Swordfish are harpooned like whales. The schooners and motorboats are fitted with a pulpit on the tip of the jib-boom—the pulpit being a square foot or two of a platform surrounded by a waist high rail so that the occupant will not tumble into the salt. Some of the larger ships also carry a crow's nest, in a modified form, on the foremast.

When the Georges are reached the boats start cruising about slowly with a lookout at the mast-head, or in the bows, scanning the water in all directions for the first sign of the quarry. Often days go by without one being seen; sometimes two or three are caught within as many hours. When a fish is sighted the ship attempts to get near enough before the fish becomes frightened for the harpooner, stationed in the pulpit in the bows, to toss a lily iron, buoyed with a keg, into the hide of the fish. When the iron is shot a breathless silence holds—for if the harpooner misses then fifty dollars, or even more, is missed also. But, if the ship does get near enough for the harpooner to have a decent shot, then a short time later there is usually a hundredweight of solid white meat aboard, steaks enough for scores of dinner tables.

Great caution is exercised in bringing the stuck fish aboard, for while the beast is usually killed before being lifted out of the water, they are stubborn "critters" and have more than a few times suddenly revived in a desperate death flurry when they felt the hot plank-

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ing of the deck. The sword is a veritable weapon and more than one man has been killed by a blow from it.

One other danger also exists—when the harpooned fish is being played alongside so that it may be killed, it often turns savagely and attacks the boat. In a good-sized craft, with heavy planking, this is an idle business, but if the boat is small, and some fishermen from the Cape and the Islands go out after the fish in small motorboats and sloops—and even dories—the sword can be thrust right through the planking to the peril of the fishermen. More than a few such fishermen have been stabbed in the legs by the swords suddenly ripping through the bottoms of their small craft and piercing, or rather tearing, the flesh.

The third form of specialty fishing is, once more if luck is in, the most profitable of all. This third form is mackerel seining. It is a gamble, but like most gambles, tremendously profitable now and then.

The mackerel is as odd a fish as exists. All fish are queer; no one can understand their eccentricities. The mackerel is queerest of all—the fishermen who have pursued them for years will not admit knowing as much about their habits and tastes as the greenest of landsmen on a virgin voyage. Mackerel travel in schools. In great swarms they cruise about the open sea, often in tremendous multitudes. If a school can be located they they can be caught abundantly, but where the schools may be, where they will appear next, and when and why, are things that no one knows. The catching of the beautiful blue fish requires patient and often fruitless cruising about in the wide emptiness of the Atlantic.

The story of mackereling runs way back to before the Revolution. Always a favorite pan fish—there is no common North Atlantic fish at once so firm-fleshed and tasty as the mackerel—the early colonists fished only for their own needs. Since mackerel are so oily that they cannot be dried, no trade was possible. Slowly a demand for salted mackerel was built up and for many generations the larger fish were caught to meet this demand. And then, not very long ago, when the tremendous growth of America, contemporaneously with the development of rapid transportation and refrigeration made it possible to ship the mackerel fresh to markets in quantity, the mackerel fishing became the big business that it is today. Immense quantities are salted down and sold in tubs, but larger numbers are sold fresh. Of late years cold

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storage has extended the market even more. In the season fresh fish are rushed to freezing plants and frozen solid very rapidly so as not to "bruise" the flesh. Stacked up in zero temperatures, like so many blocks of ice, these frozen fish can be kept indefinitely and shipped long distances. Thawed out in cold water, they are almost as fresh as when they were lifted from the water and only a palate long experienced with mackerel flipped from the salt sea into a sizzling fry-pan can detect any difference between the fresh fish and the frozen fish. There is a difference, of course—the difference in an orange plucked ripe from a tree and eaten in Florida and an orange shipped half-ripe and eaten in Boston—but if the household has never enjoyed fish as the fisherman at sea knows his mackerel, it is not important. And certainly it is profitable for the fishermen.

The original method of catching mackerel was that of trolling or trailing. As the boat sailed along slowly, the crew would man the sides, each man armed with poles from which lines thirty to fifty feet long hung. The men in the bows had the longest poles, poles which then shortened in length down to the stern—most fishermen, who had mere stumps in their hands. This was necessary so that there would be as little opportunity of entangling the lines and hooks as possible. At first the hooks were baited, but then some genius discovered that the silly mackerel would bite as readily at a jig of bright lead or "tin" and so it became unnecessary to bait at all—which fact relieved the fishermen of the messy, expensive and time-consuming business of baiting up.

But by Civil War times the method changed. Amateur fishermen still troll for mackerel, enjoying a sail while they fish—but such a leisurely business will not make serious fishermen a living. In place of the poles, hand-lines armed with jigs were used. While the ship cruised about the fishermen would cut up bait with either hatchets or a chopping device known as the bait mill. A few lines were trolled astern and, when these trailers caught a fish, then the crew would leap to action. Mackerel were about! The ship would be pointed into the wind and hang motionless with the idle canvas and rigging slatting. A man would jump into the bows and start tossing buckets of bait overboard. Lines would be jigged through the floating mass of bait and if the mackerel were hungry they would rush to the feast. If the jigs began to catch fish then the sails would be housed and the

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ship permitted to drift as it pleased while every man aboard threw his lines overside, usually two to a man.

Mackerel, if they bite at all, bite furiously and rapidly, so the fishermen would toil away as frenziedly as is humanly possible. It would be a two-handed job. Snap would go a fish on one hand line, jerk would go the fisherman, hauling in with all his strength with his right hand through his left, not hand over hand as with a ground fish. Out of the water would come the fish, yanked in mid-air well away from the side of the ship—for if the fish should touch the sides, then it would be a lost fish—and inboard. Even before the fish touched the deck the fisherman would snap out the hook and toss his line back, dropping it only to pick up his other line upon which, usually, another mackerel would be biting. And then, after perhaps a few minutes or a few hours of this work the fish would stop biting and the fun would be ended.

Lines would be hauled aboard, sails hoisted, sheets hauled in and away the vessel would go, looking for another school. As the vessel sailed, everyone but the man at the wheel and the officer navigating, would turn to to dress the fish—for nothing in the world spoils so quickly as a mackerel. They rust even while you look at them—that is, the flesh turns a dark, reddish-brown, which looks for all the world like iron hydroxide.

Since this is the condition, the fishermen had to work out a system which would put their catch into the pickle in the quickest possible time—there was no ice in those days.

As the captain noted down in his log how many fish each man had caught, to determine how much his share of the trip's profits would be, the crew falls to work. All the small fish are tossed into bait boxes, to be ground up for bait. The larger fish are heaped before the splitters and their helpers. Armed with mittens (the helpers and splitters would otherwise have the flesh cut from their hands by the bones and fins of the fish) they fall to work. Each group works in pairs. The helper hands a fish to a splitter. He, grasping the slippery fish upon the block with one hand, with a dexterous single slice, splits it wide open and tosses it back-side up into the soaking barrels, which other members of the crew have been meanwhile filling. Splitters work more quickly than their work can be described; they toss their split and cleaned fish into the soak in a regular rhythm with a beat of but a few seconds.

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While some members of the crew keep the soaking barrels filled with clean fresh water from over-side, the salters go to work. Barrels are broken out from the hold. An inch of salt is placed in the bottom and then the fish, rolled in salt, buttered with it, are packed in close layers until the barrel is nearly filled. Upon the topmost layer salt is finally poured. No can of sardines is packed more closely than a barrel of salting mackerel. No air must be permitted—for air would rust the fish and a barrel of mackerel even slightly tainted with rust is worthless, sold for perhaps a dollar to ripen for lobster bait.

Added to the fast and furious jigging and the scarcely less rapid splitting and salting, the old days also witnessed hilarious and belligerent epics when, perchance a fleet of mackerel schooners would light upon the same school of fish and all strive, with the utmost enthusiasm, to catch as many fish as possible. In calm weather it was bad enough, with the skippers each trying to slip into the school under the nose of the others, cutting corners with closer hair-splitting than even a fleet of modern yachtsmen rounding a marker in a closely packed swarm. The idea of crowding in upon a schooner that found a school was to rush in on his lee. This would automatically put the first fisherman out of business as the fish were caught only to leeward. Then the first fisherman could do nothing but pull ahead, tack and rush in upon the lee of the interloper. With a dozen or more schooners all attempting to do the same thing at the same time in the same place, it can be readily pictured what the fun was. In windy weather the excitement reached its zenith. Ships collided and bounced from each other as wooden hulls can do. Sails were ripped from their spars as rigging was entangled, bowsprits were sheared away, rails planed off and spars smashed—all to a famous din of shouting and cursing and brandishing of fists and gaffs and clubs. Great days!

There is little of that today; expenses are too great. And, in place of hand lines great nets are used. Like swordfishermen, as the mackerel fleet cruises along, lookouts at the mastheads avidly search the waters for that peculiar grainy patching caused by the bobbing heads and tails of a school. Day and night the business proceeds; at night by the brilliant flashing of the ghostly phosphorescence. As soon as a school is sighted, like an old-time whaler, the lookout shouts down to the deck and, again like whaling, a long boat is dropped over-side, a great, racing-lined boat that is pulled through the waves by

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ten men. By shouts and signals, the lookout directs the men to the school—if they (the fish) do not vanish in the meantime.

Following the long boat is a regular Banks dory containing but two or three men. Coiled in the long boat is a great seine, buoyed with balls of cork, weighted at the bottom so that it will hang down perpendicularly from the surface of the water. One end of the seine is fastened to a keg. As the long boat reached the school the keg end of the seine is tossed overboard and then the boat dashes away, paying out the net and attempting to circle the school. The following dory picks up the keg and starts circling the school in the opposite direction.

Slowly, with the oarsmen straining at the task with their utmost vigor, while the officer in the stern, standing up with his steering oar biting the water, shouts encouragement and watches the school, the race progresses. Finally, the long boat cuts across the school to meet the dory, delaying as long as possible so as to close in as much of the school in the circle of the net as is practical. As the two boats meet the oarsmen thrust their oars into the mass of fish, seeking to prevent them from escaping, while men handling the purse ropes, ropes bent through bights in the bottom of the seine, draw them together, making what was a circle into a great bay, closed on the bottom.

These purse seines are great things, usually more than a hundred feet in depth and a quarter of a mile in length. Ordinarily, if the seine can be circled about a school, most of the fish enclosed will be caught, but often the mackerel, an intelligent fish, will upend and swim straight down and escape through the bottom of the purse before the ropes can be drawn sufficiently to close the bottom. Time and time again every single mackerel enclosed will make his escape by this means.

Ordinarily, however, a very large number of the slim blue fish will be trapped and, if so, then the serious work begins. As the schooner sees the seine pursed, she sails up and the end of the seine is made fast to a block and fall. If the quantity is so large that the cords of the net will not support the weight, then long-handled dip nets are thrust into the boiling mass of fish and the seine so lightened that it can then be safely hauled out and dropped on deck.

And then the splitters and their helpers, mittened, rubber aproned and rubber booted, fall to their gory work while others fill the soaking barrels and the salters start their hand-puckering toil. These

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days, however, a smaller and smaller percentage of the catch is salted. Many ships today sail with their holds stored with ice in place of salt. In this case the fish, untouched, are packed in ice and, as soon as a decent catch is made, the ship dashes for the nearest port, where the fish are either put into a cold storage plant for freezing or, repacked in ice, are rushed to market. The shorter the time that elapses between the catching and the eating, the better the fish and the higher the price, and many a fisherman has sailed for port in dirty weather that ordinarily would call for laying to, sailed with the lee rail buried in green water, sailed with ten men lashed to their posts at the wheel, sailed with skill and daring that, breathtaking as it is to yachtsmen, is but an incident in the daily business of making bread and butter. For a catch of fresh mackerel is at once the most perishable and the most profitable fare that a Gloucesterman can bring into port. A lucky season, as the schooners go south in the late winter and follow the schools north into the summer, will make the owners a small fortune and give the men a grand year's pay—or an unlucky season will bankrupt all concerned. But fishing is a queer business. There is always the chance of making a fortune, but few fishers ever do. There is always the chance of starving, but few fishers ever do. It is the hardest of labor and more dangerous than most forms of toil—but it is fascinating and thus will never lack for practitioners.

The change in mackerel fishing with the coming of the present century has been paralleled by an even greater development in marketing. There is competition, for example, with fish from abroad. This year, believe it or not, Gloucester fishermen led in the successful fight to increase the tariff on swordfish imported from far away Japan. The Japanese fish were brought here and sold cheaper than the white meat could be caught on Georges at Boston's front door. And there has been a change in eating habits, too. Formerly salt cod was a staple article of diet. Numbers of folks, still vigorous, can remember salt fish cakes with their beans every Saturday night and creamed salt fish dinners with mashed potato. Now, few folks ever think of using salt fish—fresh fish is available the year around. And, also, people are eating less fish in proportion to meat and other foods. Modern transportation brings fresh fruits and vegetables and meats in prime condition to New England from every part of the world. The Boston market will provide without question any article of food that the world knows. Why eat fish?

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But fish is still eaten. Gloucester and Boston have developed an export trade of their own, sending their fresh fish back as far as those remote regions send their products to New England. And, also, modern forces of advertising and merchandising are demonstrating that fish can be sold still if the wholesalers and producers will take the trouble to brand, package and pre-cook their products.

Gloucester still salts fish, cod and the like, and still smokes herring and still packs its salt mackerel. But not as much as before. Instead, they are packing the fish into cans. You can buy codfish cakes ready to drop into smoking hot fat. You can buy canned mackerel and so on. Also clams, clam chowder, fish chowder, canned lobster, canned crab—all ready to heat and serve—are coming out of Gloucester in ever-increasing importance. Any kind of fish or mollusk or whatever is found in the North Atlantic is being experimented with, cooked, preserved and sold.

And even the old salt fish business has been improved. Fish, after being salted and cured on the flakes, as since the beginning, are now skinned, boned and trimmed. These skins are made into glue. The bones and trimmings are made into fertilizer or even powdered and sold as the means of making a "fish chowder."

The cleaned and boned meat is now graded. The best sections are stamped out into standard blocks, wrapped in paper and packaged in attractive little boxes. Less perfect grades are put into presses which form them into bricks, which are also wrapped into paper and packaged, to be sold at a slightly lower price. The poorest grade of meat is fibered. It is ground by machines, crushed under terrific pressure to squeeze out the least trace of moisture, then reground and sifted and sold either as shredded cod or as floured cod. Perfect for making fish cakes, chowders, or whatever. All this is a far cry from the old method of selling a simple dried fish, fish which our grandparents hung up in a cool place and used as it was wanted.

And other industries related to fishing have come into being. One such is the net and string establishment which makes cordage and nets for fishermen the world over. Deft machines twist the cords and yet others, miraculously, knot the cords into nets and seines. All sorts of nets and twines and lines are made. And each kind is treated in a different manner—some are dipped in tar and other oils to preserve them from the salt water. Others are left untreated and others go

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into copper and other metal salts for special purposes. Nets to catch salmon on Pacific rivers are made, and nets to catch the mackerel along the Atlantic coast. Europe and Asia, as well as America, buys its gear from Gloucester.

Thus, when the fishing suffered its decline in modern times, and Boston became the center of the fresh fish industry, Gloucester continued its existence, using the very forces of modernity to rebuild the prosperity they threatened to injure. When a city like Gloucester is inhabited by men who are the stout breed the North Atlantic creates, it takes more than a depression to permanently halt progress.



Knight and Allied Families

BY HEROLD R. FINLEY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND



NIGHT, as a surname, is the survival of the designation bestowed upon the orders which in the days of chivalry so widely flourished. The name is from the Anglo-Saxon *knicht*, in Dutch *knegt*, in German *knecht*, which in the best sense of the meaning "servant" was applicable to that large group who in the days of "chivalry" filled all the tales of Europe with their valorous deed. The uses of the designation as surname but emphasizes the importance that the knight of old played in the affairs of the time.

(Bardsley: "Our English Surnames." Barber: "British Family Names.")

Arms—Sable, a griffin segreant or.

(Burke: "Encyclopædia of Heraldry.")

The Knight family, of Newbury, Massachusetts, was founded by two relatives, said by some to have been brothers, Richard Knight and John Knight, who came from Romsey, England, to Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1635, in the ship "James." They resided on land which more than two centuries later (1845) was still owned by John Knight's descendants. Deacon Richard Knight married Agnes Coffey, who died March 22, 1679. He had four daughters; but at his death, August 4, 1683, left no male descendants named Knight. There is still extant a four-line extract from a poem which he left to his children, though it is not known whether the poetry was original or not:

For other man give not thy word
No father than thou canst afford,
Lest afterwards thou shouldest rue
To pay the debt when it is due.

John Knight, doubtless a relative of Deacon Richard Knight, left male descendants, whose offspring became the numerous family of Knight which from Newbury has spread to Maine and many other states of the Union.

(Joshua Coffin: "A Sketch of the History of Newbury, Newburyport and West Newbury, from 1635 to 1845" (1845), pp. 307, 394.)



Knights

KNIGHT AND ALLIED FAMILIES

I. John Knight, Sr., born doubtless in England, but whose birth date is not known, died in Newbury, Massachusetts, in May, 1670. He came from Romsey, Hants, England, sailing from Hampton to Newbury, Massachusetts, with his relative, Richard Knight, in the "James," in 1635. His occupation was given as being that of a mercer or merchant-tailor. John Knight was chosen a selectman of Newbury on July 6, 1638, and as such he, on August 6, 1638, signed an agreement with Mr. Richard Dummer in regard to a grain mill owned by the latter. The quaint phraseology and spelling of the old records are of interest and are used in the attached. September 21, 1654: "Liberty was granted to the inhabitants of the 'old towne' to make a fence and hang a gate across the way about Anthony Short's or John Knight's provided they hinder not the catell from going into the commons there." Ensign John Knight signed as one of the witnesses to a communication dated March 30, 1669, addressed to the court at Ipswich, Massachusetts. "John Knight, Senior," was on March 16, 1670, one of the witnesses to a "message of the church" regarding a disagreement between two parties therein, each of which claimed to be "the Church." In a manuscript "copied from the old book ("First Book of Newbury Records") written by Woodbridge, Rawson & Comerby, what is left commences 10-5 months, 1637," are the following items: October 4, 1637: "There is an acre of ground on the great neck on the river granted to John Knight to be layed out in some convenient place there by the lotters." December 21, 1637: "It is agreed that Jo. Knight, Richard Knight and Mr. Seawall shall make a rate for keeping of the calves & that Mr. Seawall & Jo. Knight shall gather it." April 6, 1638: "Mr. Rawson, Mr. Woodman, Jo. Woodbridge, Henry Short, Jo. Knight, Richard Browne were chosen by the towne to the publick affairs of the towne one whole quarter & till new be chosen." April 14, 1638: "The men to appoynt the place and maner of the pound (for Swyne and other cattell) are Mr. Edward Rawson, Henry Short, Jno. Knight, and Richard Knight." April 19, 1638: "At a generall towne meeting April 19, 1638, John Knight & James Browne were chosen Constables for one whole year & till new be chosen." June 1, 1638: "It is ordered that John Knight shall have eight acres of upland on the west side of the little river in consideration of the seven acres and a halfe be parted from." July 6, 1638: "It is ordered that there shall be but five men deputed

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to the publick managing of the towne's business for this quarter next ensuing. Mr. Woodman, Mr. Rawson, Abraham Toppan, Richard Browne & John Knight were chosen for one whole quarter and till new be chosen." August 25, 1638: "There is likewise six acres of salt marish granted to John Knight next to John Remmington." September 14, 1653, the land of "John Knight Sen." is mentioned on town records. September 25, 1661: "The three and twentyeth Lott figure 23 for John Knight Sen his freehold. Layd out for John Knight Sen. four akers of Marish Land in Plumb Iland," etc. 1668 (recorded after December 21, 1668): "The Towne Rate to pay the Towne debts as followeth, To John Knight, Jun. 4£ 11s. To John Knight Sen. 1£ 4s." John Knight's will was proved at Salem, Massachusetts, June 2, 1670. After providing for his wife, Elizabeth, and his daughter, Sarah Bartlett, he bequeaths four score £ and certain land in Newbury to his daughter, Mary, and her husband, Joseph Downer, and after the death of his wife he gave to his daughter, Mary Downer, his "great kettle and a pewter candlestick, plate, etc."

John Knight married Elizabeth, who died March 20, 1644 or 1645. He afterwards married, as his second or third wife, Mrs. Ann, or Agnes (Langley) Ingersoll, widow of Richard Ingersoll. She died July 30, 1677. (Ingersoll—American Line—I.) Children: 1. John, Jr., of whom further. 2 Sara, married, March 6, 1659-60, John Bartlett, Jr. 3. Mary, married, July 9, 1660, Joseph Downer.

(J. Coffin: "A Sketch of the History of Newbury, Newburyport, and West Newbury" (1635-1845), pp. 27, 59, 74, 83, 307, 394. "First Book of Newbury Records," MSS. at Long Island Historical Society (489 pages as typewritten), pp. 2, 9, 19, 21, 28, 37, 42, 190, 233, 309. "Newbury, Massachusetts, Vital Record to 1850." L. D. Avery: "A Genealogy of the Ingersoll Family in America, 1629-1925," p. 2. David R. Downer: "The Downers of America" (1900), p. 18.)

II. John Knight, Jr., son of John and Elizabeth Knight, was born, doubtless in England, about 1622, and died in Newbury, Massachusetts, February 27, 1677-78. On the Newbury town records under date of Anno, 1646, is this item: "John Knight Jun, in consideration of his receiving of four akers of marsh below Easton's Creeke Towards the point of Jno. Merrill's & Arch Woodman's land & an

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aker & a halfe more of marsh by William Woody's marsh by the great marsh, Jno. Knight Jun. resigned up into the towne's hands about three akers of meadow upon the little river now in Common, which was John Knight's Sen. by Anthony Short's meadow, to remaine to the towne forever." "John Knight Jun." is listed as not a freeholder on January 10, 1653, also the following note: "Joseph Downer hath his father, John Knight's frehold." It is therefore supposed that neither John, Sr., nor John, Jr., was for a time, a freeholder, until later the same year, when "John Knight Jun. hath purchased Richard Littlehales' freehold as by bill of sale doth appeare November 22." June 2, 1661, "Layed out for John Knight Jun. the second Lott figure 2, for his freehold by dividint, land foure akers of Marish land bounded by John Rofe's land on the East, the river at hy-water marke on the South & West & Richard Bartlet's land in the North." March 3, 1662: "Layed out unto John Knight Jun. five akers of Marish land in the necke over the great River as it is staked out. And is in consideration of his resigneing up the fourteenth in Plum Iland unto Mr. William Thomas his use which the sayd John Knight doth be these presents yield up the sayd Lott for the use of the sayd Mr. William Thomas. Allso an aker elsewhere in the necke where he can find it." "At a generall towne meeting March 2, 1668 . . . Richard Dole, Tristram Coffin, Richard Kent, John Knight Jun. & Daniel Peirce were chosen to act the prudentialls of the Town according to the Commission. . . ." His father having died in 1670, and his son, John, 3d, having married in 1671, the elder of the two Johns surviving from this time appears on the records as "John Sen." He continued active in Newbury until shortly before his death, as is shown in the following entries on the town records (in the copy of which "new style" dating is used) March 5, 1677: "John Knight Sen. & Tristram Coffin & Francis Browne was chosen to run the lyne on the South west & Norwest of Mr. Dummer's farme." September 21, 1677: "John Knight Sen. & Tristram Coffin was chosen to be the towne's attorneys at the next Ipswich County Court, to Mr. Dummer Sen. his action against the towne," etc.

John Knight married, about 1647, Bathsheba Ingersoll. (Ingersoll II.) Children, born in Newbury: 1. John, born August 16, 1648; married, January 1, 1671-72, Rebecca Noyes. 2. Ensign Joseph, born June 21, 1652, died January 29, 1722-23; married, Octo-

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ber 31, 1677, Deborah Coffin. 3. Elizabeth, born October 18, 1655, died January 20, 1746-47; married, December 25, 1674, Cutting Noyes. 4. Mary, born September 8, 1657; married Timothy Noyes. 5. Sarah, born April 13, 1660. 6. Hannah, born March 22, 1662, died July 30, 1664. 7. Hannah, born August 30, 1664. 8. Captain Richard, of whom further. 9. Benjamin, born August 21, 1668; married Abigail Jaques. 10. Isaac, born August 31, 1672, died July 29, 1690.

(J. Coffin: "A Sketch of the History of Newbury, Newburyport, and West Newbury" (1845), p. 307. L. D. Avery: "Genealogy of the Ingersoll Family in America, 1629-1925," pp. 2, 4, 5. "First Book of Newbury Records" (MSS. at Long Island Historical Society, typed), pp. 90, 187, 243, 251, 298. "Newbury, Massachusetts, Vital Records to 1850," pp. 243, 251, 298. "Newbury Town Records," MSS. at Long Island Historical Society, p. 428.)

III. Captain Richard Knight, son of John and Bathsheba (Ingersoll) Knight, was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, July 26, 1666. He married Elizabeth Jaques. Children, born in Newbury: 1. Henry, born July 6, 1697; married, in Newbury, December 5, 1722, Priscilla Merrill. He had sons: Nathan, born in 1724; Samuel, born in 1729; Mark, born in 1731; and Henry, born in 1733; three of whom are evidently the Samuel, Mark and Henry who appear on a 1777 tax list of Falmouth, Maine. 2. Elizabeth, born March 11, 1701-02; is probably the Elizabeth Knight who married, at Newbury, October 30, 1720, Samuel Dole, and had sons: Moses, Richard, etc. 3. Moses, born September 27, 1710; married, in Newbury, November 29, 1737, Hannah Akers, born there January 17, 1718, daughter of John and Rebecca Akers. No further record of Moses is found on Newbury records; but in the 1777 tax list of Falmouth, Maine, are found the names of Moses Knight and Moses Knight, Jr., as well as that of John Knight (Moses' son), who did not marry and who must have been born after 1737. Moses and Hannah (Akers) Knight were of "Cobb Lane, Falmouth," and had a son known as Enoch, 3d. 4. Edmund, of whom further.

(J. Coffin: "A Sketch of the History of Newbury, Newburyport, and West Newbury," from 1635-1845, p. 307. "Newbury, Massachusetts, Vital Records to 1850." "Maine Genealogist and Biographer," Vol. I, p. 118. "Tax List of Falmouth, Maine," 1772.)

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IV. Edmund Knight, son of Captain Richard and Elizabeth (Jaques) Knight, was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, August 30, 1714, and died there in 1784. While it is evident that he spent most of his days in Newbury and died there, it is also very evident that several, if not all, of his sons emigrated to Falmouth, Maine, settling near his brothers, Henry and Moses, and their children. Of Edmund's sons, the eldest, Edmund, Jr., settled in Newbury. The other sons of Edmund, Sr., were: Richard, Enoch, Joseph, and Moses; and the 1777 tax list of Falmouth shows a Richard, three Enochs, a Joseph, Jr., and two Moses Knights. A further indication that one of the three Enochs of Falmouth was Edmund's son of that name, is the fact that one Enoch, of Falmouth, had a son named Edmund, a very unusual name in the Newbury and Falmouth Knight families.

Edmund Knight married (first), at Newbury, May 25, 1741, Jane Little. He married (second), at Newbury, June 11, 1751, Prudence Jaques. Children of the first marriage, born at Newbury: 1. Samuel, born February 12, 1742. 2. Edmund, Jr., born November 8, 1744; married there, December 24, 1767, Sarah Hale. His son, Enoch, born there January 26, 1771, died in Salem, Massachusetts, November 16, 1844; "aged seventy-four years"; was a cabinetmaker. Children of the second marriage, born in Newbury: 3. Richard, born May 2, 1752. 4. Enoch, of whom further. 5. Joseph, baptized July 11, 1757. 6. Moses, baptized September 13, 1761. 7. Elisabeth, baptized January 16, 1763.

("Newbury, Massachusetts, Vital Records," to 1850. "Maine Genealogist and Biographer," Vol. I, p. 118.)

V. Enoch Knight, son of Edmund and Prudence (Jaques) Knight, was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, December 3, 1754. That he was the Enoch Knight, of Falmouth, Maine, who married Submit Thomes, is indicated by a chain of almost incontrovertible evidence, as follows: (1) Enoch, born in 1754, was the son of an Edmund (a very unusual name in the Knight family), and Enoch, of Falmouth (who married Submit Thomes), had a son, Edmund. (2) Enoch, born in 1754, had two uncles (brothers of his father), who were undoubtedly residents of Falmouth before 1777 and whose children also resided in Falmouth. (3) Enoch, born in 1754, was of the right age to have a son born in 1781. Enoch, of Falmouth, had a son, John

KNIGHT AND ALLIED FAMILIES

Thomes Knight, born in Maine in 1781. The history of three other Enoch Knights is given herewith for purposes of elimination and proof of the line. (4) The Enoch, son of Benjamin, who was a son of John, Jr., and a grandson of the first John, was born in 1709, and must have been of improbable age (seventy-two) to have a son, John Thomes, born in 1781. (His two wives were Elizabeth Jaques and Margaret (Barber) Winslow.) The Enoch, who was son of Moses, whose father, Richard, was a son of John, Jr., and a grandson of the first John, did not marry. The Enoch Knight who was born in Newbury, and baptized October 29, 1752, was a son of Oliver, who in turn was son of Tristram, grandson of Joseph, great-grandson of John, Jr., and great-great-grandson of the first John Knight. While his history is untraced, he was very distantly related to the other Falmouth Knights, whose ancestry is known; the names Oliver and Tristram are not found in the Falmouth records examined, and while he was of suitable age to have a son born in 1781, no evidence is found that this Enoch was at Falmouth. Extensive search of records has found no evidence to the contrary of the line of ancestry above stated. Enoch Knight, of Falmouth, cordwainer, and Submit, his wife; Pearson Huntris and Daraxa, his wife, Hannah Thomes, all of Falmouth; John Emmons and Martha, his wife, and Sarah Thomes, all of Portland, granddaughters of John Thomes, deceased, quit claim to Benjamin Thomes their right in the estate of John Thomes, November 28, 1789. On May 29, 1789, Enoch Knight sold land partly in Portland and partly in Falmouth, between the Fore River and the main road leading from Portland and Boston. On October 10, 1789, he bought land in North Yarmouth, where he was living in 1790. In 1793, he sold to Nathaniel Blanchard, Jr., and returned to Falmouth. In December, 1795, he bought land in Poland and the next May he sold half of it to his son, Edmund Knight, Jr., of Poland. Enoch Knight and his wife, Submit, of Poland, sold the remaining half of his land in Poland to David Pearsons.

("Cumberland County Deeds," 17:35. "1790 Census, Cumberland County, Maine.")

Enoch Knight married, before 1781, Submit Thomes, granddaughter of John Thomes. (Thomes III.) Children: 1. Edmund, who in May, 1796, bought half of his father's land in Poland, Maine; he

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married Jane Eaton, and resided in Hallowell, Canaan, and Bloomfield, Maine. 2. John Thomes, of whom further. 3. Possibly other children.

(“Newbury, Massachusetts, Vital Records to 1850.” “New England Historical and Genealogical Register,” Vol. XVI, pp. 17, 152, 319.)

VI. John Thomas (Toms) Knight, undoubtedly son of Enoch and Submit (Thomes) Knight, was born about 1781 and died December 18, 1866, aged eighty-five years and eight months. (Family record gives death data as 1871, at the age of eighty-five years.) This is evidently wrong, as he would thus have been born about 1786, which would have made him but seventeen years of age at the time of his son Jeremiah's birth. He was a farmer of Peru, Oxford County, Maine. “Cumberland County Deeds” give the following records of him:

J. T. Knight of Westbrook, yeoman, to Samuel Pride, land in Westbrook, “bought of Government,” April, 1817, for unpaid taxes. Deed dates December 25, 1817. Zachariah Brackett is a witness. (79:24.)

John T. Knight of Westbrook to the inhabitants of the school district No. 7, land and building, part of farm where he now lives; bounded by state highway, westerly side of county road, from Pride's Bridge to Windham, June 16, 1818. (79:504.)

John T. Knight of Westbrook, yeoman, to Thomas Webb eight acres, homestead of John S. Brackett, deceased, lot No. 1, March 13, Nancy, wife signs. (92:462.)

John T. Knight of Westbrook, yeoman, and Nancy, his wife, to Francis Pride, a lot of land in Westbrook, except schoolhouse lot of four square rods. December 13, 1819. (270:147.)

John Thomes (Toms) Knight married Nancy Brackett. (Brackett VI.) Children: 1. Jeremiah, of whom further. 2. Enoch, born April 10, 1807, died May 18, 1818. 3. Hiram, born February 17, 1809, died in 1810. 4. Elbridge, born January 19, 1811. 5. Hiram, born January 27, 1814. 6. Lorenzo, born May 16, 1817; married, in 1847, Relief E. Durell, had at least one child, Augustus, who was one year old in the census of 1850, at which time John T. Knight, his

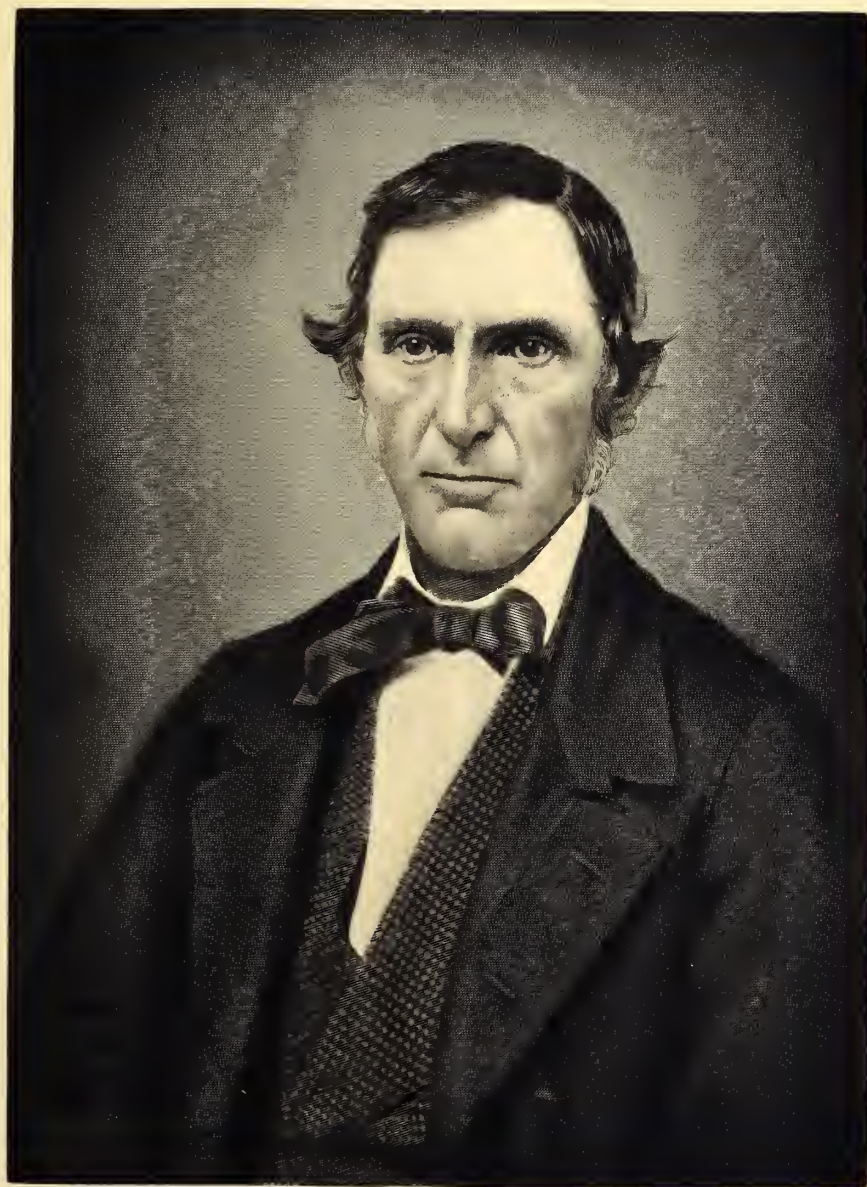
KNIGHT AND ALLIED FAMILIES

father, made his home with him. 7. Nancy Berry, born April 29, 1822.

(Turner: "History of Peru, Maine," pp. 182-83. "Peru, Maine, Vital Records." Family records. H. I. Brackett: "Brackett Genealogy," p. 187.)

VII. Jeremiah Knight, son of John and Nancy (Brackett) Knight, was born near Portland, Maine, May 11, 1803, and died December 18, 1867. He came from Westbrook, Maine, to settle in Peru, where he had a farm. Jeremiah Knight lived all of his life in Maine. He was a member of the Methodist Church. He married, at Buckfield, Maine, May 10, 1832, Sarah Moore Brock. They were married by Elder Ephraim Harlow. (Brock IV.) Children. 1. Cordelia Ann, born April 23, 1834, died May 15, 1902; married Ezra Whitney (deceased). They lived at Rockland, Maine. 2. Rebecca Frink Knight, born February 10, 1836, died May 18, 1918; married William Lewis. 3. Florella, born August 20, 1837, died August 26, 1906; married Joseph Gould (deceased), and later John Kennison (deceased). 4. Oriza, born June 21, 1839, died March 8, 1921; married Willam Topping. 5. Senora, born December 11, 1841; married, May 10, 1870, Samuel D. Prescott, now living retired at Auburn, Maine. Children: i. Mertie Nora; married Edward P. Hood, and are living at Auburn, Maine, and have a daughter, Bernice, who married Norman Greenlaw; they live at Norway, Maine, having four children: David V., Mary, John, and Robert Hiram. ii. Percie S., married Mildred Andrews; now living at Auburn, Maine. 6. Emma Augusta, born August 23, 1843, died May 28, 1920; married Elbridge Austin and have two sons: i. Arno J.; married Alice, and had a son, Leland. ii. Erwin R. 7. Hiram Albert, born May 3, 1845, died January 28, 1885; married Arzelia Counce; they had three children: Fred B., Albert, and Amelia. 8. Myra, born March 22, 1847; married Royal H. Small (deceased). She lived at Rumford, Maine. Their children were: Ezra, Roy, Lora, Lillian, Earl, Arthur, and Blanche. 9. Edith. 10. Nancy Jane, of whom further. 11. Roscoe Edwin, born February 10, 1853, died June 2, 1921; married Hattie Mitchell. To them was born a son, Elton M., who married Beth Hoyt. They had seven children: Robert Jeremiah (deceased), Roscoe, Roger, Edwin, Lawrence A., Herschel, and Doris Harriette.

(Turner: "History of Peru, Maine," pp. 182-83. "Peru, Maine, Vital Records." "Vital Records, Oxford, Maine.")



American Historical Socy

Steel Engraving by Pinney & Conn

Jeremiah Knight



Brock

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VIII. *Nancy Jane Knight*, daughter of Jeremiah and Sarah Moore (Brock) Knight, was born in Peru, Maine, August 26, 1849. She married (first) when in early womanhood, Samuel Libby, who died a year or two after their marriage. She married (second) John Henry Wyeth.

(*Ibid.*)

(The Brock Line).

Arms—Argent, three brocks proper.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

Brock is a nickname for the Badger, and is an old English surname. In Pier's *Plowman*, 3852-55, we find the following:

And go hunte hardiliche
To hares and to foxes
To bores and to brokkes
That breken doun myne hegges.

Walter le Broc and Henry le Brok are in the Hundred Rolls of 1273.

(Lower: "Patronymica Britannica." Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames.")

The Brock family of Buckfield, Maine, is, in all probability, descended from the family of that name of the town of Gloucester, Essex County, Massachusetts. One of the earliest records of the family there is found in the death of Francis Brock, who died in Gloucester in January, 1714-15. The earlier history of Francis Brock is not definitely known, but there is a record of a Francis Brock who married, in Boston, Massachusetts, July 29, 1698, Mary Butler. Whether Francis married more than once is not known, but there is found the record of a Francis Brock, whose wife, Sarah, died in Scituate, Massachusetts, January 19, 1704-05. Three daughters of Francis Brock were born in Scituate, Massachusetts, the mother's name not appearing in the record: 1. Mary, born December 15, 1699. 2. Grace, born July 27, 1701. 3. Barsheba, or Barshua, born May 21, 1703. Whether Francis Brock had other children than the three named seems not to be a matter of record. Boston, Scituate and Gloucester all adjoin Massachusetts Bay.

("Gloucester, Massachusetts, Vital Records to 1850." "Boston, Massachusetts, Births, Baptisms, Marriages, and Deaths, 1630 to 1699," p. 243. "Scituate, Massachusetts, Vital Records to 1850.")

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I. John Brock, possibly a son or near kinsman of Francis Brock who died in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1714-15, was born probably before 1715, death place or date not known. His occupation was that of a fisherman, and he was, from 1737 to 1774, a resident in Gloucester, where he and his wife, Abigail, were both living on the last-mentioned date. He married, in Gloucester, March 25, 1736, Abigail Elwell. Children, born in Gloucester: 1. Abigail, born December 1, 1737; probably the same Abigail Brock who married, in Gloucester, April 10, 1757, David Perigo. 2. John, of whom further.

("Gloucester, Massachusetts, Vital Records to 1850." "Essex Antiquarian," Vol. XII, pp. 141-42.)

II. John Brock, Jr., son of John and Abigail (Elwell) Brock, was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, November 4, 1740, and died before October 6, 1771. He undoubtedly resided in Gloucester from 1764 to 1769, and presumably spent his life there. An entry is found, in the land records, which shows that Martha Brock (doubtless the same who was John Brock's wife) was of Gloucester in 1777, when she was an heir of John Tucker, of New Gloucester, Maine.

John Brock married, in Gloucester, December 8, 1763, Martha Tucker. Children, born in Gloucester, Massachusetts: 1. Martha, born August 21, 1764. 2. John, born August 29, 1766. 3. William, of whom further. 4. Mary, baptized October 6, 1771, daughter of "widow" Martha Brock.

(*Ibid.*)

III. William Brock, son of John and Martha (Tucker) Brock, was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, March 31, 1769 (so recorded), and baptized in the Fourth Parish church there, March 20, 1769 (so recorded; some error in either birth or baptismal data). In the *History of Buckfield*, Maine, p. 78, we find the following: "William Brock by hard work and good calculation and economy wrought from the wilderness a productive farm, and competence." The identity of William Brock, born in Gloucester, with William Brock, of Buckfield, is evident from the following facts: William Brock, of Buckfield, was born about 1769 (U. S. Census, 1850). William and John Brock (presumably brother) were among the early settlers in Buckfield, William coming there from Massachusetts (exact locality uncertain), about 1789, but receiving no deed to land until 1792. Mean-

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while, John Brock, of Buckfield, was deeded land in 1789, the same year that William Brock came there. An extensive search of Massachusetts records has discovered only one other William Brock born in or about 1769, namely, William, son of "Stephen and Lydia" Brock, baptized in Marblehead, Massachusetts, June 25, 1769. (The name "Stephen" as the father is an apparent error, as children of Samuel and Lydia Brock were baptized in the same church in 1764, 1767, and 1772, and no other record of a "Stephen" and no record of any other "Lydia" as a mother, of that period, is found on Marblehead records.) Inasmuch as no evidence is found that William, son of Samuel ("Stephen") had a brother or relative named John, there seems to remain no reasonable doubt that John, born in 1766, and William, born in 1769, both sons of John and Martha (Tucker) Brock, of Gloucester, were the same John and William Brock who received deeds to land in Buckfield, Maine, in 1789 and 1792, respectively, when the two young men of Gloucester would have been, in each case, twenty-three years of age.

The record of William Brock, farmer, of Buckfield, Maine, can be readily gleaned through the *Cumberland County, Maine, Deeds*, Vol. XX, p. 24, where we find that Benjamin Spaulding, of a place called Bucktown in the county of Cumberland and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, sold to William Brock one hundred acres in Bucktown, on February 5, 1792. It was upon this farm evidently that William Brock raised the horses for which he was known. Unfortunately, misfortune came to Mr. Brock in his later years and he was far from prosperity at the time of his death, which occurred in April, 1852. He was buried April 15, 1852.

William Brock married Sarah, or Sally. Children: 1. William, Jr., born June 17, 1797; he was a farmer of Peru, and bought land from Josiah Curtis, July 31, 1821. ("Oxford County Deeds, South Paris, Maine.") 2. George, born April 20, 1799. 3. Robert, born July 11, 1801. 4. Nehemiah, born March 11, 1803. (Nemiah, as printed.) 5. Samuel, born April 23, 1805. 6. Benjamin, born July 31, 1806. 7. Sarah Moore, of whom further.

("Gloucester, Massachusetts, Vital Records to 1850." "United States Census of Buckfield, Maine, August 30, 1850." "Cumberland County, Portland, Maine, Deeds," Vol. XX, p. 24; Vol. XXV, p. 484. "Marblehead, Massachusetts, Vital Records to 1850." "Maine

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Genealogist and Biographer," Vol. III, p. 120. Alfred Cole, member of the Maine Historical Society, and Charles F. Whitman, Clerk of Courts of Oxford County: "A History of Buckfield, Oxford County, Maine, from the Earliest Explorations to the Close of the Year 1900," published at Buckfield, Maine, in 1915, pp. 78, 499.)

IV. Sarah Moore Brock, daughter of William and Sarah (Sally) Brock, was born in Buckfield, Maine, October 2, 1809, and died November 18, 1883. She married Jeremiah Knight. (Knight VII.)

(The Brackett Line).

Arms—Sable, three garbs or.

Crest—A goat's head or.

(H. I. Brackett: "The Brackett Genealogy.")

H. I. Brackett, in his "Brackett Genealogy," pp. 4-5, says: "The name Brackett is not today (1907) a common one in England; it occurs less than one-half dozen times in the directory of London. There are no more reasons for believing that the name Brackett is a variation of the name Brockett than there is for believing that the name Brackett is a variation of any other name ending in ett, as Breckett, or Brickett. There is no cited instance of a person by the name of Brackett tracing his ancestry in the direct male line to a Brockett, nor vice versa."

I. Anthony Brackett, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was killed in an Indian raid September 28, 1691. The exact date of his arrival there is unknown, and the first reference we have to him is in 1640, when he is mentioned in a deed referring to some glebe lands. However, it is probable that he had been in Portsmouth several years before that date.

Anthony Brackett is thought to have married about 1635. The name of his wife, who also was killed in a raid by the Indians, September 28, 1691, is unknown. From his will, dated September 11, 1691, we find the names of his children. Children: 1. Anthony, of whom further. 2. Elinor. 3. Thomas. 4. Jane. 5. John.

(H. I. Brackett: "Brackett Genealogy," Washington (1907), pp. 47-71. New Hampshire Historical Collection. New Hampshire printed probate records.)

II. Captain Anthony Brackett, Jr., son of Anthony Brackett, who was probably born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was killed by the Indians on September 21, 1689. On July 14, 1657, he took the free-



Brackett

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man's oath in Exeter, New Hampshire, and in 1660, he must have been past his majority, at least, for he received a grant of thirteen acres of land given to sons of settlers who had reached the age of twenty-one years. In 1662, we find him in Casco, or Falmouth, Maine, where he became a man of considerable prominence, being frequently mentioned as appraiser of property and as witness to wills and deeds, as well as becoming constable in 1664, and captain of the militia of his vicinity over a long period of time. In 1652, he deeded his wife a hundred acres of land. This tract along "Back Cove" was the nucleus of the farm of four hundred acres which later became occupied by Captain Brackett and his wife. In recent years a part of this land has been known as the "Deering Farm," and was sold in 1671. In 1676, the house was attacked by Indians and he and his wife and children were taken captive. They, however, were released, so tradition says, because of some kindness that Mrs. Brackett had shown an Indian when they used to come more or less freely to the Brackett home. Mrs. Brackett found a leaky boat and rowed herself and children across to Black Point, now Saco, Maine, while her husband went around by land. She and her children went back to Portsmouth.

Captain Brackett married (first), some time before 1668, Anne Mitton, who died at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, about 1677, the granddaughter of George Cleeve. He married (second) Susanna Decker, daughter of Abraham Decker, of Hampton, New Hampshire, who after the demise of her husband, took the children and returned to the safety of her father's home. Children of the first marriage: 1. Elinor. 2. Seth. 3. Mary. 4. Anthony, Jr. 5. Kezia. Children of the second marriage: 6. Zipporah, born September 28, 1680. 7. Zachariah, of whom further. 8. Jane, born February 7, 1684. 9. Ann, born June 18, 1686. 10. Sarah, born March 16, 1688. 11. Susanna, born August 29, 1689.

(H. I. Brackett: "Brackett Genealogy," Washington (1907), pp. 81-86. New Hampshire Historical Collection. "York County, Maine, Deeds," Vols. I, VI. "Maine Wills.")

III. Zachariah Brackett, son of Captain Anthony and Susanna (Decker) Brackett, was born in Falmouth, Maine, January 20, 1682, but it is recorded in Hampton, New Hampshire. He died in Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1751. After his father's death, he was taken to

KNIGHT AND ALLIED FAMILIES

Hampton, New Hampshire, but in 1715, he returned to Falmouth, which he had left when he was between six and seven years of age, and took possession of his father's farm. His family removed there in 1719 and about 1744 he moved to Ipswich, Massachusetts.

Zachariah Brackett married (first) Hannah, probably Hannah Libby, daughter of Anthony Libby. He married (second), February 10, 1741, Mary Ross. Children of the first marriage: 1. Sarah, born March 1, 1709. 2. Jane, born January 13, 1711. 3. Anthony, born August 25, 1712. 4. Abraham, born July 3, 1714. 5. Zachariah, Jr., born November 30, 1716. 6. Thomas, of whom further. 7. Susannah, born February 13, 1720. 8. Joshua, born August 21, 1727. Children of the second marriage: 9. Mary, baptized in 1742. 10. Ann, baptized in 1745.

(H. I. Brackett: "Brackett Genealogy," Washington (1907), pp. 47-71, 81-86.)

IV. Thomas Brackett, son of Zachariah and Hannah (Libby) Brackett, was born in Hampton, New Hampshire, in 1718. He saw service in Captain Humphrey Cobb's company and Colonel Samuel Waldo's regiment, at the capture of Louisburg in 1744. For his services, he was granted land in Standish, but he never lived on this grant. He was in Captain Jeremiah Milk's Falmouth Neck Company in the last French and Indian War. In 1748, he and his wife were listed as members of the First Church of Falmouth.

Thomas Brackett married, August 29, 1744, Mary Snow, the daughter of John Snow, who came from Kittery. Children: 1. John Snow, of whom further. 2. William, born August 7, 1752. 3. Peter, born November 7, 1756. 4. Mary, born September 14, 1760. 5. Jane, baptized July 14, 176— . 6. Anna, born May 12, 1764. 7. Elizabeth, baptized May 4, 1766. 8. Hannah, born July 26, 1767.

(H. I. Brackett: "Brackett Genealogy," Washington (1907), pp. 81-86, 183-86.)

V. John Snow Brackett, son of Thomas and Mary (Snow) Brackett, was born at Morrill's Corner, in Falmouth, Maine, and died in the fall of 1801. He owned a farm in the town of Westbrook, which after his death was divided among his children. He was a soldier in the Continental Army; served as a private in Captain William



Tommes
(Thomas)

KNIGHT AND ALLIED FAMILIES

Cobb's Cumberland County Regiment, marched July 8, 1779, and was discharged in 1779, at Falmouth. He also served two months and seventeen days under Colonel Jonathan Mitchell.

John Snow Brackett married Betsey Berry. They were the parents of at least fourteen children and probably sixteen. Children, whose names can be found: 1. John, born July 17, 1780. 2. Silas, died young. 3. Jacob. 4. Thomas. 5. Charles. 6. Jeremiah. 7. Betsey. 8. Dorcas, born about 1785. 9. Charity. 10. Sarah. 11. Nancy, of whom further. 12. Eunice.

(H. I. Brackett: "Brackett Genealogy," pp. 183-87. "Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War." "Cumberland County, Maine, Deeds," pp. 92-462.)

VI. Nancy Brackett, daughter of John Snow and Betsey (Berry) Brackett, died November 11, 1840. She married John T. Knight. (Knight VI.)

(H. I. Brackett: "Brackett Genealogy," p. 187.)

(The Tommes (Thomes) Line).

Arms—Argent, on a chevron gules three annulets or.

(Burke: "Encyclopædia of Heraldry.")

The names Thomes, Thoms, Thombs, Toms, is one seldom found in the early records of Massachusetts and Maine, and the origin of the various families of the name residing later in Maine is, for the most part, untraced. The given, or "christian," name of John is found as early as November 30, 1677, when "Mr. Jno. Thom" is mentioned as one of "them yt tooke ye oath of Allegance to his majestie & fidelitie to ye contrey," in Old County of Norfolk, Massachusetts (records now at Salem). In the published volume of "Maine Wills," from 1640 to 1760, the name of John Thomes is found but once, when, on June 16, 1749, "John Thomes" witnessed the signing of the will of Stephen Randal, of Falmouth, York County, Maine.

("New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. VI, p. 202. William M. Sargent, A. M.: "Maine Wills" (1887), p. 608.)

Thomas Thomes was a resident at Falmouth Neck, Maine, in 1716. He built and lived in a house which stood in Clay Cove. He

KNIGHT AND ALLIED FAMILIES

and his wife, Elizabeth, united with Parson Smith's church in 1738. On March 13, 1721, Mr. Thomes received a grant of land in the Neck; which land his son, Thomas, sold in 1765 to John Thomes, of Falmouth, as has been stated:

Thomas Thomes, Sr., and his wife, Elizabeth, had at least three sons: 1. Joseph, who married Mary. (One Joseph Thomes married, about 1728, Mary, and had children, born at Falmouth: Joseph, Abigail, Joseph, Mary, and Thomas.) 2. John, who married Mary. (One John Thomes married, about 1729, Mary, and had children, born at Falmouth: John, who was born July 31, 1730, and married Hannah Woodsum (intentions published April 27, 1750, to Hannah Woodsum.) ("Record of Portland, Maine, Wills.") 3. Thomas. (One Thomas Thomes married, at Falmouth, May 29, 1741, Mary Banfield.) One of these sons was probably father of the John Thomes following:

(McLellan: "History of Gorham," p. 789. "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. XIV, p. 148; Vol. XVII, p. 152.)

I. John Thomes died before November 28, 1789. He had one or more sons or daughters, one or more of whom had five children, who in a quit claim deed dated November 28, 1789, are called his granddaughters. (The deed was signed by Enoch Knight, of Falmouth, cordwainer, and Submit, his wife, Pearson Huntris and Daraxa, his wife, and Hannah Thomes, all of Falmouth; John Emmons and Martha, his wife, and Sarah Thomes, all of Portland.)

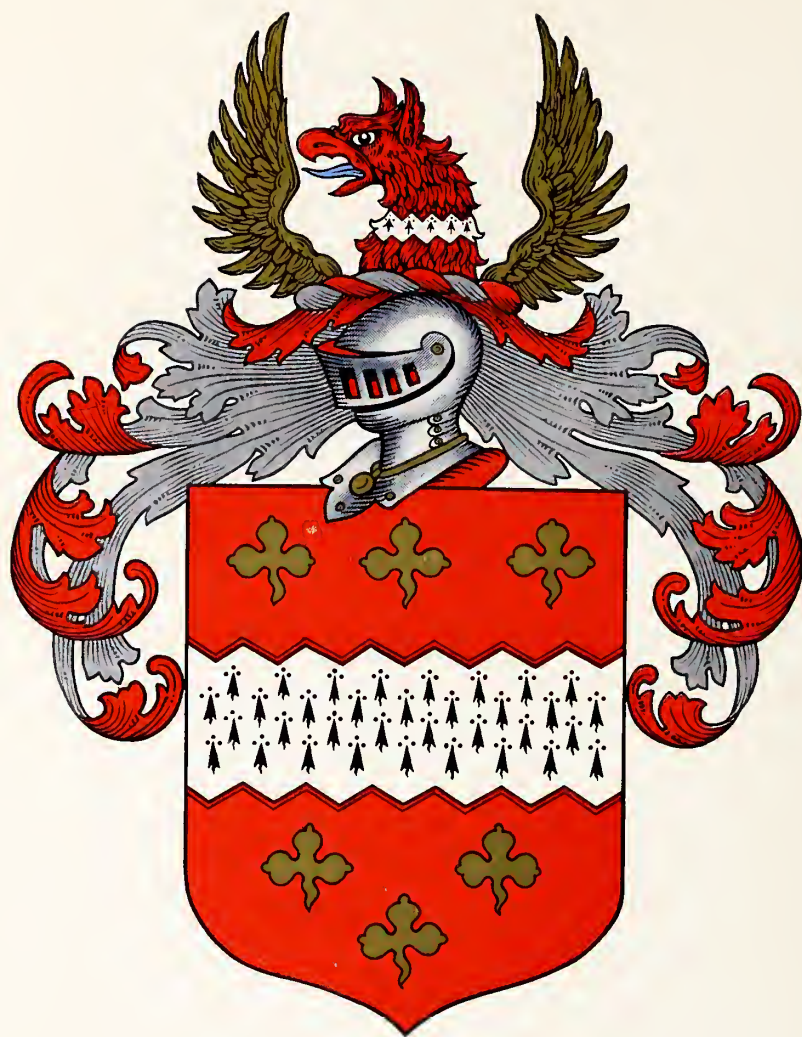
The five granddaughters seem to have been as follows: 1. Submit, of whom further. 2. Daraxa, married Pearson Huntris. 3. Hannah, whose surname in 1789 was Thomes. 4. Martha, married John Emmons. 5. Sarah, whose surname in 1789 was Thomes.

("Cumberland County, Maine, Deeds," Vol. XVII, p. 35.)

II. A son of John Thomes, who married and had a daughter: 1. Submit, given above, of whom further.

III. Submit Thomes, granddaughter of John Thomes, of generation I, married Enoch Knight. (Knight V.)

(Family records.)



Ingersoll

KNIGHT AND ALLIED FAMILIES

(The Ingersoll Line).

Arms—Gules, a fesse dancettée ermine, between six trefoils slipped or.

Crest—A griffin's head gules gorged with a fesse dancettée ermine, between two wings displayed or. (Crozier: "General Armory.")

The name "Inge" is Scandinavian and is first identified as the name of a celebrated Scandinavian Chieftain or Lord by the name of Ingebar, who came into England with the invading Danish folk and settled in Middlesex and adjoining counties. The Ingebar bequeathed his name to a number of English families, as Inglis, Ingram, Ingolsby, Ingelow, Ingoldew, Ingerson, Ingelside, Inge, and Ingersoll. Inge, son of Harold, King of Norway, lived in the twelfth century. The name Ingersoll is due to a combination of the surname "Inge" with the French word "Sale," which is old French for "House," the first form of the name being "Ingersale." From the evidence at hand, some of which is necessarily circumstantial, the ancestry of the three principal American families of Ingersoll seems to have been as follows:

(Lillian Drake Avery: "A Genealogy of the Ingersoll Family in America, 1629-1925," pp. 9-11.)

I. Geoffrey Ingersoll (Inkersall), of Southwell, Nottinghamshire, England, was of the English gentry, a commoner, so-called. He married Dorothy Moreigh, daughter of Richard Moreigh, of Moreigh Hall, Nottinghamshire. They were parents of a son, Robert, of whom further.

(*Ibid.*)

II. Robert Ingersoll (or Inkersall), son of Geoffrey and Dorothy (Moreigh) Ingersoll, was born about 1612 and lived at Weston, Hertfordshire. He married, about 1632, Elizabeth Blower, daughter of Richard Blower, of Weston. Children: 1. Robert, the elder, probably inherited the family estates. 2. John, probably passed with the Puritan emigration into America. He was born at about the date that is fixed upon as the birth date of John Ingersoll, of Long Island, New York. 3. Grace. 4. Elizabeth. 5. Dorothy.

A further record of the Blower family is that a number of Blowers emigrated from County Hertford to America between 1635 and 1655. One Thomas Blower went to Sandwich, Massachusetts, in 1635, and he was probably an uncle of John Ingersoll (Inkersall), of Salem,

KNIGHT AND ALLIED FAMILIES

Massachusetts. In the words of Henry Lane Wilson (a descendant of John Ingersoll, of Huntington, Long Island, and whose researches have supplied the source of the foregoing data): "It may be assumed that all the Ingersolls (Inkersalls) that came into this country in the early Puritan movement were related to Geffrey Ingersoll (Inkersall), of Southwell, Nottinghamshire, England. The first Ingersoll (Inkersall) came to America in 1629. This was Richard Ingersoll (Inkersall), who came out of Bedfordshire (adjoining Herts) and married Agnes Langley at Sands, or Sandy, Bedfordshire." John Ingersoll, a younger brother of Richard, of Salem, and who came with him to America in 1629, was born in England about 1615. He married (first) Dorothy Lord, and (second) Abigail Bascom. He resided in Salem, Massachusetts; Hartford, Connecticut; Northampton and Westfield, Massachusetts, and has many descendants.

(*Ibid.*, p. 127.)

THE FAMILY IN AMERICA

I. Richard Ingersoll, American progenitor of our family, was born, doubtless, in England, presumably about 1595, and died in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1644. He emigrated to America, coming to Salem in 1629 with Higginson, and accompanied by his younger brother, John, who was born in 1615. A letter from Matthew Craddock, governor of the company, to Mr. Endicott, commends "Richard Inkersall and Richard Haward," who with their families came from Bedfordshire, England. In the original list of householders receiving "House lotts graunted by ye town" (1638) Richard Ingersoll is given two acres, also eighty acres on the Cape Ann side. Later there was "graunted to Richard Ingersoll thirty acres of meadow in the greate meadow to be layd out by the towne." In 1640, Richard Ingersoll's family is credited with nine persons and he is given an allotment of one acre. The old town records state that "It is agreed that Richard Inkersall shall henceforth one peny (a tyme to maintain the ferry) for every pson he doeth ferry over the north (ferry) river dureing the towns pleasure." A contributor to the genealogical page of the "Boston Evening Transcript" (who signs "C. O. T.") states that among Richard Ingersoll's papers was found this recipe: "A Metson to make a man's hear groe when he is bald: Take some fier flies and

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sum Redd worms and sum black snayles and sume hune bees and drie them and pound them to powder, and mixt them in milk or water."

Richard Ingersoll's will, dated July 21, 1644, proved in court upon oath, January 2, 1644-45, is as follows:

I, Richard Ingersoll of Salem in the County of Essex in New England being weake in body, but through God's mercy in perfect memory doe make this my last will and testament as followeth, *viz.*: I give To Ann my wife all my estate of land, goods, & Chattells whatsoever except as followeth, *viz.*: I give to George Ingersoll my son six acres lying in the great meadow. Item, I give to Nathaniel Ingersoll, My youngest son a parcell of ground, which I bought of John P. but if the said Nathaniel dy without issue of his body lawfully begotten, then the land aforesaid to be equally shared between John Ingersoll my son & Richard Pettingill & William Haines my sons-in-law. I give to Bathsheba my youngest daughter two coves. I give to my daughter Alice Walcott my house at town with ten acres of upland and meadow after my wife's decease.

Witness: TOWNSEND BISHOP. (R + I) (his mark.)

I read this will to Richard Ingersoll & he acknowledged it to be his will.

JO. ENDICOTT.

An inventory of this property was taken October 4, 1644. Among the items listed are the following: seven cows, £34; two young steers, £4; bull, £7; pair of oxen, £14; two horses and mare and a young colt, £25; a farm of eighty acres, £7. Another item was a moose skin suit.

Richard Ingersoll married in Sands, England, October 20, 1616, Agnes, or Ann, Langley, who is said to have been a cousin of John Spencer, of Newbury. At his demise, Ann, who survived him, married (second), as his second or third wife, John Knight. (Knight I.) Children of Richard and Agnes or Ann (Langley) Ingersoll: 1. George, born in England in 1618, died in 1694; married, about 1642, Elizabeth. 2. John, born in England in 1623, died in Salem, in 1683; married, about 1643, Judith Felton. They were the ancestors of the well-known Robert Green Ingersoll. 3. Alice, married, before 1643, William Walcott. 4. Joanna; married, in 1643, Richard Pettengill. 5. Sarah, married, in 1644, William Haynes. 6. Bathsheba, of whom further. 7. Nathaniel, born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1632, died in 1719; married Hannah Collins.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 1-5, 95. "Boston, Massachusetts, Transcript," issue of April 6, 1925.)

KNIGHT AND ALLIED FAMILIES

II. Bathsheba Ingersoll, daughter of Richard and Agnes or Ann (Langley) Ingersoll, married John Knight, Jr. (Knight II.)

(Lillian Drake Avery: "A Genealogy of the Ingersoll Family in America," pp. 2-4.)



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AMERICANA

October, 1937

The Constitution and Its Celebrations

By DAVID M. MATTESON, WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HISTORIAN OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION
SESQUICENTENNIAL COMMISSION



AMERICA has always been given to civic celebrations. Because of the fact that for the most part the settlement of the Colonies was by Protestant sects, and those strongly opposed to all hagiolatry, the usual Saint Days of Europe never became a feature of the yearly round, and the festive spirit was left to find new forms for its outpourings. There were, of course, the very mild observances of "His Majesty's Birthday"; and in New England the fervid but lugubrious Fast Days and the more pleasant Thanksgivings; but when a new nation was decreed, the field was fresh for a special crop of festivities which would appeal to the people of all the states.

That the Fourth of July would be on the calendar was evident at once. Indeed, John Adams sensed this event even as he performed his share in the preparation for independence and its Declaration. He wrote his wife: "I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time, forward, forevermore." This worthy patriot, whose ability and sterling worth demanded a better recognition than they have received in the popular estimation of our Hall of Fame, made only one mistake in his

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prophecy, or perhaps two. He rather overestimated the devout phase of the celebration, and he believed that it would be the Second of July that would be observed. This date was that of the passage of the resolution for independence, the Declaration was not adopted until the day after he wrote.

A nation also needs a hero; and America had the advantage of starting out with a genuine one, known in flesh and blood to many, and yet already beginning to be enclosed in the mist of legends that seems a necessary accompaniment to all hero worship. The observance of Washington's birthday began even before the Revolution was over, and it continues to share with the Fourth of July in being a strictly national civic fête. Thanksgiving has still a special religious significance and the later holidays, unless Memorial Day is an exception, have had their origin in the demand of some special class or stock. Even Lincoln's birthday has not been given general national recognition, although he is clearly second only to Washington in fame. There is a very popular appeal in Jefferson's character, but he has been made too much of as a party leader to receive his due as a general leader.

Dr. Fitzpatrick has found in an item in Washington's war accounts evidence that an army band—fifes and drums—serenaded him on his birthday in 1778. Also there are mentions of local celebrations in Massachusetts on February 11, 1779. Whether or not we accept these as first observances, there is no doubt about the celebration by the French army at Newport on February 12, 1781. Rochambeau wrote him on the 12th:

Yesterday was the anniversary of your Excellency's birth day, we have put off celebrating that holiday till to-day, by reason of the Lord's day and we will celebrate it with the sole regret that your Excellency be not a Witness of the effusion and gladness of our hearts.

Washington replied on February 24:

The flattering distinction paid to the anniversary of my birthday is an honor for which I dare not attempt to express my gratitude. I confide in your Excellency's sensibility to interpret my feelings for this, and for the obliging manner in which you are pleased to announce it.

Even a French nobleman could not exceed Washington in politeness.

Every year after that you can find celebrations here and there in increasing number; some on February 11, according to the old style,

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others on February 22 under the revised reckoning. On the last February 11 of his life he "went up to Alexandria to the celebration of my birthday. Many Manœuvres were performed by the Uniform Corps, and an elegant Ball and Supper at Night." And on the 22d Nellie Custis, Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, was married at Mount Vernon to Lawrence Lewis, the general's nephew; and for probably the last time Washington wore his uniform as commander-in-chief of the Continental Army. In contrast to this day is that of the next birthday which, in accordance with the request of President Adams, was observed throughout the country as a day of mourning with parades and tributes.

Washington's association with the Declaration of Independence and Fourth of July is indirect. Without him the Declaration would have been merely the outstanding plea of a lost cause, but he had no immediate agency in its framing or adoption. His connection with the Constitution, however, is both direct and vital. Not only did he establish the Nation which it was to govern, but he, above all others, knew from hard experience how necessary it was to the life of that Nation. He had for years spoken outrightly on the need, and both by participation and the influence of his great prestige done important service in the accomplishment of its formation. Moreover, it is doubtful whether it would have received the necessary ratification by the State conventions had it not been generally believed that he would head the government for which it provided. He did this, stamped it permanently with his nationalistic character, giving it the liberal interpretation necessary for its efficiency and endurance; or, as John Quincy Adams phrased it, the administration of Washington "fixed the character of the Constitution of the United States as a practical system of government, which it retains to this day." He, rather than Lincoln, was "the first American."

The Constitution, in spite of a national hero's connection with it, had no such hold on the popular imagination as had the Declaration of Independence. It was something to be accepted as a matter of course, a vague shape in the background, rather than anything to be recognized by distinct commemoration. It was indeed sacred, but veiled; its cult, though firmly established, was one of obedience and remoteness. The difference was shown in the public attitude toward the originals of the two great state papers. Both documents were in

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the custody of the Department of State; but the people demanded to see the Declaration, to view John Hancock's bold defiance of the British King, and the parchment was from 1841, if not earlier, and until 1894, always on exhibition. It was in the Patent Office, went to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, and later occupied a prominent place in the library of the Department of State. Indeed, it was exposed so much and so long that its destruction from the chemical effects of light and air was imminent when it was finally put away and a facsimile substituted in the exhibition case.

Meanwhile the parchment sheets of the Constitution were locked away. The document could be inspected, and from time to time scholars used it for verification or copied it more or less accurately; but there was no demand for its display. Finally, in 1921, both documents were, by Presidential order, transferred to the Library of Congress; and since February 28, 1924, they have been on view there in a shrine which exhibits them while also protecting them from further damage. The signatures of the Declaration are scarcely visible, though the text has faded less. The Constitution is in excellent condition. Its inspection by thousands each year has brought it to the mind as well as to the heart of the people in a way that would not otherwise have been possible.

The dawn of the Fourth of July continues to be greeted with a salvo of artillery, its day beautified by parades and punctuated by oratory, and its night emblazoned by fireworks. Constitution Day is still without recognition; indeed, there is not even an agreement as to what day of the year should be dedicated to it by "We the People." There have been movements towards it, however. During the 'fifties, when the slavery controversy was approaching its bloody climax, suggestions were made for the observance of Constitution Day, an outcrop of the fear for the Union which existed in that decade of perilous politics; but nothing came of it. In 1917, at another crisis of the Nation, the President-General of the Sons of the American Revolution called upon the State societies of the order to observe September 17 as Constitution Day. The idea has been kept alive since then; but the need has not as yet received general recognition.

Besides these annual celebrations, there have been the special occasions—the centenaries and their important divisions. The first of these that attracted general attention was the semicentennial of the

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Declaration of Independence. There was no national observance of this; but in the larger cities and in many smaller ones the annual festival was enhanced to suit the more important occasion. At Washington there was a gathering in the chamber of the House of Representatives, to which were invited Jefferson, Adams and Carroll, the three surviving signers, and also Madison and Monroe, the other ex-Presidents. None of them accepted; Carroll had also declined an invitation to New York. The day was made unexpectedly memorable by the decease of both Jefferson and Adams, the most remarkable coincidence in American history—the two men most closely associated with the Declaration of Independence dying on its fiftieth anniversary. The facts that both had been President of the Nation created under the principles of the Declaration, and that the son of one of them was President on this fiftieth anniversary, added minor interest to the coincidence.

The next event calling for observance was the centennial of Washington's birth. Plans had been made for the transfer of his remains and those of Lady Washington to the Capitol crypt, which had been prepared for them. Mrs. Washington had given her consent to this shortly after her husband's death; but the sentiment both in and out of Congress for leaving the bodies at Mount Vernon prevailed, and the elaborate ceremony was abandoned. As part of this plan Chief Justice Marshall had been requested to deliver the oration, but he had declined because of old age. In the end the only affair was a subscription dinner in Washington at which Webster delivered a notable address. In this he indulged in a prophecy respecting the Bicentennial of the general that was most strikingly fulfilled. It must be recalled that the year 1832 was that of the South Carolina Nullification movement, and that Webster's Unionism was no less than that of President Jackson, then in the White House, it being about the only thing they did have in common. Certainly they were at extremes in their interpretation of the Constitution which both venerated. Webster said:

A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth, with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests,

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still flowing on toward the sea, so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely than this our own country!

The observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the Constitution was again a special rather than a general event. John Quincy Adams, now a Representative in Congress and occupying there a position of independence and protest that made this last phase of his career as important as any of the earlier ones, delivered an oration on the Jubilee of the Constitution before the New York Historical Society on April 30, 1839. Adams was, even more than his father, or than Jefferson or Madison, a scholar in politics, and his address made evident both sides of his character. The time was that of the Texan annexation contest, also the Nullification matter was still fresh in the minds of the politicians, and Adams' opposition to both showed in the address.

The most important main thought of the oration is that he connects the Constitution of the United States directly with the Declaration of Independence, considering that the Constitution is a complement of the earlier state paper, founded upon the same principles and carrying them out into practical execution. The virtues of the Constitution, "its republican character, consisted in its conformity to the principles proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, and as its administration must necessarily be always pliable to the fluctuating varieties of public opinion; its stability and duration by a like overruling and irresistible necessity, was to depend upon the stability and duration in the hearts and minds of the people of the *virtue*, or, in other words, of those principles, proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Constitution of the United States."

The second main thought, incidentally connected with the first and explanatory of it, is Adams' analysis of the Declaration. He says that it was the first time in the history of mankind when a "self-constituted country had been organized." Vital in this connection is the thought that it was not a declaration of independence by separate states, but that the "whole people declared the Colonies in their united condition of right free and independent states." "The independence of each separate State had never been declared of right. It never existed in fact." This statement is along the line which Professor Van Tyne has of recent years made a main thesis of the origin of the

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United States, to the effect that the Union is older than the states, that the latter never had any existence except in the Union, just as now they have no legal existence except in that condition.

The closing is an unusually eloquent one of scriptural basis, and truly prophetic. "Lay up these principles, then, in your hearts, and in your souls. . . . So may your children's children at the next return of this day of jubilee, after a full century of experience under your national Constitution, celebrate it again in the full enjoyment of all the blessings recognized by you in the commemoration of this day" Truly it was the final triumph of the Constitution as the work of one people over the separative principles of State sovereignty that brought to the century celebration the fulfillment of this prophecy, and which still abides with us on the eve of the sesquicentennial.

Between Adams' great address and the centenary of the Declaration of Independence appeal had been made to the sword, and its decision had been epitomized in the dictum of the Supreme Court of the United States that our government under the Constitution was one of an "indissoluble Union of indestructible States." No longer vexed and divided by the great political problems of the first seventy-five years of national life, the people, "united, free," indulged for the first time in an extended observance of one of their great events. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 was a symbol as well as a commemoration; it was a mile-post in our progress, marking the beginning of the era of economic and social complexities, and it brought together Americans from all over the country that they might view each other and each other's products, and compare both with what the foreign world provided. It was a great education; an even greater unifying element.

The country was taught by the centennial to make its celebrations national ones; and the lesson was followed when the Constitution had accomplished its first hundred years. Of the several outstanding events in the formation of the Constitution, the signing of the draft and the inauguration were selected for special observance. A three-day celebration was held in Philadelphia on September 15-17, 1887, shared by national and state officials; and during the exercises of the final day, September 17, the hundredth anniversary of the signing, President Cleveland delivered an oration. The fête in honor of the centennial of Washington's inauguration was one of equal pomp at

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New York on April 30, 1889, with a naval parade the day before. Again national and state officials participated together, President Harrison being the chief guest. Both of these events have been preserved for posterity in elaborate published accounts.

Besides these two preëminently national services, there was a series of local ones during this commemoration. Each of the thirteen original states had its own ratification to remember, though all of them did not take advantage of the opportunity. There was a memorial oration in Boston at a special meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society of Boston on February 6, 1888, the centenary of Massachusetts' ratification. The Rhode Island Historical Society had an address on April 30, 1889, and in 1890 a discourse on Rhode Island's ratification. The New York Historical Society heard two addresses, one on November 15, 1887, on the framing of the Constitution and the causes thereof, and one on April 2, 1889, on the progress of American independence. The New Hampshire Historical Society observed June 21, 1888, which was the centennial not only of New Hampshire's ratification but also of the establishment of the Constitution through this ratification. Delegations from other historical societies attended the meeting and letters of greeting were received. These and the address of the day were published. April 30, 1889, was honored also by local rejoicings throughout the country.

It is to be noted that the celebrations so far were primarily orations or events of pomp and circumstances, and even when national in character to have been centered in one place. Except for those fortunate enough to visit the Centennial Exposition, there was little of general educative value in them or of opportunity for harmonious general local participation. The observance of the sesquicentennial of the Declaration of Independence also took the form of a fair at Philadelphia; but fairs were no longer a novelty and it did not attract national attention as did the centennial. The plans for the George Washington bicentennial struck an entirely new note. Congress, generous in the prosperous times of the later 'twenties, authorized and appropriated freely; and the commission of high officials, Congressmen, and presidential appointees planned a program that would have permanent results as well as make the career and character of Washington alive to all of the people of the country. The depression intervened between the plan and the fulfillment, none the less the program

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was most successfully carried out. The appeal to honor the great chief was made to all classes and groups of the huge national complex; and the magnitude and sincerity of response from all not only made it a worthy monument to one of the world's great men, but it evidenced the popular appreciation of the fact that Washington is the indispensable character in the history of our Nation. To "sell" George Washington to the whole country required an elaborate organization; and under the director, Representative Sol Bloom, the staff that was brought together contained historians, educators, dramatists, pageantists, musicians, genealogists, librarians, a publicity department, departments to concentrate on the interests of special groups of all kinds and on civic divisions and special activities and events, and one on foreign participation, as well as the usual administrative unit and the necessary elements for handling the mail and the publications and their distribution.

From February 22, 1932, until Thanksgiving Day of that year the people were Washington-conscious, and the lesson of his life was made a permanent factor in the knowledge of the Nation. Moreover, the scholars were not forgotten, and for them new material was made available, the most important result being a complete edition of Washington's works, edited by Dr. J. C. Fitzpatrick and published by the government. It is still in process of production; its thirty-odd volumes would have been an impossible undertaking for a private publisher.

By the time this article is before its readers the sesquicentennial of the Constitution will have been inaugurated on September 17. It has been planned along lines similar to those of the Washington bicentennial, and like that has Mr. Bloom as its director-general. The commemoration will cover the whole period of the formation of our present Union from the signing of the Constitution to the inauguration of Washington; a continuous glow of nineteen months with various particular bursts of flame. Three of these will be main national events—the sesquicentennial of the signing of the Constitution, that of New Hampshire's last necessary ratification, and the inauguration of the first President. But it is also expected that the original states will observe their ratification dates and the later states their admission days, and that many localities will find opportunity to associate some particular event of their history with the general rejoicing over the success of our country under its great plan of government.

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A staff similar to that of the bicentennial commission, and even containing a few veterans of the earlier organization, has been preparing for almost two years for the event. The educative aspect of the commemoration is being stressed even more than during the bicentennial, for it is realized that the basis of republican government is knowledge on the part of the people of its implications. With this fact in mind a booklet, called "The Story of the Constitution," has been issued, which contains accurate texts of the Constitution and Amendments and also of the Declaration of Independence and the Farewell Address, as it is considered that the three are complementary. Around these texts various articles have been assembled telling the story of the government for the 128,000,000 "who are not judges or lawyers or professors or historians or otherwise trained in the knowledge of the Constitution which governs the daily lives of all of us . . . a book for the people." The work has additional features of popular worth, and it has already attained a very large circulation and is expected to run into millions.

That the Nation should celebrate its great achievements and progress for one hundred and fifty years under the Constitution, and do reverence to the memory of the forefathers who in their almost miraculous wisdom laid the foundation of the government, is in itself sufficient reason for the work which the commission is doing and promoting; but to make the people aware and mindful of the value of the Constitution in all that pertains to their life and well-being is a nobler task to which the commission has set itself.



Oconostota--The Great Warrior

BY MARY-ELIZABETH LYNNAH, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

—Shakespeare, *MACBETH*, III, i, 108.



WHEN Return J. Meigs, United States Agent among the Cherokee Indians of South Carolina, wrote in 1809, complaining bitterly about the frequent interruptions to which he was being subjected by the sudden and unwelcome intrusion into his tent of the "greasy old Oconostota," the thought did not occur to him that this chance mention of the aging and despised ex-Archimagus of the Cherokee Nation would be his sole claim to historical interest little more than a century later.

Oconostota, wrote Meigs, would push his way, uninvited, into the tent, and remain, though unencouraged, to "wail for hours over his departed greatness." Such unpleasant and unscheduled interviews, he said, not only occasioned him extreme boredom, but also seriously detracted from his study of the classics.

Had this relatively unimportant government agent, however, spent less time and candlelight in the serene contemplation of the Odes of Horace, or the Comedies of Plautus, and expended more energy in tracking down and administering to the needs of his Indian charges, his career would possibly have been more noteworthy. Had Meigs, moreover, been more familiar with the habits, history and character of the people over whom he had jurisdiction, it is probable that he would have pitied, rather than abhorred, the besotted, wretched old Indian who had come in search of his sympathy.

Life for Oconostota had been a stormy symphony, wherein were to be found all the sharps and flats, crescendoes and diminuendoes contained on the keyboard of experience.

The exact dates of Oconostota's birth and death are unknown. Savages living from day to day have little thought for the future, and

OCCONOSTOTA—THE GREAT WARRIOR

the Cherokees, like other bodies of American aborigines, had scant use for a written language. What sparse records they cared to make, therefore, were fashioned in the designs of bead belts, and, with the passing of a few decades, and the eventual death of the weaver, even these records, whether of an important inter-tribal treaty, or of an event of national significance, were lost to posterity, their meaning having endured only as long as the memory of the weaver.

Vital statistics, therefore, such as written accounts of births and deaths in the various tribes, were non-existent. The Cherokees had no fear of race-suicide. It was common knowledge that more Cherokees were ushered into the world during the peaceful days than were permanently dispatched by poisoned arrows to the "happy hunting grounds," during the months that the paths of the Carolina forests ran red with the life-blood of Indian brother and foe.

Thus it must never have occurred to the Cherokee Nation that, one day in the misty future, historians would inquire avidly, and search in vain for the records of the birth and decease of their notorious national character, the old Archimagus, or head-chief—Oconostota, *alias* The Great Warrior.

Oconostota first attracted the Carolina white man's attention in the year 1730, when, as a young man of "Herculean" frame, distinguished for his supreme courage, and almost super-human strength, he was chosen one of a delegation of six Cherokee chiefs, and designated to call upon the King of England, at his "great house across the water."

The English, in the infancy of their settlement on the Ashley River, had remained for a number of years smugly unconscious of their proximity to a large and powerful federation of savage redmen, situated some three hundred miles northwest of Charles Town—in spite of the fact that as early as 1690, an enterprising Virginia trader by the name of Daugherty, had taken up his abode among the Cherokees, and was carrying on a flourishing business in their midst.

The discovery of the Cherokee Nation by Carolinians, therefore, must be credited to the fearless hunters or cow drivers who soon pushed further into the untrammelled and fertile uplands than the pioneer settlers had cared or dared to penetrate. Traders immediately saw the opportunities for vast profits in dealing with these seemingly flourishing savages, and, in time, the Cherokees so accus-

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tomed themselves to depend upon their trade with the English to furnish them with the necessities of life, that a withdrawal of this commercial intercourse would have seriously affected their comfort. The great Keowee trail, therefore, connecting Charles Town with the Cherokee Nation soon swarmed with packhorse caravans, bearing provisions and agricultural implements northward to the waiting tribesmen, and returning to Charles Town, loaded down with fine pelts.

The prodigious advantages of an established friendship and actual alliance with the formidable Cherokee Nation at once became apparent to the English Sovereign, George II, who lost no time perfecting his plans, for fear the agile French would outwit him. In the year 1730, therefore, having determined upon a plan for conciliating the Indians of Carolina's hilly regions, George II appointed one Sir Alexander Cummings special commissioner to the Cherokees, and dispatched him post haste to the New World.

Sir Alexander arrived in Carolina early in 1730, and lost no time in making elaborate preparations for the important mission that lay before him. After securing a few Indian traders to serve in the capacity of guides, and after attaching the necessary interpreter to his party, he set out for the Cherokee country. About three hundred miles from Charles Town, at the town of Keowee, Cummings was met by a deputation of chiefs, who greeted him warmly and gave every evidence of their unbiased friendship. Arrangements, moreover, were immediately completed for a vast concourse of all Cherokee chiefs, to be held at Nequasse town in the month of April.

At the appointed time, Sir Alexander and his Indian confreres met in solemn council. At the conclusion of the elaborate native ceremonials of greeting, the English commissioner delivered a lengthy address, wherein he explained to the assemblage of Cherokee notables, the purpose of his mission. After describing the dangers and vicissitudes of the long journey he had just undertaken, he called upon the Indians to acknowledge George II as their sovereign and to swear allegiance to him.

Oconostota and his fellow-chiefs were greatly moved by the eloquence of the Englishman, as transmitted to them by the Cherokee interpreter. Young and old alike prostrated themselves, therefore, and, solemnly pledging their obedient and everlasting support, invoked the dietific wrath upon such of their numbers as should dishonor their vows.

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Sir Alexander, thereupon, gravely thanked the chiefs for their warm spirit of coöperation, and nominated the Indian, Moytoy, commander-in-chief of the nation. The other chiefs unanimously agreed to acknowledge Moytoy as their leader, provided he in turn should be responsible to the English commissioner.

Thus the congress drew to a successful conclusion. Both the English and the Cherokees manifested great satisfaction at the results of the meeting, and the chiefs returned to their respective villages, laden with the presents "the great king" had sent them. Moytoy—the newly elected commander-in-chief, then laid before Sir Alexander the national crown, together with four enemy scalps and five choice eagle tails, and begged the commissioner to present these small tokens of his allegiance to the King, upon his return to England. The commissioner, however, no doubt restraining a smile with great difficulty, assured the well-intentioned Indian that the great King would indeed be doubly impressed if Moytoy were to send a Cherokee embassy back with him to lay the presents in person before George II.

And so it happened that six chiefs, among them Oconostota, The Great Warrior, set out with Sir Alexander, on the return trip to England. At Charles Town, moreover, a seventh Cherokee was added to the original deputation, and Cummings, accompanied by his Cherokee diplomats, boarded the "Fox," an English warship, and set sail for Britain, reaching the port of Dover in June of the same year.

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The strongly-built, beady-eyed red men, must have greatly impressed His Britannic Majesty, particularly two of the chiefs—the giant Oconostota, with his statuesque physical perfection and scintillating intellect, and his friend, the eloquent but extremely small Atta-kulla-kulla, better known as The Little Carpenter.

It was Skijagustah, however, who was chosen spokesman for the Cherokees on this great occasion. After an agreeable treaty had been drawn up by Alured Popple, Secretary to the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, and signed by himself for England, and by the Indian chiefs as the representatives of their Nation, Skijagustah arose majestically, and addressed the King in behalf of his people. His speech may be paraphrased as follows:

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"He declared that they looked upon the great King George as the sun and their father, and upon themselves as his children. For though we be red, he said, and you are white, yet our hands and our hearts are joined together. When we have acquainted our people with what we have seen, our children from generation to generation will always remember it. In war we shall always be one with you. The enemies of the great King shall be our enemies; his people and ours shall be one." In concluding, he said: "Your white people may very safely build houses near us; we shall hunt nothing that belongs to them, for we are children of one father, the great King, and shall live and die together." Then, laying down his feathers upon the table, he added: "This is our way of talking, which is the same to us as your letters in the book are to you, and to you, beloved men, we deliver these feathers in confirmation of all we have said!"

The King gracefully accepted the proffered feathers, blissfully unaware of the regrettable fact that the Indian's word is often of as little weight as the symbol of his pledge. The Cherokees, in turn, were presented with a copy of the treaty to which they had just appended their "signatures," and, armed with this document bearing the seal of approval of Sir Alexander Cummings, as well as his certification of its accuracy, they returned to their Carolina hillsides, duly impressed with the importance and wealth of their newly-found Father, the great King.

George II, on the other hand, settled back comfortably on his throne, and slyly winked at his courtiers, as his practical Hanoverian mind reviewed the remarkable territorial and commercial concessions he had wheedled out of the unsophisticated Indians at the price of a few ridiculously gay strings of beads and a shiny implement or two. The jovial sovereign's mirth proved, unfortunately, extremely premature. In gloating over his unparalleled success with the recently departed Oconostota and the other Cherokee ambassadors, George II failed to recognize certain qualities peculiar to the Indian character. He also neglected to make due allowance for the fact that the Indian's code of honor differed in many respects from that of the white man, and for this reason he did not provide for emergencies that might arise in the Colonies, with respect to the Indian lands to which he had recently been granted such easy access.

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The Carolinian Colonists, moreover, likewise showed very little diplomacy and foresight in their dealings with the Cherokees. At the time of the earliest English settlement in South Carolina, there had been about twenty nations or tribes of Indians scattered throughout the State, the most influential of which were the Cherokees. With one concerted attack, they could have blotted out the English Colony completely. The various tribes, however, lacked union spirit. Their individual members were, by their very nature, incurably jealous of their inherited rights and tribal integrity. To unite with another nation of Indians would have been degrading, in their opinion, and so it was that internal strife and discord prevented their causing the English Colony in South Carolina any serious trouble. From the very beginning, nevertheless, the Indians had proved a source of extreme annoyance to the Carolinians. Encounters with the tribesmen increased in frequency with the passing of time, and were, almost always, sure to be of an unpleasant nature, ranging in ferocity from mere scalping parties to more serious engagements. With the treaty of 1730, however, the Colonists felt that much had been accomplished towards alleviating this distressing situation. Some Carolinians were even so optimistic as to believe that the treaty would result in an absolute and complete understanding between the inordinately powerful Cherokees and their English neighbors, for, the Colonists argued, if the "powerful Cherokees" were brought to terms, the lesser tribes would surely fall into step, all in good time.

As it developed, the Carolinians were spared further worry as to Cherokee disturbances for approximately twenty-two years after the signing of the treaty. Fortune appeared to favor the British cause. The great Oconostota, an ardent admirer of George II, and a staunch friend of the British, was elected Archimagus or Head Chief of the entire Cherokee Nation in the year 1738, while Atta-kulla-kulla, another pro-British Cherokee, was made Vice-King. With his accession as Archimagus, Oconostota's word became the law, and his already great power over his people was rapidly magnified to that of a despot.

It was evident that as long as the English retained his good will they might be assured of his whole-hearted assistance and support. The same held good for Atta-kulla-kulla, whose British sympathies had become proverbial in the Colonies, where he was known as the

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Englishman's staunchest friend among the Cherokee tribes. Should the English Colonists, however, cause Oconostota or his Vice-King any undue displeasure, it was simple to foresee the devastating effect upon the Indians as a whole, and the Cherokees in particular.

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As it happened, however, the first Indian upheaval was the result of an inter-tribal disturbance between the Cherokees and the Creeks, a minor tribe, rather than a rift in harmony between the English Colonists and their Cherokee allies.

There arose a serious misunderstanding between the two tribes which ended in the usual altercation and regrettable bloodshed, and culminated with the unpardonable slaughter of a party of Cherokees. The engagement in question took place just outside the gates of Charles Town, and James Glen, the current Governor, took immediate steps to secure instant satisfaction from the headstrong Creeks, his interest being doubled by the fact that an unfortunate British trader had wandered innocently into the mêlée, and had been promptly and efficiently relieved of his scalp.

A public congress was held, therefore, at which it was pointed out that not only had a British citizen been ruthlessly murdered, but also a number of Cherokees, subjects of The Great Warrior, an ally of England. Governor Glen demanded of the attendant Creeks prompt settlement of the score, upon threat of armed British intervention. An apology, however, was immediately forthcoming, through the intercession of the famous Creek orator, Malatchee, and as the Governor chanced to be in a receptive mood that day, peace was somehow restored.

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Two years of comparative calm passed, being succeeded by a distressing period, when it appeared for a time that, through the interference of Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, South Carolina and Oconostota were being driven to a parting of the ways. Dinwiddie, jealous of the monetary advantages to Carolina of her trade alliance with the Cherokees, did all in his power to transfer the Indians' attention toward barter with the Virginians. Governor Glen, of South Carolina, refused, however, to ignore Dinwiddie's manipulations.

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Up until the time of his intercession, the Cherokees had strictly confined themselves to Carolina as a source of supply for the various necessities of life, and, as professed allies of his State, he was not content to watch the Cherokees changing sides according to will, and leaving his State in the precarious and embarrassing position of uncertainty as to her exact relations with the Nation. Although presumably still the friend of the British, Oconostota momentarily and tentatively had transferred his commercial allegiance from Carolina to Virginia, out of regard for the greater bargains offered by Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie. The Great Warrior, moreover, had even gone so far as to send Atta-kulla-kulla, together with a delegation of Cherokees, to investigate the advantages of trading exclusively with Virginia.

Glen, however, upon receiving advices of this wavering upon the part of Oconostota, wrote Dinwiddie a scathing letter, a copy of which is contained in the Indian Books, on file in the present offices of the Secretary of State, in Columbia, South Carolina. Not only did he stress the point that South Carolina was simply "a weak frontier colony, and in case of an invasion by the French would be their first object of attack," but he also explained how, by retaining "the affection of the Indians" around them they would have little cause for fear.

"The Cherokees alone," he wrote, "have several thousand gunmen well acquainted with every inch of this province—their country is the key to Carolina. We have been greatly alarmed by the behavior of the Virginians in regard to the Cherokees."

"By long experience," he wrote, "we have become thoroughly acquainted with their nature and inclinations, and have been so successful in managing them as to keep them steady to the British interest, notwithstanding the vigorous and persevering efforts of France to seduce them from us."

The Carolinian Governor's timely efforts were well rewarded. Dinwiddie harkened to the reasonable request, and, possibly out of regard for the common British cause, but probably from lack of temerity, actually ceased tampering with the Cherokees, who silently returned to the Carolinian fold, with the sagacious Atta-kulla-kulla at their head. James Glen was overjoyed. Further trouble with the Cherokees seemed improbable, at least for the time being. Like his sovereign, George II, however, Governor Glen was overconfident of success, as he made no allowances for the peculiar character of the savages with

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whom he was dealing. He, consequently, could foresee neither the tremendous difficulties he was about to experience as the indirect result of the Cherokee-Creek quarrel of 1752, nor the nation's participation in the Fort Duquesne expedition, in the early years of the French and Indian War.

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Oconostota, The Great Warrior, and his Cherokee subjects, with true Indian tenacity, refused to forgive or forget the Creeks' murderous attack upon their unfortunate brother tribesmen outside Charles Town Gates. Blood satisfaction was imperative, according to their Indian point of view, so war again flared up between the tribes, its horrors having increased twofold.

James Glen watched the contest from the sidelines. In unrevealing silence he considered the possibly disastrous effect upon his Colony of a prolonged Indian conflict. June, 1753, came and went. There appeared no prospects of surrender on the part of either tribe. Glen could restrain himself no longer. He realized that British interference would be the only possible chance of preserving the fast shrinking security of the English Colonists.

Intimately aware of the dangerous Oconostota's insatiable war lust, and of the Vice-King Atta-kulla-kulla's unwavering loyalty to his superior, Glen feared that once the red targets for the Archimagus' arrows had been depleted, the Indian's war-crazed attention would be focused upon the unprotected colonists, not only along the coastal regions, but particularly along the frontier. For this reason the Cherokees and Creeks were summoned to appear separately before the Governor in the council chamber on July 4, 1753, in order that terms might be arranged for an indefinite peace, and so that the hatchet might be buried as deeply and completely as possible.

Governor Glen presided at the conference, and the embassy from the Cherokee Nation was first admitted to the council chamber. Atta-kulla-kulla, the noncommittal Oconostota's clever spokesman and mouthpiece, indulged in a long "talk," after which pipes of peace were smoked by all present. At the conclusion of this grave ceremony, the Cherokee ambassadors gracefully withdrew from the chamber, in order to make way for the waiting Creek embassy. With shameful disregard, however, for the agreements just made with the

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English Governor, the Cherokees left their conscience behind them in the council chamber, and setting out for the Nation, they proceeded to steal such trifles as they needed from the various little settlements they passed on the journey home.

Shortly after the departure of the Cherokee chiefs, the surviving remnant of the Creek chiefs entered the same chamber to confer with Governor Glen. The result of the dual conference was a strong peace pact, which was in years to come to prove ruinous to the frontiersmen of northwestern Carolina, when Creeks and Cherokees joined forces as allies in laying waste to frontier lands, killing or burning every white encountered, and destroying their possessions.

Having thus forced the bellicose Oconostota to form an alliance with his deadly enemies, the Creeks, Governor Glen subsequently realized the absolute and undeniable need for some concrete line of defense along the Carolina frontier. Among Carolinians, it had been agreed for years that a fort would be necessary to protect the settlers from the Indians (who were not above backsliding on their given word), as well as to instill in savage hearts such respect for English authority that they would fear to desert to the seductive French, who were, by slow degrees, erecting a veritable crescent of fortifications, all the way southward from strong bases in Canada, along the Mississippi River Valley, to Louisiana. Carolina, it was justly argued, lay in the cup of the dangerous halfmoon, and might easily be crushed in any contraction of its powerful horns.

As early as 1734, therefore, only four years after the Cherokee embassy's visit to England, the ordinarily alert British Government had been asked to lend monetary aid in the erection of a counter line of defense along the Carolina frontier, not only in order to insure against French invasion, but also to satisfy and awe the bothersome Indians.

In 1755, however, it had finally become apparent that no real assistance could be extracted from that quarter. His Majesty's Council, in South Carolina, for this reason, authorized Governor Glen to supervise the immediate construction of a lone fort as close as possible to the Cherokee town of Keowee. The stipulations for the erection of the fort contained numerous directions, prominent among which were the provisions that the fort should be constructed only on land

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bought from the Indians, and that its gross cost should not exceed £3,000.

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Fort Prince George, a poorly constructed fortification, thus came into being. Situated in the neighborhood of Keowee, it boasted a square design, and a barracks sufficiently large to house one hundred men, and with its sixteen bristling little cannon, appeared battle-worthy, although it was so wretchedly built that it tumbled into ruins within a space of three years. The new fort immediately attracted the attention of the covetous Oconostota, who, destined to play a major rôle in its tragic finale, greatly desired the stronghold for his personal use, and for the enlargement of his Nation's war machine.

For approximately a year, nevertheless, a semblance of peace was maintained on the borderland. Then, without warning, and apparently without true cause, a party of French Indians suddenly tore down upon twenty-one Virginian and Pennsylvanian emigrants, and mercilessly massacred the settlers, a short distance north of the Union and Spartanburg line.

Governor Glen immediately summoned the Cherokees to another council. But an impertinent message from the chief, Old Hop, was the sole reply. The wily Atta-kulla-kulla, acting as usual in the rôle of intermediary between the English and their Cherokee allies, informed the Governor that Old Hop begged to advise His Excellency that he had absolutely no intention of dispatching another embassy to Charles Town, and thereby exposing his valuable warriors to the "fatal sickness" then so prevalent on the "trail" and in the town.

James Glen, in spite of the old Cherokee's outright insolence, agreed to meet an Indian embassy halfway between Charles Town and the Nation proper. A meeting was arranged to be held at Saluda Old Town. For various reasons, however, the council did not actually take place until the year 1756, and even then, not until Glen was assured that William Henry Lyttleton was well on the way over from England to relieve him of his exacting duties as Governor of South Carolina. In fact, when William Lyttleton arrived in Charles Town, in June, 1756, he not only learned the alarming news that war had been formally declared on France on May 17, while he had been on the high seas, but was also informed that the gubernatorial incumbent

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was far away, at Saluda Old Town, treating with the dissatisfied Cherokees.

With regard to James Glen's negotiations with the Cherokees, the trader Adair wrote:

His Excellency, our Governor neglected the proper measures to reconcile the wavering savages till the gentleman who was appointed to succeed him had just reached the American coast; then, indeed, he set out with a considerable number of gentlemen in flourishing parade, and went as far as Ninety-six settlement, from whence, as most probably he expected, he was fortunately recalled and joyfully superseded. I saw him on his way up, and plainly observed he was unprovided for the journey; it must unavoidably have proved abortive before he could have proceeded through the Cherokee country. . . . He neither sent before nor carried with him any presents wherewith to soothe the natives, and his kind promises and smooth speeches would have weighed exceedingly light in an Indian scale.

The true occasion for Governor Glen's visit to the Nation, it appears, was the advance preparations for another fortress, to be located on the Tennessee River. Glen, as it happened, had promised Atta-kulla-kulla a fort on this river as a reward for the continued allegiance of the Cherokees to the English cause.

As long as Oconostota's fidelity was evident, Glen conveniently forgot his proffered gift, but once it became apparent that Oconostota's friendship for the British was on the ebb, the about-to-be-superseded Governor took steps to erect the long-promised fort as quickly as possible, in a last minute attempt to win back the Cherokees' affection. Thus it was that Governor Glen, fully protected by the reassuring presence of a heavily armed bodyguard of Provincials, ventured into the doubtful Cherokee territory, taking with him sufficient manpower to aid in the construction of the new fort.

It was practically impossible to determine whether he was proceeding among friends or lurking enemies. Glen, however, for this reason, stationed his Provincials at Ninety-six, so as to assure himself of protection in an emergency, without, at the same time, alarming the Cherokees by the unexplained presence of armed troops. After placing the Provincials, Glen himself proceeded to Saluda Old Town for the council, preparatory to traveling on to the chosen site for the new fort, on the Tennessee. The recently arrived Governor Lyttleton,

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however, doubted the quality of Glen's judgment, and feared that the presence of the Provincials at Ninety-six was not only unnecessary, but also harmful in that it would easily arouse the suspicions of the Cherokees, who were only too ready for an excuse to join battle with the English Colonists.

One of his first acts of authority after alighting on Carolina soil, therefore, was to dispatch a courier after the ex-Governor Glen, assuring him that the Indians contemplated no unfriendly action at the time, and transmitting orders to Raymond Demere, Captain of the Provincials, to dismiss his troops instantly. Thus, unexpectedly deprived of his armed guard, the unfortunate ex-Governor, nevertheless, felt obliged to carry out the dangerous enterprise already begun. He, therefore, pushed on to the site, by way of Fort Prince George, accompanied only by Captain Demere and his construction corps. At Fort Prince George, the officer in charge—a young ensign, Coytomore—joined Glen's small cavalcade, and it is interesting to note that Captain Demere wrote Governor Lyttleton regarding this officer as follows:

"I find myself alone here (at Fort Prince George) with a young officer who, although quite capable, is yet too young for such a command unassisted at this time."

Looking ahead to the misfortunes that finally overtook the inexperienced ensign at a later date, it must be admitted that Demere's seemingly harsh judgment proved astoundingly mature, and unusually sound insofar as it concerned his understanding of the Indian's strange character, and the inability of one so young and untried as Coytomore to cope with it.

One of the best examples of characteristically Indian behavior, however, was the disgraceful treatment Governor Glen received while on his trip to the Tennessee River. Once the river location of the new fort (to be called Fort Loudon) was reached, the actual construction was begun with utmost dispatch, and the ordnance assembled and got ready. Glen, meanwhile, took advantage of the excellent opportunity offered him to move among the half-starved, improvident tribesmen, distributing meat and provisions to an unappreciative, fast deteriorating people, who snatched greedily at what he had to offer, and then resumed their muttered complaints, as soon as he had passed beyond earshot.

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It was obvious that the ex-Governor's belated mission had proved a wretched failure. Fearing the threatening calm of Oconostota, who deigned only to speak through the medium of his trusted oracle, Atta-kulla-kulla, Glen and his party hastily returned to Charles Town, leaving Captain Raymond Demere in charge of Fort Loudon. If it produced no other beneficial results, the pilgrimage of Governor Glen among the Cherokees at least purchased a brief peace.

Two fortifications had now been raised upon Indian soil, and Oconostota, The Great Warrior, considered in silence the proportion of truth to be found in the French agents' prophecy that the English, once they had planted enough strongholds on unresisting Indian soil, would disarm the tribesmen and cast their women and children into bonds.

It is not remarkable, therefore, that conniving French agents found many a ready ear besides the Archimagus' open to their incitement to league with France against the grasping subjects of the British sovereign. Oconostota, however, as the motive power of the Cherokee Nation, though inwardly stirred, gave no external token of a shift in allegiance. In 1758, when the French and Indian War was well under way, he even sent Atta-kulla-kulla, together with a band of selected warriors, north to supplement General Forbes' forces, in the expedition against Fort Duquesne. The Cherokees' participation in the Duquesne affair, produced the first definitely disintegrating effects upon their otherwise solid relationship with the Carolina Colonists.

In this connection, three distressing incidents occurred, all of which contributed greatly to the actual break which finally took place between the Cherokees and the Carolinians. First of all, Atta-kulla-kulla, The Little Carpenter, and nine of his braves deserted without explanation, while serving under General Forbes. The general promptly had his men hunt the Cherokees down, and, after their capture, had them arrested without further delay. The Little Carpenter, upon being examined, attributed his sudden withdrawal from battle to a misunderstanding, and he was soon allowed to return free to Carolina, where he no doubt reported the unsavory experience to the Archimagus Oconostota, who, nevertheless, evinced as yet no resentment against the Carolina white men.

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A little later on, a more serious misdeed was committed by men of the Nation. Another group of Cherokee warriors proudly displayed their bloody human trophies, and the news of the escapade spread across the Nation, finally reaching the ears of Atta-kulla-kulla, who immediately ordered the burial of the scalps, in spite of the owners' blatant protests.

Scarcely had this second outrage been perpetrated, however, before another occurred, even more serious in the final analysis. At the culmination of the Forbes' expedition against Duquesne, a group of Cherokees who had actually remained to see the outcome of the battle, lost their mounts while crossing through Virginia on the homeward trek. Not being overburdened with a sense of honesty, they unabashedly appropriated to their use whatever horses they chanced to find.

The Virginians thus deprived of their property, naturally objected to the outright theft, pursued the Indian thieves, and finally succeeded in overtaking about twelve tribesmen, whom they killed instead of giving them the benefit of a trial at court, according to law and the understanding which had existed between the Indians and the English Government, since the time of the Cherokee embassy's visit to George II some twenty years previously.

South Carolina, and not Virginia, paid in blood for the Virginians' ruthless murder of the Cherokee horse thieves. News of the slaughter was quickly transmitted to the Nation, and those Indians who were fortunate enough to outride the enraged settlers hastened home to advise Oconostota, The Great Warrior, of the sudden tragedy in his ranks, as well as to break the news as swiftly as possible to the bereaved families. The Nation, as a whole, was temporarily transfixed by the loss of twelve of its choicest warriors, and scarcely a family was to be found that had not suffered the death of a beloved kinsman.

However, Oconostota, the Archimagus, preserved his outward calm. In all gravity, he advocated to his people the maintenance of peace at all costs, impressing upon them the fact that the Nation was in no position to engage in a conflict of any magnitude. Indians of mature age and wisdom whole-heartedly concurred with their Head-King in this opinion, and consequently exhausted their pent-up emotions in doleful, harmless lamentation. For a time it appeared that

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The Great Warrior, Occonostota, would have his way. Then, suddenly, the youth of the nation went on an unscheduled rampage, utterly disregarding the advice of their sager and more experienced elders.

Immediate action must be taken, they declared. A vengeance campaign must be instantly staged, in order that they might still the voices of the spirits of their slain brothers who cried ceaselessly throughout the long nights, imploring their earthly aid in chastising the offending white man. With fiery propaganda of this nature, the more radical young orators successfully harangued the youth of the Nation, who were quickly aroused and only too eager to engage in what promised to be a most exciting venture.

In vain, the old chiefs of the various tribes joined forces with the unbending Occonostota in a concerted attempt to stem the swiftly rising tide of their young warriors' wrath. Their pacific counsel, however, went unheeded. Prompt payment in full of the bloody debt was imperative, the young men insisted, and not even a momentary delay would be tolerated.

Had there been a notable insufficiency of the necessary arms and ammunition the campaign could never have gotten under way as quickly and efficiently as it did. The ever-alert French agents, however, were as usual within calling distance, and upon being asked for assistance, were "charmed and delighted" to furnish the supplies wherewith their English rivals might be neatly mowed down by savage butchers. No sooner, therefore, had the Cherokee hordes finished blackening their countenances with war paint, and taken firm hold on their gleaming new weapons, than they poured down upon the Carolina frontier, sweeping everything before them, and scattering death and utter destruction in their wake not unlike an army of gluttonous locusts.

The restless spirits of the departed horse thieves, it seems, unfortunately had not proved overly particular in specifying which white men were to be punished. As the unoffending Carolina frontiersmen proved more conveniently located, they, therefore, instead of the guilty and more distant Virginians, were elected to play the rôle of sacrificial victim. Although the Cherokees themselves felt not the slightest compunction at exercising their vengeance upon innocent parties, there were, nevertheless, two personages of great importance who were, not unnaturally, alarmed at the unnecessary bloodshed, and determined to put an end to the disturbance as quickly as possible.

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These men, moreover, were none other than The Great Warrior, Oconostota, and His Excellency the Governor of South Carolina, William Henry Lyttleton. Oconostota, of course, learned at first hand of the sudden onslaught upon the frontier, and although he did all in his power to dissuade his subjects from following such a course, he finally realized that his efforts were fruitless. Governor Lyttleton, on the other hand, was first advised of the atrocities by a courier dispatched to Charles Town by Captain Raymond Demere, commandant of Fort Loudon, immediately upon the opening of hostilities.

Upon receipt of this well-timed warning, Lyttleton promptly sought and secured the Legislature's authorization to raise a considerable force to employ against the Cherokees, and immediately summoned the militia to assemble at Congarees, preparatory to following him into the heart of the troubled area. Raymond Demere, meanwhile, made a last minute attempt to terminate the frontier warfare by asking Oconostota to meet and confer with him at Fort Loudon.

The Great Warrior, anxious to help if he possibly could, obliged by visiting the fort, in the company of several of his most trusted headmen, and Demere questioned the Cherokees as to the reason for their warriors' disgraceful conduct. The grim-visaged Head-Chief, unwilling to divulge the actual purpose of the swift unheaval, craftily replied that only the young men of the Nation were to blame, and, thereupon, explained, but did not excuse, their sudden unearthing of the hatchet.

According to The Great Warrior's account, the French agents were the real source of the evil. Upon them alone, he said, must the blame rest, for they had horrified the Cherokee Nation by the news that the English were planning to exterminate the Nation, after first crippling its fighting power by cutting off its supplies. It was only natural, he pointed out, that the Cherokees should hope to strike the first blow on their would-be oppressors. Captain Demere, however, had had previous experience in dealing with Indians, and was not easily impressed. He assured the Archimagus, therefore, that his people had been sorely misinformed by the rascally Frenchmen, and even succeeded in persuading Oconostota to go and see for himself how easily Cherokees of the upper nation might secure arms at Fort Prince George, where only requests from the obviously hostile tribesmen of the Lower Nation were ignored. However, upon demanding ammuni-

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tion at Fort Prince George, Keowee, the Archimagus, was promptly and unconditionally refused.

During his absence, the old chiefs of his nation, still endeavoring to restore peace, had secured through the intercession of Governor Ellis, of Georgia, what they considered to be permission to meet and enjoy a "talk" with Governor Lyttleton down in Charles Town. An impressive deputation of Indians from the Lower Nation was, therefore, on the point of setting out to attend this conference, when Occonostota unexpectedly appeared on the scene, and determined to accompany his subjects to Charles Town, so as to recite in person his many grievances before the Governor, and see what steps might be taken towards effecting a lasting peace.

Up to this time, it may be noted, Occonostota's attitude towards Carolinians was entirely amicable, and quite as frank as might be expected of an inherently cunning Indian. His subsequent break with Carolina was entirely justifiable, in view of the circumstances which prompted it, although his method of evening up the score was equally inexcusable according to the civilized point of view.

As it happened, the Cherokee chiefs learned, upon their arrival in Charles Town, that nothing they could say or do would dissuade Governor Lyttleton from his avowed intention of marching an army up into the domains of their Nation. An armed invasion of their territory appeared inevitable. Lyttleton, it seems, like other Carolinians, was suspicious of the actual motives back of the Cherokees' humble suit for peace. It was difficult for him to believe that the Nation would now respect a new treaty, whereas all old ones had been silently pigeon-holed or ignored. It was generally feared that the wily chiefs of the Cherokees, not wishing to be taken unawares, and so placed at an exceeding disadvantage, had journeyed all the way to Charles Town with the sole intention of postponing the Governor's intervention until such time as they could get themselves in readiness for a possible attack. This was, indeed, the opinion of Mante, who in his "History of the Late War in North America," declared that:

The Indians are of such a disposition that unless they really feel the rod of chastisement they cannot be prevailed on to believe that we have the power to inflict it; and, accordingly, whenever they happened to be attacked by us, unprepared, they had recourse to a treaty of peace as a subterfuge, which gave them time to collect themselves.

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Then, without the least regard to the bonds of public faith, they, on the first opportunity, renewed their depredations. Negotiations and treaties of peace they despised, so that the only hopes to bring to reason their intractable minds, and of making them acknowledge our superiority and live in friendship with us, must arise from the severity of chastisement.

Governor Lyttleton, however, did not propose to employ force in extracting a favorable treaty from the Nation. It was merely his purpose to intimidate the Indians by an extremely warlike display, and so bring them to terms at the point of the bayonet, but without actual bloodletting. When, therefore, he finally condescended to hear "talks" from Oconostota and the lesser chiefs in the council chamber, it is not surprising that he stolidly refused to forego his visit to the Nation, as well as to accept the strings of white beads which the Cherokees laid at his feet in token of surrender.

Lyttleton, it must be admitted, was somewhat of an exhibitionist by nature. He gloried in the prospect of being hailed as the intimidator of the powerful Cherokee Nation. For this reason he boasted to Oconostota and the other chiefs that he would by all means carry out his original plans, first personally demanding satisfaction of the Nation, and then taking it by force, if it were not immediately available.

The Archimagus and his friends concealed their chagrin and resentment as best they could, when they were informed that the Governor would not even guarantee their safe conduct home, unless they agreed to travel in his company, in which case, he would see to it personally that not a hair of their heads should be harmed. Realizing that the Carolinians were out collecting stray Indian scalps, and feeling themselves to be virtual prisoners at any rate, the Cherokee chiefs glumly consented to join Lyttleton's armed cavalcade.

Early on the morning of October 29, 1759, the march to the Congarees began. Upon arriving there, the Governor found his militia ready and waiting to serve him. No sooner, moreover, were his forces thus augmented at Congarees, than Lyttleton ceased his attempts to conceal the fact that Oconostota and his associate chiefs were in reality prisoners of war.

The Cherokee ambassadors were justly enraged over the English Governor's unheroic and treacherous behavior, and did not hesitate to display their resentment openly. Two of them, moreover, were

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clever enough to outwit their guards and escape into the trackless Carolina forests, thereby creating the necessity for a captain's guard to be mounted over their less fortunate friends. In spite of difficulties, the military caravan pressed on to Fort Prince George, Governor Lyttleton sending advance information in regard to his visit to Atta-kulla-kulla, and inviting the Little Carpenter to meet him at the fort.

Immediately upon reaching Fort Prince George, Governor Lyttleton ordered his Cherokee captives cooped up in a wretched hut, which was scarcely large enough to house six of their number. Amid grunts and protests on the part of the wretched chieftains, the Governor's harsh commands were carried out. However successful his campaign might have appeared thus far, Lyttleton was soon to discover that his precipitate march into the Cherokee lands would accomplish little if anything more than could have been secured without ever having left Charles Town, whereas it proved an extremely expensive proposition, and detracted not a little from his dignity and reputation for honesty.

The armed invasion of the Nation had one evil result which undoubtedly outweighed any meagre beneficial effects. This was the loss of the friendship and the commencement of the implacable hatred on the part of Oconostota and his Cherokee Nation for the people of South Carolina. Penned up in the poorly ventilated and crowded hut, Oconostota, like a wild animal of the woods, thought only of his lost freedom, and silently awaited the hour of release and revenge. Fate played into his hands. Without previous warning Governor Lyttleton's poorly trained and scantily armed militia mutinied, and the Governor, realizing that the situation called for quick action, hastily conferred with the Vice-King Atta-kulla-kulla. Needless to say, Lyttleton carefully avoided drawing attention to the pitiful state of his "army," as well as to the lamentable fact that he no longer felt able to proceed with safety beyond Fort Prince George. After recounting the various treaties which had been ignored and the numerous crimes which had been committed by men of the Nation, he solemnly advised The Little Carpenter that the very least satisfaction to be extracted would be the surrender of twenty Cherokees to be punished, as he saw fit, for the murder of an equal number of Carolinians.

Atta-kulla-kulla was given one day in which to make up his mind as to whether he would agree to the terms thus abruptly offered him.

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The wily Little Carpenter was quite unmoved. Carefully surveying Lyttleton's grumbling and discontented forces, he sagely regretted that, although he would do his best, he knew quite well that he alone lacked sufficient power to corral the twenty Cherokees which the English Governor demanded. The situation was unfortunate, he said, but might be easily remedied if His Excellency, the Governor, would only be so helpful as to release Oconostota and a headman or two to assist him in the round-up.

Lyttleton was too easily taken in, and Oconostota, together with the chief warrior of Estatoe, and Fiftoe, the headman of Keowee, was immediately set free. As a result, two guilty Indians were actually delivered up to Lyttleton on the following day. After that, however, the situation took on a less promising aspect. Seeing exactly how things stood, all Cherokees, whether innocent or guilty of murder, took to their moccasins and were quickly lost to discovery in the protective underbrush of the neighboring woods. Atta-kulla-kulla, upon learning of this wholesale flight, fully realized the utter impossibility of further satisfaction of Governor Lyttleton's demands, and, ceasing his manipulations, quit camp.

Lyttleton, however, was not to be completely duped. No sooner was the Little Carpenter's unheralded departure disclosed than he hastily dispatched a messenger to implore his return. Atta-kulla-kulla obligingly retraced his steps and in the absence of Oconostota, who was preserving a safe distance, he reopened negotiations which eventually culminated in a treaty of sorts, to which were appended his signature as well as those of several of the imprisoned chiefs. According to this treaty, which was actually guaranteed by unauthorized representatives of the Nation, some of which were, even at the execution of the document, prisoners of the English Governor, twenty-six Cherokee chiefs were to be retained in Fort Prince George until an equal number of guilty Indians should be offered in exchange. Another Indian was then surrendered to Governor Lyttleton as a token of good faith on the part of the Nation.

Just at this point Lyttleton's faithless and nearly worthless army scattered, upon receipt of news of a smallpox epidemic which had broken out in some nearby Indian villages, leaving the Governor in the embarrassing position of being forced to return with undignified haste to Charles Town, when on January 8, 1760, he was greeted by

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the citizenry as a conqueror and fêted with dinners, dress parades by the Troop of Horse and Regiment of Foot Soldiers, bonfires, and salutes from the vessels lying at anchor in the harbor.

The Library Society of Charles Town showed its appreciation of his meritorious campaign by reëlecting him to its presidency, whereas the Presbyterian clergymen were unstinting in their praise. It was in the midst of these festivities and gay rejoicings that Oconostota struck his first blow, successfully dulling the edge of his enemy's personal triumph. Fourteen white men were slain outright by Cherokee warriors within about a mile of the stalwart Fort Prince George, whose commandant, the despised young Ensign Coytomore, held their luckless chiefs prisoners.

By this unexpected coup Oconostota proved conclusively to the Governor's admirers that the whole campaign had been a fiasco from the outset, and a very costly pageant at that, \$25,000 having been expended in all—a generous price to pay for a worthless treaty. Lyttleton, though gravely embarrassed by this unforeseen turn of events, found little opportunity for indulging in vain regrets. Under the skilled direction of Oconostota, the Archimagus, there was inaugurated a series of staccato attacks upon Carolina settlements.

Long Canes, on the Broad River, first tasted The Great Warrior's rage; then the fort at Ninety-six was struck a terrific blow, but successfully withstood the savages, who moved on to the Congarees, burning and killing with torch and tomahawk. Fort Prince George, the main object of attack, was next invested, on February 18, 1760, and Oconostota, desirous of freeing his countrymen as swiftly as possible, first attempted to take the fort by surprise. He shortly discovered, however, that he was only wasting precious time. For, although he found no difficulty in confining the garrison within the works, he succeeded in making absolutely no impression upon the fort itself. Realizing, therefore, that, whereas the British might hold out indefinitely, those suffering and imprisoned comrades whose welfare was uppermost in his mind, were liable to die under the unaccustomed rigors of their confinement, Oconostota resolved to take the fort by strategy, thereby repaying "deceit with deceit."

Terrific, ear-rending shrieks and unearthly whoops pierced the air, and the garrison of the fort, full of curiosity, and feeling reasonably secure, peered down upon the gyrating savages, from the vantage point

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of the ramparts. While they were thus busily engaged, an Indian woman, whose presence was always welcomed by the inhabitants of the fort, sought entrance, pleading that she had an important message for Ensign Coytomore, the commandant. Of limited experience in dealing with wily savages, young Ensign Coytomore thoroughly justified Captain Raymond Demere's worst fears by graciously granting the Cherokee woman an immediate audience.

Upon being admitted to Coytomore's presence, the squaw informed him that she had been sent to Fort Prince George by Oconostota, The Great Warrior, who had commanded her to say to the ensign that he was waiting down at the river's side, and wished to see him as soon as possible, in order that he might impart some news of great moment. The commandant suspected nothing. The Indian woman had assured him that she had come in good faith, and the very fact that the Cherokees had quietly withdrawn from the neighborhood during the course of her visit, appeared to substantiate her statement.

Together with two companions, Lieutenants Bell and Foster, Coytomore emerged from the protective shell of his fort and hurried down to the river's brim. There, upon the opposite bank, towered the majestic form of Oconostota, quite alone and unarmed, claspings in his hand only a leather bridle. Greetings were duly exchanged, and a shouted conversation followed. Oconostota called out to the officers from the fort that he was in the midst of preparations for a trip down to Charles Town, during the course of which he expected to arrange with the Governor for the release of his Cherokee brothers, who were still penned up in the fort.

The journey, he continued, would be a long and dangerous one, and, for this reason he would like Coytomore to furnish him with a white man to act in the dual capacity of companion and safeguard. As far as his own transportation went, he said, he intended to go catch a horse for his personal use. Reassured by The Great Warrior's obviously pacific attitude, as well as by the fact that he was unattended, the young commandant politely assured the Archimagus that a white companion would be immediately forthcoming, and expressed the hope that a good mount would not be difficult to find.

The Archimagus thereupon abruptly turned his back on Coytomore and his officers, apparently considering the conference at an end, and as the men from the fort looked on in amazement, he stalked off

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towards the forest, absent-mindedly swinging his empty bridle three times around his head as he went. This apparently playful action proved, however, nothing short of a secret signal for a group of invisible Cherokees, lying ambushed in some conveniently thick undergrowth, to fire away at the officers from Fort Prince George. A volley of shots rang out, with the result that Coytomore, whom the Cherokees had wholeheartedly despised from the day he had been appointed jailer of their people, fell to the ground, mortally wounded. Lieutenants Bell and Foster, moreover, did not escape scot-free. Both received serious flesh wounds, to the utter disgust and disappointment of the skilled Cherokee marksmen, who had fully counted on making three bull's-eyes, instead of one. Considerable satisfaction, however, accompanied the realization that the abhorred Coytomore had, at last, received his just deserts.

Advices of this strategic by-play, and its tragic aftermath, caused great consternation within the fort, whose command automatically devolved upon one Ensign Miln. The three wounded officers were hastily borne within the confines of the fortification, where the inquisitive garrison looked with horror upon their dying commandant, horrible visions crowding their minds of distorted faces of the dancing savages, armed to the teeth with scalping knives and efficient tomahawks.

Coytomore's end might have been a terrible one, but their destruction, possibly at the hands of the very Indians imprisoned in the fort, might be even more appalling. With one accord, therefore, the men approached Miln with the suggestion that they be allowed, for safety's sake, if for no other reason, to put their Indian captives to death. Miln refused to comply with their request. The Cherokees were hostages, he said, and by the law of civilized and uncivilized nations, their persons were held sacred under all circumstances. The soldiers, however, persisted, pointing out the extraordinary dangers encouraged by the presence of enemies within the fort as well as without. The Cherokees, they said, would no doubt resume hostilities at any moment, and they would, therefore, perform the deed unauthorized, if Miln were so foolish as to withhold his permission for the execution of the hostages.

The subsequent fate of the Cherokee prisoners has often been erroneously described as outright "butchery," but in order to dissipate

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this widely accepted version of their story, we quote from the MS. journal of Ensign Miln, for February 16, the date of Oconostota's dramatic strategy:

Lieut. Coytomore we did not imagine would survive the day out.

The men swore bitterly that they would kill every Indian in the Fort, and several of them got their bayonets fixed and swore they would do it immediately.

I went to them and ordered them not to attempt any such thing; for if they did I should be obliged to use such measures which would be very disagreeable to me at this time; but they still insisted that they would do it, let me do or use them as I pleased, for they said they were sure they would do us more hurt than those outside, if we should be engaged.

I then pacified them a little by telling and ordering them to be put in irons and tied with rope.

Sargeant Parsel accordingly got what irons were in the Fort, and ropes to secure them; and they went to do it, but could not get one of them to come out of the house—for they imagined that we intended to put them to death by what had happened in the morning.

They, therefore, stood on their defense with tomahawks and knives that they had concealed underground in the house.

The men, seeing that, went in to drag them out; but they were soon obliged to draw back, for they began to use their weapons and gave one of our men a mortal wound over the head with a tomahawk, and in the belly with a knife, and another slightly over the forehead.

With that, the men immediately fired on them and fell to work; but, before I could get one to hear or answer me, they laid them all lifeless.

And happy for us that they were destroyed, for, searching the house where they were kept, we found a bottle of poison that they had hid underground, which, we imagined, was to poison the well.

About 8 o'clock in the evening [Miln continued] the enemy without fired two guns, which we imagined to be a signal to the hostages; they crying out at the same time, "*to fight strong and we will relieve you.*"

As may be deduced from the above entry in Miln's journal, there was certainly ample reason for the execution of the incarcerated and treacherous savages. To have treated them with the respect due hostages, when they themselves were misappropriating the faith placed in them by plotting the death of their guards, would have been, to say the least, a suicidal move.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that these unfortunate Indians had been treacherously imprisoned by the fierce Governor

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Lyttleton, whose protection they had been promised. Their attempted retaliation, therefore, must be partially condoned.

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When the savages renewed their attack on Fort Prince George on the evening of February 16, and called out words of encouragement, they were totally unaware of the fact that all of their imprisoned comrades were lying lifeless within the fort.

The shocking news soon leaked out, however, and the Nation automatically flew to arms. On February 18, the fort was invested, and war parties scoured the frontier, mercilessly murdering every white man, woman and child with whom they came in contact. The militia from the coastal regions could unfortunately render little assistance to the wretched frontiersmen, as smallpox was raging along the sea-coast, and the men were compelled to look after the stricken members of their families.

Greatly mortified, Governor Lyttleton forwarded an express to General Amherst, imploring his aid and advising him of the fact that the Cherokee Nation was passing the war belt on to the other tribes, and extending a blanket invitation to tribes such as the Catawbias, to join in their efforts to exterminate the English. Amherst, in New York, instantly dispatched six hundred Highlanders and six hundred English soldiers under Colonel Montgomery, later Earl of Eglinton.

The relief forces arrived in Charles Town harbor and disembarked from the vessel "Albany" on April 1, 1760. Three days later, William Henry Lyttleton turned over the reins of government to Lieutenant Governor William Bull, whose theories regarding Indian relations with the Colony greatly differed from those of his predecessor.

In Jamaica, the highest Colonial office obtainable awaited the arrival of Lyttleton, who hoped to find in his new province a long-desired opportunity to forget the troublesome times he had experienced, and the grave errors he had committed, as Governor of South Carolina.

Meanwhile William Bull set himself the arduous task of ridding South Carolina of the Cherokee menace. Not wholly relying upon the twelve hundred soldiers furnished by General Amherst as sufficient to accomplish the purpose in mind, Bull sought the aid of North Carolina and Virginia, who gladly supplied him with seven troops of rangers to assist in cleaning up the Carolina frontier.

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Colonel Montgomery took the field almost immediately upon reaching Charles Town. His regulars were augmented at Congarees by the arrival of Bull's rangers and a company of volunteers, composed of some soldiers of fortune. The Cherokees were completely surprised and wholly unprepared. Montgomery and his troops swept through the Nation, dealing havoc on all sides.

At the town of Little Keowee, which was visited about eight o'clock in the evening, orders were given to surround the place and kill off the men, capturing the women and children. As it happened, the soldiers discovered the Cherokee braves sitting on guard before their respective tents, and easily and silently bayoneted the unfortunate creatures before they were even aware of the presence of an enemy.

The next town on the line of march was Estatoe, and although Montgomery discovered large amounts of ammunition and provisions, and at least two hundred houses, only twelve men were to be found. These were summarily killed; then the British troops proceeded to sack the other towns of the Lower Nation, and when no suit for peace was made by the long-suffering Cherokees, the middle towns were also attacked.

On short notice, however, Montgomery was compelled to return to New York, where new orders awaited him. He sailed from Charles Town on a sweltering day in August, and left four companies of his men to cover the frontier.

The Cherokees rejoiced at the departure of this relentless warrior and saw in his absence an opportunity for renewal of hostilities on a reasonably large scale. Fort Loudon, on the Tennessee River, was almost immediately engaged. Situated in the center of a veritable wilderness, the fort was easily cut off by the seething savages from incoming supplies, and its garrison of two hundred men were soon faced with the dire necessity of choosing between the horrors of starvation by slow degrees, or of surrender to the merciless red men. Then came the rumor that Virginia was planning to relieve their distress.

For days they subsisted on the flesh of horses and dogs, and a meager supply of beans which a friendly squaw smuggled into the fort, but finally it became apparent that, if there were any truth at all in the story about Virginia's coming to their assistance, the relief would

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arrive too late for them to benefit by it. Raymond Demere, the commandant, therefore, summoned a council of war, with the result that it was decided that a surrender might as well be effected on the "best obtainable terms."

Captain John Stuart was granted leave to visit Chote, a neighboring Cherokee town of considerable size and importance, in order that the terms of the surrender might be arranged. His dangerous mission proved surprisingly successful, and he returned to Fort Loudon with the joyful news that the Indians, under the leadership of the Archimagus Oconostota, and the Vice-King Atta-kulla-kulla, his personal friend, had promised the garrison safe conduct to Virginia, providing the English were willing to deliver up the fort itself and all excess ammunition on the "day of march." The terms were readily agreed to, and the garrison bearing with them the necessary arms and baggage for their march to Virginia, set out on the long journey, accompanied by Oconostota himself, and by the Prince of Chote.

At nightfall camp was pitched near the little Indian village of Taliquo, where the Cherokee attendants left the party. The following daybreak, however, disclosed the fact that a band of savages was rapidly surrounding the camp. A sentinel stationed at an outpost endeavored to warn his comrades, but the Indians were too agile. With fierce shrieks they swooped down upon the encampment, killing Demere, three of his officers, and twenty-three privates—exactly the same number of men as had been slain by the garrison of Fort Prince George. Captain Stuart, Isaac Thomas, a scout, and a private by the name of Jack were the sole survivors, according to the most widely accepted accounts of this massacre.

Atta-kulla-kulla hastened to the fort, upon learning of the survival of his friend Captain Stuart, and pledging his clothes and rifle, he ransomed the English officer and established him in comparative comfort in the dead commandant's house, where his family gladly shared their scant foodstuffs with their white friend. Oconostota, however, with Fort Loudon at last in his actual possession, determined to make a try for Fort Prince George as well. He, therefore, sent word to the captive Stuart that his present plans were to transport six cannon and two cohorns to Keowee, for use against Fort Prince George. The guns, he added, would be manned by Cherokees acting under Stuart's command, and letters must be addressed by the

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captain to the commandant of the fort at Keowee, threatening to "burn prisoners in his presence if he didn't surrender."

John Stuart was horrified to find himself in such an impossible predicament, and promptly confided in his friend Atta-kulla-kulla, who spirited him away to Virginia and safety, on the pretense that he was going on a brief venison hunt. The Cherokees, however, continued their forays upon the settlements along the frontier, and Lieutenant Bull felt himself compelled to request aid a second time from General Amherst.

Colonel James Grant at the head of a regiment from England and two companies of New York Light Infantry reached Charles Town early in the year 1761 and established winter quarters there. The Carolinians had by this time determined to bring the Cherokee disturbances to a definite conclusion, no matter what the cost might be. A regiment of provincials was raised and placed under the command of Colonel Middleton, who had as his field officers none other than Henry Laurens as lieutenant-colonel, and John Moultrie as major.

On May 27, 1761, Colonel Grant reached Fort Prince George, Keowee, at the head of about two thousand six hundred men. With him he carried provisions for thirty days. During just that length of time his expeditionary forces progressed from one town of the Nation to another, laying waste most of the middle settlements, and driving their Indian inhabitants up into the mountains, after first depriving them of food and shelter.

The colonel then retired to Fort Prince George to await the effect of this wholesale annihilation. The Cherokees, utterly destitute, took one look at their houses as they crumbled in the flames and sent Atta-kulla-kulla, along with some other chiefs, over to Fort Prince George, to sue for peace. After a lengthy conference, the proposed terms of peace were interpreted for the benefit of Atta-kulla-kulla, who, in the official capacity of peace envoy, agreed to all the articles of the treaty, excepting that which stated that "Four Cherokee Indians be delivered up to Colonel Grant at Fort Prince George to be put to death in front of his camp; or that four green scalps be brought to him within the space of twelve nights."

The council immediately drew to a standstill and Colonel Grant suggested that, since it was not in his power to change the text of the agreement, Atta-kulla-kulla might do well to go down to Charles

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Town and see if Lieutenant Governor William Bull would not mitigate the rather severe terms.

As a result of the meeting with Lieutenant Governor Bull at the Ashley Ferry, a less exacting peace was formally ratified and confirmed, bringing to an end the periodic Cherokee wars which had cost both contestants large quantities of human lives, and many thousands of dollars, without bringing honor or relief to either one of them.

For the next fifteen years whatever hatred the Cherokees nursed in their hearts against the Carolinians smoldered unseen. So peaceful and respectable did they become, moreover, that their Head-King, the Archimagus Oconostota, was actually admitted to membership in Charles Town's St. Andrew's Society, about the year 1774.

With the beginning of the American Revolution, however, the Cherokees quickly joined forces with the English against the American Colonists. Through the influence of John Stuart, who became Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the South by appointment of the Crown, Oconostota, on July 1, 1776, led a terrific massacre along the Carolina borderlands, which was timed so as to be simultaneous with the arrival of Sir Peter Parker and his British fleet off Charles Town Harbor.

The double attack, although beautifully and skillfully executed, failed regrettably in achieving the desired ends. The Great Warrior and his ten thousand savages, instead of drawing attention away from the approaching fleet, were quickly and easily repulsed by John Sevier, with a mere handful of men.

From the day of this overwhelming defeat dates the wane of Oconostota's heretofore undisputed power. The Great Warrior, it seems, had not yet grown weary of the battlefield, in spite of the fact that his entire Nation was only too anxious to make peace under whatever terms it might be secured. As Ramsay expressed it, "The unfortunate misled Indians, finding themselves attacked on all sides, sued in the most submissive terms for peace."*

*NOTE—On May 20, 1777, THE BIRD and THE MANKILLER, Cherokee warriors, appeared in person before his excellency, the President of South Carolina, and at the council which ensued, delivered the following "talks" with presentations of strings of white beads, symbolic of the willingness of the various villages to surrender:

THE BIRD: "I was ordered to come down here to this house. I am come down here, and I see you all here. I am come down the Path—and I have swept it with a white cloth, and made it bright and clear—I come from the nation.

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On May 20, 1777, at Dewit's Corner, a definitive treaty was finally signed by the Cherokees and the states of South Carolina and Georgia, whereby it was agreed that the Nation should cede a considerable portion of their territory to South Carolina. Another article of the treaty provided for the erection of a new fort to be called Fort Rutledge, at Seneca, for the avowed purpose of maintaining peace and order.

It was desired that this friendly agreement between Indians and whites, would terminate their differences and misunderstandings for all time. Only one man remained disgruntled. The Great Warrior, sorely embittered by the realization of the sure ruin which lay in store for his people at some day in the distant future when the men of the new republic would possess themselves of the fertile Cherokee fields, valiantly attempted to stir his battle-worn tribesmen to revolt against the gradual encroachments upon their precious lands. All his efforts,

"I am now in my beloved brother's house. My nation sent me as a messenger. My nation have seen their folly, and I hope my beloved men of Charles Town will take me by the hand. I am sent down with a good talk, and I hope you and the people will hear it."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"We have got a town called Tomawthy, and several brother-towns—they have sent this as a token, and hope now to rest in their beds and sleep."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"The beloved men of Noewee have sent this, and hope to hear a good talk back. They have been walking through the Long Grass, and want now to stay at home."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"The warriors of Cootels were gone out when I came away to go and hunt for meat."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"The town of Okoneyluffy sent this—they heard a good talk there from the beloved man who sent a woman with it."

A SMALL STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"The warrior of Cowee sent this by me the warrior of Noewee. The people of Cowee, he said, would come back and settle their houses in the spring, but that they were out now hunting."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"A beloved woman in the valley sends you this. She says the Great Man above directs all things. Her eldest sister had children above, and she hopes they would have children raised up together. The Great Man above had sent fire down and spoiled the path, and hoped they would make the path clear again."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"I am come down to talk with my brothers, and I hope to talk good with them. I am but a young man, but I will talk good, and I hope to have good talks to carry back. The Great Man above put us all down upon the earth, but I don't know what is the matter that we quarrel."

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however, were vainly spent, and succeeded only in turning the Cherokee Nation against him.

In the year 1781 the disgruntled tribesmen determined to tolerate Oconostota's belligerent attitude and limitless ambition no longer. They, therefore, dethroned The Great Warrior, electing in his stead Rayetayah, a peace-loving Cherokee, and Oconostota, accustomed to the joys of unlimited power, proved incapable of enduring his sudden and complete degradation. Strong in victory, he weakened in defeat, and madly sought to drown his sorrows in drink. For over twenty-nine years, after his actual deposition, Oconostota was to be observed wandering through the Carolina forests, a drunken, homeless outcast, shunned by all he met.

At the height of his notable career, Oconostota had enjoyed the power and the glory of the popular despot, only to sink, by misap-

"My father has come down with me—is with me now and hears me talk. My father is with my eldest brothers, and is telling you what to do.

"My Father above has told you my eldest brothers, to take care of your youngest brothers, the red people.

"When the white people came over here first, the Great Man above set them here by the river-side very fast. The red people were formerly very glad to see their eldest brothers, and their brothers were very glad to see them.

"There is a white cloth now in the path, and I hope we will all walk on it and dirty it no more.

"I hope we will all hold one another fast by the hand."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"I talk good. I am sent as a messenger, and I hope the children will grow up on both sides. I am come down to talk that the children may grow up as the woods grow in the woods. I hope my oldest brothers will take care of my youngest brothers. I am not a rogue, nor will I give a roguish talk, but stand to what talk I give. I am sent as a messenger; they told me not to be tired, but come and give the talk they sent by me. The beloved town of Choti sent this. The Prince of Choti says, when he hears a talk from his brothers, he will thank me for bringing this talk here.

"I told them to come and hear the talk, but they said they had been and given a talk in Virginia, and they now send this.

"That by that talk they had made the path straight and clear, and hoped they would have traders come in again."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

With this speech from the people of Choti, THE BIRD concluded his discourse.

THE MANKILLER, thereupon, arose, and delivered his messages: "My eldest brothers and the warriors are now met here to hear what I am going to say. Formerly my great father and the warrior made the path strong, but have now broken it.

"The boys have thrown off their father, and I am now come into light, now I am come into this house.

"You have destroyed my houses, but it is not my eldest brothers' fault, but my father's over the great water."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"I met a warrior, beloved man, in the Long Grass, and had good talks with him, I am not sent as a messenger as the others are—I come of my own accord along with the warrior Colonel Williamson."

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propiation of that power, to inevitable ruin, dragging in his wake the entire Cherokee Nation. The love and admiration which his tribesmen had showered upon The Great Warrior as their benevolent and sagacious Archimagus, were, in turn, supplanted by an intense national and personal hatred for the deposed and penniless old waif, whose evil policies and unquenchable war lust had cost them their inherited independence, and subjected them to the will of their "older brother," the white man, and his inscrutable, civilized ways.

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"A beloved woman on little Choti sent this. She says the young men are great rogues; her children are out in the woods, and she does not like it—she hopes you will make it up with them."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

"My old friend Mr. Williamson has been a great trader—but I was told you were all naked—but I have been about town and find a great deal of goods. I gave a great deal of land over Savannah river to pay my debts. I owed him, but I understand my father over the great water would not let him keep it. The warriors in the lower towns have taken away his goods, but they cannot take away his land that is his, given him by the whole nation."

A STRING OF WHITE BEADS

With this "Talk" the Council drew to an end.



The First Printing in Spanish America

BY DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



ONE of the most astonishing facts in the history of printing is that, in less than a century after the invention, the new craft was being practiced on a continent the very existence of which had been unknown fifty years earlier. In 1539, at a time when printing had not yet found its way into a number of European cities of considerable importance, a printer and his assistants made the long and perilous voyage across the Atlantic to the viceroyalty of New Spain and there began to print in the city of Mexico.

This really remarkable enterprise had the hearty encouragement of Zumárraga, the Spanish archbishop in Mexico, and of the viceroy, Mendoza. The motive in establishing the press in Mexico was predominantly religious—a motive which in many other instances has sent a printer forth to follow close on the steps of the explorer. The archbishop wished to have books in the native language for the use of priests and missionaries, and the function of the first printer in the New World was to print religious books for the instruction and edification of the natives in the Christian religion.

Confining ourselves first to facts established beyond dispute, we know that Juan Cromberger, the leading printer at Sevilla, in Spain, decided to start a printing office in Mexico to be operated as a branch of his main office. Archbishop Zumárraga had entrusted to him the printing of a catechism in the language of the Nahuatl, and a beginning of this work had been made at Sevilla. But the printer came to the conclusion that the work could be better done by a printer in immediate contact with the people who spoke that language. Cromberger, therefore, entered into a contract, on June 12, 1539, with Juan Pablos (or Giovanni Paoli), an Italian printer then resident in Sevilla, to go to Mexico and there establish a shop. Fortunately, the original notarial record of this contract has recently been discovered, and the terms and conditions thereby imposed upon Pablos, which could hardly have been more rigorous, are thus fully known.

Pablos was to act as compositor and manager of the office in Mexico, but Cromberger reserved the right to place a representative

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beside him to check up on all his transactions. Neither Pablos nor his wife (who was to do the housekeeping for the printer and his assistant) was to receive any salary, nor were they to spend a cent of the income of the office in excess of bare living expenses. The printer was to print three thousand sheets daily and was to be held responsible for all errors in the original composition or in the correction of proofs. He was to seek out and procure the personnel requisite to the organization of the office, but at first must content himself with a pressman and a negro as helpers. He was prohibited from entering into partnership for any business whatever, and any emoluments which he might receive personally were to go into the common fund. He was required to act as agent for the sale of books and merchandise sent to Mexico by his principal, but was to be entitled to no commission whatever on such sales.

On the other hand, Pablos supplied no capital at all. The traveling expenses of himself, his wife, and his pressman were defrayed by Cromberger, who also assumed the cost of shipping the printing press, materials, and equipment. The partnership was to last for ten years, counting from the day of the execution of the contract, and at the expiration of that term there was to be a settlement of accounts. After transportation costs, salaries, house rent, the personal expenses of Pablos and his wife, and depreciation of the equipment were deducted from the income of the office, Pablos was to receive one-fifth of the net profits. The final settlement of the partnership accounts was to be made in Spain, to which Pablos was to return for the purpose.

According to other clauses in the contract, it was stipulated that worn out type was to be melted rather than sold, so that competition by other printers might not be encouraged. Before undertaking the printing of books from manuscripts brought to his press, Pablos was to obtain the permission of the Bishop of Mexico and all the usual licenses. On all books printed in the Mexican printing office were to appear imprints specifying that they were printed "In the House of Juan Cromberger."

On the same day that Cromberger made his contract with Pablos he also made one with Gil Barbero, a pressman, employing him to exercise that function in the new office overseas.

We know little of Juan Pablos. He was a native of Brescia, in Lombardy, Italy. At the time of his departure for New Spain he

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was married to Jeronima Gutierrez, probably an Andalusian. We have no knowledge as to whether he had worked at the printing trade in his native country nor as to how long he had been in Spain. At the time the contract was made, it is most likely that he was employed in Cromberger's printing shop in Sevilla, so that the master was taking no chances on the ability and reliability of his typographic emissary.

The contract between Cromberger and Pablos was not long in effect, for it appears that the master printer died in Sevilla about September, 1540. After some interruption of operation, the Mexican printing office was taken over by Pablos and continued under his name. On February 17, 1542, the printer was admitted to citizenship in Mexico City, and on May 8 of the following year the district of San Pablo granted him a lot on which to build his house.

Before going on to an account of the earliest books which are known to have been printed in Mexico, it should be stated that the place of Juan Pablos as the first printer in the New World is subject to some dispute. José Toribio Medina, the foremost authority on Spanish American printing, believes that there was a printer already at work in Mexico City from 1535 to 1538, before the arrival of Pablos, and that his name was Esteban Martin. Medina adduces considerable evidence in support of this contention. Martin is supposed to have printed the "Escala Spiritual" of San Juan Climaco, but no copy of this or of any other book printed by him has come down to us.

Evidence of vital importance to Martin's claim to priority is provided by a passage in a letter from Archbishop Zumárraga to the emperor-king of Spain, under date of May 6, 1538: "Little progress can be made in the matter of printing on account of the scarcity of paper, a difficulty in the way of many works which are ready here [to be printed] and of others which will have to be reprinted, because there is a scarcity of those most needed, and few are coming from overseas." To be sure, this does not mention Martin by name, but it clearly implies that a printer was there in Mexico in 1538, ready to work if given the necessary supplies.

We have further to consider a statement made in 1599 by Davila Padilla, the earliest historian to mention the beginning of printing in Mexico, telling us that the first book written in the New World, and the first for which the printing press was used there, was by San Juan Climaco, translated from Latin into Spanish by Fray Juan de Estrada.

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He says further, however, that this was the first book printed by Juan Pablos, but does not mention the date of its printing. Fray Alonso Fernandez, writing in 1611, apparently from independent sources, records the same book as the first printed in Mexico; he does not name the printer, but fixes the date of printing as 1535.

On this evidence, Medina holds that Padilla was right about the book, but in error as to the identity of the printer, naming Pablos because his was the only name appearing on other known early Mexican books, there being no imprint on the book in question. Medina accepts as correct the date 1535, as mentioned by Fernandez. Furthermore, there is no reason to doubt the date 1537 given by Beristain de Sousa as the date of printing the "Catecismo mexicano."

Who was the printer at work in the city of Mexico before 1539? In the records of the *cabildo* of the city is found the following entry: "On Friday the fifth of September, 1539. On this day, being in meeting assembled . . . the aforesaid gentlemen received as resident Esteban Martin, a printer, and that he give security and, until he gives it, shall not enjoy"

As Juan Pablos is known to have left Spain in June, 1539; as he had as assistants only Gil Barbero, his pressman, and a negro helper; and as a reasonable time almost invariably elapsed between the arrival of a stranger and his admission to citizenship, Medina concludes that Esteban Martin was responsible for the earlier printing activities recorded by various chroniclers and must therefore be regarded as the first typographer on the American continent. That Martin was a printer by trade and that he was in the city of Mexico before Juan Pablos arrived there may perhaps be conceded, but whether he actually did any printing in Mexico is still open to question. The claim that he printed certain books before 1539 has not been universally recognized by Spanish-American bibliographers, but the fact that it is advanced by so thorough a scholar as Senor Medina entitles it to very serious consideration.

To return to Juan Pablos, the first work for his press was undoubtedly the production of *cartillas*, or primers, for the instruction of the young, but none of these has survived. The earliest printed book of which we have a perfectly clear record was the "Breve y mas compendiosa doctrina christiana," Mexico, 1539. A description of this book was published in 1877 in the "Cartas de Indias," but unfortunately

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this precious ancestor of books in the New World cannot now be located.

The next book of which we have definite evidence was the "Manual de adultos," issued December 13, 1540. Of this there has survived only a fragment consisting of the last two leaves of the book discovered in a volume of miscellaneous papers in the Biblioteca Provincial at Toledo, Spain. The printer's note tells us that the book was printed "in the great city of Mexico by order of the very reverend bishops of New Spain, and at their expense, in the house of Juan Cromberger." In other words, the book was published by the church. Two of the three pages are given over to errata, correcting mistakes of the "Typographers." The fact that the last correction relates to the thirty-sixth sheet, page one, line four, shows that the book was one of consequential proportions.

In 1541 there appeared a book on Guatemala by the notary Rodriguez, and from that date onward volumes appeared from the Mexican press with varying regularity, or perhaps we should better say with varying luck as to the preservation of copies, for many volumes may have been printed about which we know nothing.

During this period the types used were exclusively Gothic in character, four sizes being in regular use. The printing office was evidently supplied with just two type ornaments, one being a Maltese cross and the other a unit of a vine pattern. Both were used regularly in the adornment of title pages. Pablos also had a miscellaneous lot of woodcut borders, which he cut up and used indiscriminately in the weirdest of combinations. There was also a woodcut design representing a cardinal's hat with tassels hanging at the sides, which was apparently a favorite with the printer, as it was used on the title pages of at least five books, and perhaps more.

In 1554 there came a change in the character of the books printed by Pablos, which has not received adequate notice from bibliographers. During this year there appeared three books in folio format, the "Diálogos" by Cervantes de Salazar, the "Recognitio summularum," and the "Dialectica resolutio." In them we find the first use in Mexico of roman and italic types. We also find a new style in the composition of title pages, we encounter two or three new type ornaments, and we see in use some effective woodcuts, one of which (a title page border)

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had been used a few years previously in London. Why the radical change in typographic style?

An answer to this question was offered by the writer in 1927. Antonio Espinosa, a skilled punch-cutter, had arrived in Mexico City, bringing with him a typefounder. Both contracted to enter the employ of Juan Pablos, thus making it possible for that printer to augment his type equipment as required, without recourse to distant European sources of supply. Judged by his own later work as a printer, Espinosa was a typographer of taste, who did much to improve the quality of the work done by the Pablos press.

The manner of Espinosa's affiliation with Pablos was in this wise. The Mexican printer in 1550 sent a commercial envoy to Spain with power of attorney to transact for him various items of business. One of the commissions with which this agent was entrusted was the employment of a typefounder. According to a document but recently discovered in the notarial archives of Sevilla, the envoy contracted with Espinosa and an assistant to make the journey to Mexico and work for Pablos, "cutting and casting type" for a period of three years. It was thus that the typography of the first Mexican press was rejuvenated.

During the succeeding years some fine books came from the Pablos press. In 1559 Pablos met with his first competition in a shop established by his former associate, Espinosa, who had returned to Spain and there obtained, on the plea that the prices charged for books printed by Pablos made it impossible for persons of moderate means to buy them, the privilege of operating a second printing office in the city of Mexico. Espinosa was undoubtedly a finer craftsman than his former master, and some fine volumes appeared from his press.

In 1560 Juan Pablos, the pioneer typographer, brought out his last and most notable work, the "*Manuale sacramentorum*." But he was then nearing the end of his career. His health must have been failing, for in that year he drew his will and before August 21, 1561, he had printed his last sheet. On that date we find his widow administering his estate.

The name of Pablos is little known in the English-speaking countries of the New World. Yet he is entitled to rank among the great pioneers in the development of civilization in the Americas.

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As to the other cities of Mexico, printing was introduced at Oaxaca in 1720 by a woman, Dona Francisca Flores, but it was soon discontinued there for reasons unknown and was not resumed in that city until 1812. Mariano Valdés Tellez Giron began to print at Guadalajara towards the end of 1792. At Vera Cruz, Manuel Lopez Bueno established a press in 1794, while the first printing at Mérida was done in 1813 by Francisco Bates. It may well be noted here that the first printing in California and in New Mexico was done under Mexican auspices and by Mexican craftsmen.

As we cannot trace here the further history of printing in Spanish America, suffice it to say that the next country in the western hemisphere to which type and printers' ink were to penetrate was Peru. There, in 1584, the first printing was done at Lima, "the city of kings," by Antonio Ricardo. This typographer, a native of Turin, Italy, had been printing in Mexico, but had found the competition there quite keen. Hearing of the fabulous riches of Peru, he emigrated to the land of the Incas. The only known copy of the earliest known product of the Peruvian press, an edict of Pope Gregory XIII, is now preserved as one of the treasures of the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, Rhode Island.

There is still a regrettable tendency, in popular thought, to belittle the part played by Spain in the settlement and civilization of the New World. It is salutary, therefore, for us to bear in mind that the Spanish had been using the press in Mexico and in South America for a full century before printing was introduced in British North America.





THATCHED FRAME HOUSE OF MASSACHUSETTS PIONEERS

The most common type of residence of the first settlers

Photo by Lantz



A SECTION OF A REPRODUCED PIONEERS' VILLAGE

Showing the dugouts, English wigwams, and thatched roof dwellings of pine, types used by the first settlers. In the foreground to the right is the pit for log sawing, while in the background may be seen the sloping roof of the "governor's fayre house"

Photo by Lantz

Nature and the New England Puritan

BY ISABEL KINCHELOE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



LIES, according to Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts Bay, "arose out of the ground."¹ Caterpillars descended upon the crops and were believed "to have fallen in a great thunder shower," since bare yards, within an hour, were "after the shower almost covered with them."² The churches "kept a day of humiliation" and presently the caterpillars disappeared. The Puritan Colonists examined nature with intense, but purely ethical, interest; they were apparently happy to allow the origin of flies and caterpillars to remain miraculous, but they did wish to determine the part played by natural manifestations in God's plan. Subscribing as they did to the doctrine of predestination, they also believed that men could determine whether their ultimate fates lay in Hell or in Glory by certain unmistakable signs in their consciences—and in the world about them.

One conception that these Colonists held of nature was that it revealed God's great interest in a chosen people. A comet appeared to the Indians in 1618.³ This "blazing starre whose motion in the Heavens was from the East to the West, poynting out to the sons of men the progresse of the Gospell of Christ" appeared, as Edward Johnson saw it, as a herald of the Plymouth Colonists.⁴ He also read teleological significance in the earthquake of June 1, 1638, declaring that "if the Churches of New England were Gods house, then suddenly there would follow great alterations in the Kingdomes of Europe,"⁵ since the quake moved in the direct course that had brought the Colonists to New England shores. So great was God's interests in the affairs of New England that he sent sun-images to demonstrate

1. John Winthrop, "Winthrop's Journal," ed. J. K. Hosmer. (Vol. II), Vol. VIII, "Original Narratives of Early American History" (New York, 1908), p. 348.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 277.

3. The comets of 1618 suggested to Kepler his anticipation of the modern theory of light-pressure.

4. Edward Johnson, "Wonderworking Providences of Sions Saviour in New England," ed. J. F. Jameson, Vol. IX, "Original Narratives of Early American History" (New York, 1910), p. 39.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 185.

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His displeasure with those who would modify the doctrine of His Colonists.⁶

During a meeting of the synod in Cambridge, a snake slid through the door and up into a seat among the elders settled behind the minister. Many of the elders drew away in horror, but one of their number courageously impaled it with a fishing spear, and they believed that the Lord had sent a living fable to them. "The serpent is the devil; the synod, the representative of the churches of Christ in New England. The devil had formerly and lately attempted their disturbance and dissolution; but their faith in the seed of the woman overcame him and crushed his head."⁷ Winthrop cited a similar instance in which, after a long battle, a mouse prevailed and killed a snake, against all custom of nature. A pastor of Boston immediately gave his sincere and pious interpretation that the snake was the devil; the mouse "was a poor, contemptible people, which God had brought hither, which should overcome Satan here, and dispossess him of his Kingdom."⁸

Another view they held of nature was that it served as an instrument of punishment in God's hands. The gloom of the Puritan belief in the doctrine of predestination was lifted only by their apparently general assurance that they were "elect." Johnson's "souldiers of Christ"⁹ were the chosen people, and the Puritans attributed to the active agency of the Lord the catastrophes which befell their opponents. He not only allowed nature to take its malevolent course; He also promoted the castigation.

Drowning was often charged to God's discipline of those who failed to observe His law, as the Puritans recognized it. Three fishermen, "very profane men, and scorers of religion," who were "drinking all the Lord's day, were shipwrecked and drowned, according to the entries of 1644,¹⁰ and in 1647, certain "profane persons" who aided Dr. Child in his attack on the theocracy of the Colony¹¹ were also wrecked upon the rocks during a violent storm.¹²

6. *Ibid.*, p. 243.

7. Winthrop, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 270.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 84.

9. *Op. cit.*, p. 30.

10. Winthrop, *op. cit.*, II, 158.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 271. In 1647, Dr. Child and others had petitioned the court at Boston to allow non-freemen suffrage in town elections.

12. *Ibid.*, pp. 321-22.

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For all he lamented the calamity, Winthrop could not refrain from commenting, upon the drowning of the Governor of New Netherlands, along with eighty others of the Dutch: "yet there appeared in it so much of God in favor of his poor people here, and displeasure towards such as have injured them. . . ."¹³ The wreck of two Massachusetts Bay shallops, headed for the Connecticut River to trade, "some imputed as a correction from God for their intrusion (to the wrong of others) into that place."¹⁴ Again, two men servants, going out to gather oysters, failed to fasten their boat; with the high tide, the boat floated away and although they might have waded out, they drowned; but it "was an evident judgment of God upon them, for they were wicked persons. One of them, a little before, being reproved for his lewdness, and put in mind of hell, answered that if hell were ten times hotter, he had rather be there than he would serve his master."¹⁵ That this indentured servant should rebel against his quite possibly unhappy lot, seemed blasphemous to the magistrate Winthrop, and this blow from the sea could have but one interpretation: God refused to intercede with nature for so depraved a body. Certain ministers returning to England, spoke harshly of the Colonists and their country, "but the wind coming up against them" they were nearly starved before they could reach harbor. However, they recanted, and then "it pleased the Lord to spare their lives."¹⁶

That the rigors of the New England winter presented certain signs to the minds of the Colonists is evident in the account of a maid who was sent to Boston from Roxbury to fetch a barber—to extract her master's tooth. In the deep snow they perished, and "this was taken into consideration by divers people, that the Barber was more then ordinary laborious to draw men to those sinfull Errors. . . . He having a fit opportunity, by reason of his trade, so soone as they were set downe in his chaire, he would commonly be cutting of their haire and the truth together."¹⁷

If God used snow and ice to punish the non-conforming, He as omnipotently employed the other extremity of the elements to punish the worldly. The fire-worship of the Persians, the Prometheus legend

13. *Ibid.*, p. 333.

14. William Bradford, "History of the Plymouth Plantation," ed. W. T. Davis. Vol. VI, "Original Narratives of Early American History" (New York, 1908), p. 332.

15. Winthrop, *op. cit.*, I, 103-04.

16. *Ibid.*, II, 82-83.

17. Johnson, *op. cit.*, pp. 191-92.

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of the Greeks, the malevolence of the Norse fire god Loki—all suggest the veneration bestowed upon this element from antiquity to modern times. To the Puritans it stood merely as an agent of God. A rich tanner coldly “refused to let his neighbor have leather for corn, saying he had corn enough.” The “unChristian act resulted in the loss of his barn, his corn, and his leather, for the hand of the lord smote him with fire.”¹⁸ Then there was the case of the pious Boston woman who brought back from a visit to England some valuable linen, “which she set her heart too much upon,” and having had it carefully laundered, she ordered it left in press in the parlor overnight. Going into the room late that evening, her negro maid inadvertently set it afire with her candle, and it burned “to a tinder.” However, “it pleased God that the loss of this linen did her much good, both in taking off her heart from worldly comforts, and in preparing her for a far greater affliction by the untimely death of her husband, who was slain not long after.”¹⁹

Instances recorded of the devastation of plagues reveal the general conception that God employed pestilence, too, to further His plans. The pestilence of 1616-17, which so decimated the fighting men of the tribes, Johnson marked as “chiefly desolating those places, where the English afterward Planted.”²⁰ Moreover, the inroads of consumption upon the Pequod tribes not only made room for the English, and swept away particularly the children and young men—hopes of the maintenance of population, but also “tamed the hard and cruel hearts of these barbarous Indians.” The medicine men, it seems, who enlisted the aid of both chief deities, found those gods powerless in this crisis, and the wigwams lay strewn with corpses.²¹ The God of the Puritans was far too powerful for the journeymen gods of the Pequods as He made way for His chosen people. Furthermore, the Indians who quarreled with the English over land boundaries found the vengeful God of the Colonists put an end to the quarrel “by smiting the Indians with a sore Disease, even the small Pox.”²²

Pestilence did sweep through the English settlements, it is true, but when it did, they believed that they had erred, and the Lord was

18. *Ibid.*, p. 259.

19. Winthrop, *op. cit.*, II, 31.

20. *Op. cit.*, p. 40.

21. *Ibid.*, pp. 41-42.

22. *Ibid.*, pp. 79-80.

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merely "correcting" them. Being chosen and human, they sometimes grew proud, and merited reproof, but never, even under those circumstances, did so many die as in the other plantations. The Lord would have them know that if His own people "tread in the same steps of riot and excess in the plenty he hath given them, with the men of his world," He will chastise them with the same disease.²³

In their paradoxically humble self-righteousness, they saw no similarity between the observances of the Indians in calling upon their god Hobbomock for magic, and their seeking the Lord "by public humiliation." The Lord answered them in one visit of pestilence, "so that about the middle of the third month is ceased."²⁴ The reply was a little slow, perhaps, but their secret assurance of "election" seemed to make these Puritans tolerant in one direction, at least—toward the divine plan and its timing.

They saw marine misfortune also as disciplinary measures of the Almighty, visited upon them for their religious turpitude. When numerous "souldiers of Christ" met their deaths in the wreck of the "Seaforce," in 1649, "the Lord was pleased to command the wind and Sea to give us a jog on the elbow" for "forgetfulness of the Lord's former mercy."²⁵ Or again, a wind blew down trees, killing an Indian, and lifting a Puritan meetinghouse while the service was being held. Providentially, of course, no worshippers were harmed,²⁶ but in contrast, a particularly bad hurricane occurred the day after a general fast, and the ministers called upon them all, as a result, to examine their conditions well, as the Lord "seemed to discountenance the means of reconciliation."²⁷

The disciplinary measure of the year 1633 was severe, for in that there occurred a drought of two months. Their hopes for a corn crop "the Lord seemed to blast," but they "sett apart a solemne day of humiliation, to seek the Lord by humble and fervente prayer in this great distresse."²⁸ The answer was "gracious and speedy," to the Indians' admiration, for that very day "sweete and gentle showers" descended upon them.²⁹ The Indians were made aware, moreover, of

23. Johnson, *op. cit.*, pp. 255-56.

24. Winthrop, *op. cit.*, II, 267.

25. Johnson, *op. cit.*, p. 154.

26. Winthrop, *op. cit.*, II, 126.

27. *Ibid.*, I, 291.

28. Bradford, *op. cit.*, pp. 152-53.

29. *Ibid.*, p. 153.

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the difference "between their conjuration, and our invocation on the name of God for rain," the Indian magic bringing in only such storms as flattened the corn to the ground, whereas the white man's prayers brought beneficially gentle showers.³⁰ As in the case of pestilence, God mitigated the chastisement for his chosen people.

Nor were the vagaries of the weather the only thorns which the Colonists encountered in their early agricultural efforts. In 1643, there was devastation by mice and pigeons. The mice destroyed the orchards during the winter, and the pigeons, "above 10,000 in one flock," beat down and devoured the grain during the harvest period.³¹ These, it seems, were all sent by the Lord for general correction.

Captain Edward Johnson's metaphor of the New England Colonists as "souldiers of Christ," marching against the forces of evil, is a happy one in light of his theories concerning those forces. He denounced bitterly the heresy of the Gortonist, who dared to avow "that there were no Devills but wicked men, nor no such thing as sin."³² Johnson's devotion to the Word of God encouraged him to refer vividly and variously to his god of evil as Satan, Antichrist,³³ "that old serpent," and the "beast" that rose "out of the sea."³⁴ To the Puritan, Satan was no mere abstraction, symbol of evil; he was rather a very concrete being, attempting to wrest from God the control of men's souls, and just as God employed the horrors of nature in disciplinary measures, so, too, Satan made use of this force in carrying out his own evil designs. In reporting their petition of the Lord's help in the drought of 1633, Johnson declared that they used for their "chiefe argument, that the malignant adversary would rejoice in their destruction."³⁵ Satan would rejoice in their destruction because they were soldiers of Christ, and the crude forces of nature would have effected that destruction.

Some natural phenomenon always accompanied a Satanic act of prey upon the godly Colonists, as in the experience of the miller "struck dead" but still breathing, when his mill was destroyed by lightning. In an hour, the man stirred and then became so violent

30. Edward Winslow. "Good News from New England," ed. Alexander Young, "Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth from 1602 to 1625" (Boston, 1841), p. 350.

31. Winthrop, *op. cit.*, II, 92.

32. *Op. cit.*, p. 128.

33. *Ibid.*, pp. 121-23.

34. Rev. 13:1.

35. *Op. cit.*, pp. 66-67.

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that six men could barely hold him. Yet the next morning, he recalled nothing of the calamity that had befallen him. Struck by the agent of Nature, he had been contending with devils in his violence, according to Mr. Winthrop.³⁶

Again, under the control of Satan, a triple sun was seen about sunset, and a month later, two suns at sunrise: these prodigies warned of evil days:

This was the earliest and sharpest winter [1645-46] we had since we arrived in the country. . . . Divers of our ships were put from their anchors with the ice and driven on shore. . . . At New Haven, a ship bound for England was forced to be cut out of the ice three miles.³⁷

One James Everell, a "sober, discreet man," and two others saw a light three yards square which "contracted into the figure of a swine," and traveled swiftly back and forth across the sky. When it ceased, they were pushed back in their boat, unaccountably, for a mile, against the tide.³⁸ The devil and nature were at play, to the consternation of the discreet gentleman.

Satan not only terrified the incorruptible Puritans, he also manifested through nature his complete sympathy with those benighted souls rejected by the Puritan community. When the first witch was executed in Connecticut, in 1647, "a report as of a great piece of ordnance" was heard all over the bay,³⁹ and when Margaret Jones was executed for witchcraft in Massachusetts, a devastating tempest sprang up, in the very hour of her death.⁴⁰ A second time Satan demonstrated his activity in nature for the benefit of the Jones family, which was in league with him. Shortly after Margaret's condemnation for witchcraft—the first instance of the sort in Massachusetts—Satan acted. The "Welcome," anchored in the Charleston harbor, listed sharply, and shook from side to side. Margaret Jones' husband, it seems, had sought passage in the ship and, unable to pay for his passage, had been rejected as a passenger. Thereupon he bewitched the ship or the sea. When he was cast into prison, the ship righted itself at once.⁴¹

36. *Op. cit.*, II, 63.

37. *Ibid.*, p. 263.

38. *Ibid.*, I, 294.

39. *Ibid.*, II, 323.

40. *Ibid.*, p. 345.

41. *Ibid.*, p. 346.

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In another instance, "the Indians near Aquiday being pawwawing in this tempest, the devil came and fetched away five of them."⁴² The passing of all Satan's votaries, witches or Indians, were accompanied by atmospheric violence.

Men were often lost for days in the forest, their return hailed as providence of God, and the consistent cataloging of encounters with the world beyond the settlement suggests the terror which that Satanic realm must have held for the Colonists. With such conceptions as he held of natural evil in the wilderness, the Puritan would entertain interesting theories about the Indian, human symbol of that wilderness. He did; he held the Indian as a red devil, although the Colonists did not hesitate to enlist the red man in the army of the Lord. He saw the native American unable to cope with pestilence, and at the same time believed him to be invested with the black magic of the ages. The Puritan accepted completely superhuman endowment in these neighbors: "some of them can cause the wind to blow in what part they list—can raise storms and tempests, which they usually do when they intend the death or destruction of other people."⁴³ During the very period in which John Eliot was serving his apostleship among them, some of the Indians were considered cannibals; the Taratines, for instance, were supposed to eat alive such men as they captured, "tying them to a Tree, and gnawing their flesh by peece-meale off their Bones."⁴⁴

Another popular conception was that the devil had them in "very great subjection."⁴⁵ They were the true sons of the Man of Sin, their quarrel with the "souldiers of Christ" arising from "that old enmity betweene the Seede of the Woman, and the Seed of the Serpent."⁴⁶ Moreover, the devil often appeared to them in person, before the English came, "sometimes very ugly and terrible and sometimes like a white boy." After the arrival of the English, he assumed the guise of beast, appeared in the sections remote from the English plantations, and carried off six men at a time.⁴⁷ Here, then, were devils beset by a devil. The deity which the Indians invoked, since it was not the God of the Puritans—must, thought the Colonists, be held Satanic;

42. *Ibid.*, I, 296-97.

43. Winslow, *op. cit.*, p. 366.

44. Johnson, *op. cit.*, p. 78.

45. *Ibid.*, p. 263.

46. *Ibid.*, p. 148. Cf. Gen. 3:15.

47. *Ibid.*, p. 263.

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the Indians, with the wilderness, were important aspects of Nature, favorite agent of Satan.

It is evident that the Puritans regarded nature as an instrument, not only of God, but also of Satan. Through storms, lightning, astronomical and marine disturbances, Satan revealed his allegiance to the opponents of the Colonists. The opposition might be within the settlement, as in the case of the witch, or without, as in the case of the Indian, son of the wilderness. Sometimes they regarded the devil in merely psychological terms—the fountain-head of heresy and dissent; but more frequently they recognized his activity in the objective reality of their natural surroundings. The extreme to which they carried this latter concept may be seen in their concern with the vagaries of behavior in the animal kingdom. Winthrop suggested that even insignificant little mice acted instrumentally for one of his two deities:

About this time [1640] there fell out a thing worthy of observation. Mr. Winthrop the younger, one of the magistrates, having many books in a chamber where there was corn of divers sorts, had among them one wherein the Greek testament, the psalms, and the common prayer were bound together. He found the common prayer eaten with mice, every leaf of it, and not any of the two other touched.⁴⁸

Could it be that Satan's agents attacked and succeeded in destroying the symbol of the Church of England, but dared not attack the Word of God? Equally conjectural is another entry, quaint and succinct: "Quere, of the child at Cambridge killed by a cat."⁴⁹ It is quite conceivable that even the lowliest of creatures were endowed with Satanic instrumentality in the Puritan mind.

Intensely interested in natural phenomena, these Puritans never once approached the method of natural science as we know it today. Pigeons arrived in a great flock, triple suns appeared in omen—none of their physical causes were of any concern to the Puritans, who devoted their intellectual powers primarily to final causes. There is no evidence that they feared scientific inquiry *per se*; they seem rather to have ignored it as a result of their great preoccupation with the projection of morality into nature.

The activities of that nature tended to thwart man's safety, comfort, and assurance; the purposiveness of external nature was essen-

⁴⁸. *Op. cit.*, II, 18.

⁴⁹. *Ibid.*

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tially evil. This major conception, when examined, proves a fusion of their theological dogma and their very human fear of the strange and unknown. Their theology gave them a dualism of an active Satan, and a scheming, vengeful God, of Judaistic proportions; in addition, it gave them a morbid absorption in ethical examination that limited their intellectual effort to moral interpretation. Their extensive recording of "providences" pertaining particularly to the sea, the weather, the wilderness, probably grew out of their helplessness. Inland people of industrial or professional experience, very few of them farmers, they were forced in the New World to wrest with the unknown in the sea, and with the unfamiliar in an agricultural society.

The Colonists saw nature, then, as the agent of God and Satan. Satan commonly used the Indians as his agents, but under cover of a tempest, he might steal away six of them at a time, for what foul purpose, no one ventured to guess. Perhaps he disciplined his forces, just as God chastised His Puritans. They believed that God employed the sea, storms, earthquakes, and fires to demonstrate His displeasure with His own followers for lack of gratitude for mercies granted, or to punish those who opposed His people—most human catastrophe resulting indirectly through nature from God.



O. Henry's Road of Destiny

BY DAVID BOYD, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I



HENRY'S life was as interesting as any story he ever wrote. It has the very elements of adventure, suspense, conflict, climax and surprise that make his short stories so popular today. The dramatic part began in 1896, when he was a reporter on the "Houston (Texas) Post." He received a summons notifying him that he was under arrest.

What could be a more complete surprise to a man who had never done a dishonest thing in his life? Perhaps it was a mistake. Perhaps he looked like some outlaw that the authorities were after. It might even be that some friends were playing a practical joke on him.

There was one thing of which he was certain. That was that his record was clean. "What did I do?" he wondered, still thinking it was a joke of some kind. But it was no laughing matter. He was the man the Federal authorities were after. He was charged with embezzling funds from the First National Bank of Austin, Texas, where he had formerly worked as paying and receiving clerk. He would have to go to Austin to stand trial. There was no getting away from it. If found guilty, it would mean a prison sentence.

Up to this crisis there had been nothing distinctive about O. Henry's life. William Sydney Porter (O. Henry) was thirty-four years old at the time, yet not one of the 250 short stories that were to make him famous had been published. He had not distinguished himself in the business world, having held only routine jobs, none of which suited him. He found clerking in a drug store to be agony, and keeping books monotonous. He had been unhappy in the bank cage. It is true that once or twice he had expressed a faint desire to write stories, but he had no confidence in his ability.

All of the thrilling part of O. Henry's life was crowded into the few years between 1896 and 1910. It was to be like a story-book adventure; full of excitement, danger, uncertainty and misfortune. Yet his career was topped by a climax of success so spectacular that he hardly could have imagined it to be possible.

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The sudden summons to stand trial for embezzlement of bank funds, in 1896, turned out to be a summons to fame. His road of destiny was to be a difficult one. There were to be almost insurmountable obstacles to overcome. It was to be an exhausting struggle against a relentless fate. Yet misfortune did not make him bitter. Suffering brought out the best in his character. His life was like a sentimental story with a happy ending, where honesty and virtue win their ultimate triumph over all the forces of darkness!

What did he do that so profoundly altered the entire course of his life? He merely made an unfortunate decision. Starting out from Houston with the best of intentions in July, 1896, he boarded a train for Austin, Texas, where the trial was scheduled to take place. The train usually went straight through, but this time it stopped at Hempstead, a half-way point. "All off," the conductor called. "Change cars for Austin."

It was here that O. Henry made the most disastrous move of his whole life. He changed his mind and boarded a train for New Orleans instead! It is safe to assume that had he gone on to Austin, he would have been acquitted of the charges that were laid against him. It is known today that he was not guilty. But his sudden decision to become a fugitive made things look bad. There was no turning back now!

The game of hide-and-go-seek with the law was highly stimulating to his romantic imagination. All at once he found himself playing the colorful rôle of outlaw, without ever having broken the law. Compared with the dull routine of the clerk, the outlaw leads a life of peril and adventure. He must pit his wits against a hostile world, and be prepared at all times for the unexpected. He must learn to observe people closely. Any stranger might prove to be an enemy. He must have a plausible story ready in case anyone asks, "Who are you? Where do you come from?" He must be able to fool others, chiefly by withholding significant information as to his real identity. If caught in a tight position, he must wiggle out and make a narrow escape at any cost. For the outlaw, life proceeds from one climax to another in story-book fashion.

Upon his arrival in New Orleans in July, 1896, O. Henry was obliged to play the rôle of a different person. He had burned the bridges behind him. To go back home now was out of the question.

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What explanation could he give for his unusual behavior? None. People were bound to say, "If you were innocent, why did you run away? The fact that you became a fugitive from justice leads us to suspect your guilt." So "common sense" reasons, always interpreting things in their worst light.

There was nothing for O. Henry to do but to take a chance and leave the United States. He had always wanted to see the world. He went to Trujillo, Honduras, where business prospects seemed good. By sheer accident, he ran across Al Jennings, the most spectacular gangster of the gay 'nineties.

What could be a better break for a short story writer than to become personally acquainted with a genuine outlaw? Al Jennings was much sought after by police. He had pulled off some of the shrewdest train holdups and bank robberies of his day. That was why Al and his brother, Frank, had left the States for a little vacation. The law was after them and the \$30,000 in stolen funds which they had acquired in recent crimes. Hoping that \$30,000 would be enough to retire on, they had resolved to call it quits and go straight.

When the steamer, which they had engaged for their own private excursion, stopped at Trujillo for a few hours, Al Jennings dropped over to the United States Consulate to see what was doing. There he saw O. Henry for the first time. O. Henry was seated on the porch, dressed in a white suit and appearing like a prosperous and complacent business man. Although outwardly calm, he must have had plenty on his mind, for he was broke and in a strange country. Jennings wrote, "A rather pompous dignitary, he seemed to me, sitting there as if he owned the place." The two men casually started a conversation, neither one knowing who the other was.

"What line are you interested in?" Jennings asked.

"I haven't give the matter much thought," O. Henry replied. "I entertain the newcomers."

"You must be a hell of a busy man," said Jennings.

"You're the first one since my arrival."

Upon learning that Jennings was from the United States, O. Henry asked, "Why did you leave so hurriedly?"

"Perhaps for the same reason as yourself."

"What is your destination?"

"I left America to keep away from my destination," Jennings replied, referring to prison, where he finally landed. "I'm just drifting. How about yourself?"

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"I can't drift, I'm anchored," O. Henry said dismally.

When it came time for Jennings to leave, O. Henry said, "Just a minute." The Fourth of July began at midnight. He invited his new friend to stay around for a little celebration.

Al Jennings stayed, and the celebration almost ended in a revolution. Not knowing that the political situation was tense, they fired shots into the air at midnight. The noise started a general commotion that almost ended in the overthrow of the Republic of Honduras. O. Henry refers to this experience in his story, "The Fourth in Salvador."

Next morning they realized that their lives were no longer safe in Honduras. The rebels were out to get them. With no choice in the matter, O. Henry made a quick get-away by boarding the steamer with Al Jennings and his brother. It was as though they were destined to be friends. He did not know at the time that he was throwing his lot along with that of the outlaw terror of the Southwest.

This melodramatic escape was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between two men so different in every respect. O. Henry was sentimental, shy and retiring. Al Jennings was aggressive, defiant and outspoken. For almost a year they cruised along the coast of South America, stopping off at Buenos Aires and other ports. All the while O. Henry's mind was on the alert for new experiences. He had always been a keen observer, and now a new world was being opened up before his eyes. In a whole year of cruising with Al Jennings and his brother, O. Henry told them nothing about the false charges that were awaiting him in Texas. He made no mention of his ambition to write stories. Yet they were the best of friends. "I told them the main facts of my life," Al Jennings wrote. "He did not return the confidence and we did not seek it. Neither Frank nor I placed him in our own class. He was secretive, but we did not attribute it to any sinister cause."

In 1897, O. Henry and Al Jennings found themselves in Mexico City, Mexico, where a tragic adventure awaited them. There was to be a big party at the Hotel De Republic. They dressed up in formal clothes for the occasion. Al Jennings was urged to leave his gun at home, but the last minute he changed his mind and slipped it into his pocket.

Everything went well the first part of the evening. Mexico was a glamorous country. O. Henry was impressed by the beautiful Span-

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ish costumes. "These people have poetry in their make up," he exclaimed. "What an interesting spectacle they make!"

Then he smiled at a red-headed Spanish beauty. She smiled back. But her escort did not. He went over to O. Henry and politely dropped a hint in stilted broken English. Al Jennings understood it to be a warning. It is curious that a holdup man should be more sensitive to "hidden meanings" than a short story writer. Al Jennings told O. Henry that he had better not flirt with the young lady any more.

Then the lady dropped her Spanish shawl directly in front of him. Ignorant of the social graces, O. Henry picked it up and handed it to her. That would have been appropriate in the more democratic United States, but in Mexico things were different. He should have handed the shawl to her escort, who would have said, "Thank you," with a profuse bow in behalf of the young lady. It was an old Spanish custom.

O. Henry's unconventional behavior was interpreted as bold and impolite by the stranger. A few minutes later he walked over to O. Henry and without a word gave him a deliberate slap in the face.

As might be expected, O. Henry was furious with embarrassment. He had no idea that he had done anything to provoke such a response from such an urbane gentleman. In the confusion a fight started. Here was America's leading short story writer grappling blindly with a stranger in the center of exotic Mexican festivity! Al Jennings was standing nearby. Observing that his friend was getting the worst of it, he pulled out the revolver, which he should have left at home, and fired straight into the face of the stranger. There were screams. The Spaniard fell to the floor, killed instantly. O. Henry stood speechless "with a look of rigid horror on his face."

That is the way things happen in this world. A casual smile had led to a misunderstanding. It had culminated in murder! This was the last thing in the world that he could have expected. Years later O. Henry spoke of it as the most terrible experience of his whole life.

It was all Jennings could do to drag him away from the Hotel De Republic in time to escape the fury of the mob. They were in a real mess now. In the brutal confusion a man had been murdered. They were forced to leave Mexico, the land of sunshine, as they had left Honduras, in flight for their very lives. Al Jennings said that he killed the other man to save O. Henry's life.

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There was nothing in O. Henry's personality to combat a sudden, ugly experience like this one. The shock of it left him completely exhausted. He felt as guilty as a murderer, blaming himself and wishing that Al Jennings had killed him instead of the other man. Three lives had been ruined by a single bullet; his life, the Spaniard's life, and that of the charming young lady whose lover had been murdered in a brawl. All over nothing.

O. Henry had always withdrawn from painful situations. Never in his life had he intended the least harm to anyone. He was shy and retiring, and would have gone out of his way to have avoided hurting anyone's feelings. Living in a world of sentimental values, he enjoyed superficial conversation and harmonious relations with others. His clear, round handwriting betrays a man fond of comfort. He was proud, self-conscious, sensitive, a typical Southern gentleman. This was a crushing experience, a climax of woe!

To the rough Al Jennings, it was nothing out of the ordinary. He had been trained in the school of violence. He was a tough-minded realist. Although hardly five feet tall, he shot in self-defense or struck to kill when cornered. In this instance he had simply killed to defend the life of a friend. That was all there was to it. He let the matter disturb him no longer.

A fatalist and an introvert, O. Henry believed that he had been swept into this disaster by forces entirely beyond his control. There was nothing in the world that he could have done to have avoided it. It could only be explained as fate. Could he have regarded it as a harsh punishment for having deliberately run away from the United States? If he had gone on to Austin, Texas, less than a year ago, certainly this could not have happened. He might have expected to be set free on the charges that were awaiting him. Now he could expect nothing.

O. Henry had planned to live in Mexico and send for his wife and daughter. Now he was obliged to return to the United States, where trial, conviction and a prison term awaited him. There was an ironic twist to the entire situation. He was not guilty of the crime for which he was to spend more than three years in a gloomy penitentiary. Nevertheless, it was a destiny from which there was no possible escape. He may have accepted it as inevitable.

Jennings wrote, "If we could have planted ourselves in that miraculous valley (near Mexico City), he might have escaped the

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forbidding future that awaited him. He would have avoided the shame of that striped suit, the shame that wore into his heart and broke his life in wretchedness. We never thought that this born aristocrat would one day be compelled to eat at a 'hog trough' with thieves and murderers, and to bend his pride to the ignorant scowl of a convict guard."

One of O. Henry's favorite stories, his "Roads of Destiny," is about a man who is given three chances. Three roads of destiny are open to him. "Whither those roads led he knew not. Either way there seemed to lie a great world full of chance and peril." First he takes the left road, then the right road, and finally the main road. They all lead to the same disaster! The hero is not able to run away from his destiny. No matter which road a man takes, will it lead to the same end? O. Henry says "Yes."

This story reveals much that is significant as far as the author's own attitude toward life is concerned. He seems to have been a defeatist, resigned to the conclusion that "what must happen will happen."

Prospects were full of gloom when O. Henry returned to Texas in 1897. His wife was critically ill. He was a poor man and he had the dread of prison walls to face. In addition, he was deeply obligated to Al Jennings, who had paid all his expenses on the long trip through South America and Mexico.

Al Jennings had only \$417 left out of the munificent \$30,000 that he thought would be enough to retire on. The money had lasted less than a year. He wanted to go straight, but now it was necessary to pick up another \$15,000 or so. He planned to rob another bank, on the outskirts of San Antonio, and live for the rest of his days free from financial worry. He told his plans to O. Henry and asked him if he would like to get in on the scheme.

O. Henry was in a difficult position. He could not easily refuse. They were the best of friends. Not only had Al Jennings lent him money, he had even gone so far as to kill a man to save his life!

"I don't know that I would be of much use in a holdup," O. Henry drawled, not in the least enthusiastic over the idea.

"If you had seen Bill Porter's face then," Jennings wrote, "and the helpless surprise that scooted across it, you would believe as I do that he was never guilty of the theft which sent him for nearly four years of his life to the Ohio Penitentiary."

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O. Henry picked up the revolver from the table, as though imagining himself participating in a bank robbery. By accident it went off—the bullet slithering through the Texas sand in front of them! The loud explosion recalled in his mind that vivid, horrid scene in Mexico City where a man had been shot to death before his very eyes. He had not yet recovered from the shock of it.

"No," he said with a shudder.

"Would you hold the horses?" Jennings asked.

"I don't believe I could even hold the horses," he replied.

They parted their ways on good terms. Al Jennings understood that his friend could not consider anything that was dishonest. Al and his brother went ahead and robbed a Texas bank. O. Henry went back to Austin to face the accumulated troubles that awaited him. They were destined to meet again, unexpectedly, in the same penitentiary!

II

It is likely that O. Henry never would have become a distinguished short story writer, had he not made that sudden, rash decision that took him to Honduras, South America, and Mexico, in 1896-97. The trip not only furnished his lively imagination with material on which to base short stories, it also gave him a new point of view. He had acquired dramatic insight.

Dramatic insight, based on a love of humanity, is essential to creative writing, although not essential to success in journalism. The newspaper man often has to remain smug in order to hold his job. He is held back because he has to slant everything he writes to fit the business policies of the newspaper. Property rights are sacred, they come first. Human nature is only incidental. Human suffering may be ignored. The journalist assumes a hateful scowl and expresses his contempt for blundering humanity. He growls at progress. He may have extensive experience, but he can learn nothing from it as long as his mind is closed. Without the illumination of understanding, without sympathy, experience can only confirm his prejudices and make him the more narrow and dogmatic.

Something revolutionary within the soul of an individual must take place before he is capable of creative work. It is like being reborn in order to enter the kingdom of heaven.

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Upon returning to Texas, in 1897, O. Henry was released from many of the limitations of his former self. Before, his vision had been limited to the narrow range of self-interest. He had accepted the world's standards, and had based his life on such tedious virtues as holy economy, respectability and money in the bank.

Now he was to face grief, disgrace, prison and despair. It would be impossible to go back to the old way of living. He was placed in a new relationship to his environment. He began to question the world which was questioning him, and to interpret human nature in personal terms of suffering, rather than in abstract terms of profit and loss. Life gradually took on a new significance. An intense dramatic element was revealed in situations that used to be dull and commonplace. He had reached spiritual maturity; was prepared for the unexpected; was ready to go places. "He saw no longer a rabble, but his brothers seeking an ideal."

In order to understand the change that came over O. Henry at the turning point of his life, it is necessary to go back into his past, which had been conventional. We trace him back to Greensboro, North Carolina, where he was born on September 11, 1862.

His father, Dr. Algernon Sidney Porter, the town physician, was impractical in money matters, but had an inventive streak in his nature. He predicted the washing machine and horseless carriage (to be run by steam power) in the 1870's. In his later years, he neglected his medical practice and spent most of his time trying to invent a perpetual motion machine in the backyard woodshed. Will Porter (O. Henry) was also extravagant with money, but his inventive genius was directed along literary rather than mechanical lines.

Like Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, O. Henry started out as a drug clerk. At the age of fifteen, after a common school education, he went to work in his uncle Clark Porter's drug store in Greensboro, "the social, political and anecdotal clearing house of the community." Literature is glorified gossip, and O. Henry served his apprenticeship in a small town drug store where tales are manufactured.

He first began to attract attention, not by his wit or his writings, but by the pencil sketches he drew of the eccentric types who came into the store. These drawings soon became the talk of the town. The better ones were tacked up on the wall, where the customers could

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enjoy them. The drug store must have become something of an art gallery of local celebrities. When Will Porter drew a man's picture, that man was as it were admitted to the home-town hall of fame.

His drawings were on the order of caricatures, yet there was no malice or ridicule in them. He stressed the significant aspect of the people he drew so that, as J. Alphonso Smith observed, "his drawings were more true to character than the photographs of his subjects. The photographs have been outgrown, but not the sketches, for the sketches caught the central and permanent, while the photographs made no distinction."

A character from the story "A Madison Square Arabian Night," makes a shrewd remark about art. He says, "Whenever I finished a picture, people would come to see it, and whisper and look queerly at one another. I soon found out what the trouble was. I had the knack of bringing out in the face of a portrait the hidden character of the original. I don't know how I did it. I painted what I saw."

O. Henry drew what he saw. He acquired habits of observation and of selecting significant details for emphasis. These habits helped him when it came to writing short stories, for whether the medium be lines or words, the purpose of art is the same. O. Henry turned from cartoonist to word caricaturist.

The confining work in the drug store began to undermine his health. He was never vigorous. Instead of taking outdoor exercise, he spent his spare time reading. "I did more reading," he said, "between my thirteenth and nineteenth years than I have done in all the years since, and my taste at the time was much better than it is now, for I used to read nothing but the classics."

He was also a student of the dictionary. It was his boast (in fun) that he could spell and define any word in the English language. His friends used to look up the big ones and ask him if he could spell them. He usually could. In this way he built up a large vocabulary.

His interest in word study prompted him to write a humorous review of "Webster's Dictionary" for the Houston "Daily Post," February 23, 1896. "We find on our table," he wrote, "quite an exhaustive treatise on various subjects written in Mr. Webster's well known, lucid, and piquant style. There is not a dull line between the covers of the book. The range of subjects is wide, and the treatment light and easy without being flippant. A valuable feature of the work

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is the arranging of the articles in alphabetical order, thus facilitating the finding of any particular word desired. Mr. Webster's vocabulary is large, and he always uses the right word in the right place."

In the spring of 1882, his twentieth year, O. Henry developed a "hacking cough" and it was feared that he was coming down with consumption. "The grind of the drug store was agony to me," he said. It was his good fortune to move on to Texas, a new environment. He weighed scarcely a hundred pounds upon his arrival in Texas, but his health improved at once. For almost two years (1882-84) he lived on a ranch in La Salle County as the guest of a Texas ranger, Captain Jesse Lee Hall.

Having no regular job or duties on the ranch, he spent his time drawing sketches, studying the dictionary, and observing the frontier life around him. He became acquainted with some genuine outlaws. Whatever writing he did, he destroyed it at once.

Texas at the time was a frontier of civilization, where property and other disputes were settled by shooting it out. It stimulated his romantic imagination. He caught some of the glamour of the Wild West before it faded away. All the while he was "an onlooker rather than a participant in cowboy disciplines," and he liked to contrast Texas life with life back in North Carolina. The ranch experiences were stored away in the back of his mind for future reference. Twenty years later, in New York, he was to recall them and make use of them in writing Western stories.

While on the ranch, he wrote a play and sent it back to the folks in Greensboro, along with a letter to Dr. W. P. Beall. It was a comedy of North Carolina manners. In the letter he explained, "The characters of the play are purely imaginary, and therefore are not to be confounded with real persons. But lest any one, fearing that some of the idiosyncrasies and characteristics apply too forcibly to his own high moral and irreproachable self, should allow his warlike and combative spirits to arise, you might as you go, kind of casually like, produce the impression that I rarely miss my aim with a Colt's forty-five."

This play was his first literary venture. Although it was never published or produced, it provided some entertaining reading for the old cronies back at the Porter drug store. According to Tom Tate the play was still vivid in their memory thirty years later.

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By 1884, O. Henry drifted on to Austin, Texas, looking for work, but with no definite plans for the future. He looked like an average business man at the time. He had coal black hair and was about five feet six inches tall. Joe Dixon found him to be "a young silent fellow, with deep brooding blue eyes, cynical for his years." "He lived in an atmosphere that was the product of his own imagination," and gave one friend the impression of "being an extremely silent man, who observed everything, but seldom expressed himself."

In Austin, he settled down to ten years of clerical routine which provided him with a comfortable but dull existence. He worked as a pharmacist in a drug store, 1885; bookkeeper in a real estate office, 1885-87; draughtsman in a public land office, 1887-91; and paying and receiving teller in a bank, 1891-94. The business of earning a living brought none of the higher faculties of his mind and few kindly emotions into play.

Profit seeking is likely to be the rut of ruts when it holds the individual back to the selfish egotism of the child. The frustration of the clerk is even greater than that of the arid "successful business man." The clerk passes his days in a cringing and monotonous servility, without even attaining economic security, the prize of which is held before him like the pot of gold at rainbow's end. It is not surprising that the decade between 1889-94 was a stagnant one in O. Henry's career. He was marking time.

He was particularly dismal in the cage of the First National Bank of Austin, a \$100 a month cog in a clerical machine. Hyder R. Rollins wrote, "Porter's service in the bank entailed both physical and mental strain. He had neither the time nor inclination for writing. He was not suited for business, and it is safe to say that he hardly had a happy moment while connected with the bank."

He could not be happy as long as his life was at cross purposes. He was a personality divided against itself. We see in O. Henry the tragic but typical middle class struggle to make ends meet. Finding business to be uninteresting, harassed by financial worries, his one ambition was to get from under. The bourgeois concept of honesty makes allowances for this duality. A man, although a kindly father at home, is permitted to be grasping, even unscrupulous in business.

In the early 1890's, O. Henry was trying to piece together a haphazard life. He was married and had a happy and tranquil home,

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but somehow affairs at the bank were disorderly and chaotic. At home he laughed and joked and sang with his wife, Athol, but at the bank he suppressed every spontaneous impulse. "As a business man," a friend observed, "his face was calm, almost expressionless; his demeanor was steady, even calculated." He was "prompt, accurate, talented, and very efficient, but the minute he was out of business—that was all gone." He had a twinkle in his eye and was out to have some fun. O. Henry came to life after business hours and sought adventure, which lurked just around the corner. He liked to go bumming.

"Night after night," wrote Dr. D. Daniels, a friend, "after we would shut up shop, he would call to me to come along and 'go bumming.' That was his favorite expression for the night time prowling in which he indulged. We would wander through the streets and alleys, meeting with some of the worst specimens of down-and-outers it has ever been my privilege to see."

What was O. Henry after that he should go to such extremes as the slums to find? It was a human touch, not to be found in the scheming halls of finance. It was self-expression and joy, both of which are hostile to success in the sordid market place. The cynical snarl of the business man was not sufficient for O. Henry to explain the curious world in which he lived. He wanted to know from actual experience something about the blind misery of the poor.

The bank where O. Henry was clerk had been wretchedly managed. All the time he worked there he had difficulty in keeping the accounts straight. By 1894 he became so alarmed at the situation that he would rush home for lunch and then rush back to the bank for fear some disaster would take place in his absence.

"You have an hour," his wife said. "Why don't you rest and cool off?"

"No," replied the worried business man, "I must go back. The longer I stay away, the more trouble I have."

Irregularities were found in the accounts in December, 1894, but the bank officials knew that the whole thing was hopelessly muddled, and refused to prosecute O. Henry. If he was guilty of anything, it was of having worked for a business concern where accounts were carelessly kept. A year later, after the bank failed, the whole affair was brought up again, and O. Henry, asserting his innocence, was made the victim.

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Between April 28, 1894, and April 27, 1895, O. Henry edited "The Rolling Stone," a humorous weekly. It was discontinued because it failed to make enough money to go on. O. Henry explains the demise of "The Rolling Stone" in terms which are less harsh than the actual facts. "It rolled for about a year," he wrote, "and then showed unmistakeable signs of getting mossy. Moss and I never were friends, and so I said good-bye to it."

O. Henry was thirty-two years old, critically ill, and without funds when "The Rolling Stone" hit bottom. The title of the paper was itself ill chosen, for no stone rolls up hill. When he got the job on the "Houston Post," in October, 1895, things looked better for a short while. Yet the job only paid fifteen dollars a week, which was not enough for him to support his family on. Within a year he was getting the maximum pay, \$25 a week, and he was the most popular man on the staff.

In spite of the constant cloud of financial anxiety that was overhead, O. Henry's married life had been happy. He had married Miss Athol Estes on July 1, 1887, by eloping with her in story book fashion. Her parents afterwards forgave and wished them happiness—the way things happen in fiction. Hers was the self-sacrificing spirit of Della in "The Gift of the Magi."

In 1893 Athol's mother gave her enough money to travel all the way to Chicago for the World's Fair, but she spent it for curtains and furnishings for the home, without Will's knowledge. "I just couldn't go on a jaunt and leave Will here to work all summer and not have any fun," she said. "Now he'll have just as much fun out of the money as I do. You see I bought *two* rockers. I'm playing fair."

When O. Henry was having trouble at the bank in 1894, he kept it from his wife, not wanting to worry her. Athol's mother broke the unpleasant story to her one afternoon while her husband was at work. A half hour later she found Athol crumpled up on the bed crying bitterly. Then the clock struck four. "It's four o'clock," she said, "Will will be home any minute. I mustn't act like this. He shan't find me crying."

All of the time O. Henry was away during 1896-97, Athol was pathetically cheerful and hopeful, according to Mrs. Frances Maltby. Her prayer had been, "Please God, let me live to see Will once more."

When he returned to Austin, February 5, 1897, Athol was slowly wasting away with consumption. All of the things that O. Henry did

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not want to happen he could see were going to happen. His wife was to be taken away when it seemed most important that she should live. Fate was unnecessarily harsh, as it had been to Soapy in "The Cop and the Anthem." Soapy was thrown in jail just at the time when he wanted most to start over.

As long as Athol was alive there was something worth while to live for. He spent all his time caring for her, trying to prevent that inevitable tragedy. They went for a walk each day. When Athol was too weak to walk, O. Henry would carry her to and from the carriage so she could get fresh air. She was cheerful to the end and the only day she remained in bed was the day she died, July 25, 1897.

When Athol died all of the values on which O. Henry's past life had been founded were swept away. Everything fell through at once, leaving him without a wife, without a "standing in the community," without a job, and without a prospect for the future. He had made a failure of everything.

O. Henry entered the courtroom in Austin, February, 1898, in a mood of black despair. To those who understood and tried to save him, he seemed apathetic. He did not care what happened. He felt disgraced at the scandalous charges that were laid against him, and requested his friends to use no influence in his favor. He was ready to see it through alone.

He seems to have concluded beforehand that he had no chance to escape a conviction. He entered a stolid plea of not guilty and let it go at that, sitting by entirely unconcerned as the lawyers bickered. The subtle deceptions of the courtroom, the quibbling over terms and fine technical points of law, must have seemed ironic to O. Henry, now that he was beginning to see the entire world from the eyes of one who is suffering.

"I never had so non-communicative a client," said O. Henry's attorney. "He would tell me nothing. He seemed as usual to be only a spectator in the proceedings; he was never self-defensive, or even self-assertive, and at that crisis of his life he showed an aloofness which, however hard to understand by those who did not know him, was as natural to him as breathing. He simply retreated into himself and let the lawyers fight it out."

The prosecuting attorneys made most of the fact that he had skipped off to Honduras and South America in 1896. Why did he do that? He made no attempt at an alibi.

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His own detached attitude during the trial, arising out of character, helped to convict him. Two years ago with a wife and a job waiting for him, he might have fought the charges to a finish so the outrageous sentence would never have been passed. As it was, he could respond in no other way to the situation. His destiny grew out of what he was.

Then the worst thing that could be expected came to pass. On February 17, 1898, the jury rendered a verdict of guilty and he was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. He made no comment. If there had been a vigorous investigation at the time, the verdict could hardly have been passed. But O. Henry had no money to defend himself, nor energy or hope left to fight out of the mess. It was one of those tragedies that just happen when things are left to chance. He was obviously made a scapegoat, sent to prison because he would not make the vigorous defense that would have placed the situation in its true light.

Shortages were found on three dates: October 10, 1894; November 12, 1894; and November 12, 1895. About \$1,000 was not accounted for. The final charge was out of the question, as he had been away from the bank almost a year by that time. The foreman of the jury which convicted him admitted, when it was too late, "O. Henry was an innocent man, and if I had known then what I know now, I should never have voted against him."

Right after the sentence was passed, O. Henry wrote a pathetic letter to his mother-in-law: "Right here I want to state solemnly to you that in spite of the jury's verdict I am absolutely innocent of wrong doing in that bank matter, except so far as foolishly keeping a position that I could not successfully fill. Any intelligent person who heard the evidence presented knows that I should have been acquitted. After I saw the jury I had very little hopes of their understanding enough of the technical matters presented to be fair. I am naturally crushed by the result, but it is not on my own account. I care not so much for the opinion of the general public, but I would have a few of my friends still believe that there is some good in me."

Fate had ruthlessly taken away from O. Henry almost everything that men live for. Hope, home and prestige were gone. But it had spared his daughter, Margaret. It became his one ambition to get out of prison as soon as possible, so he could provide for her. He

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requested that she should never know where he was going. Then on December 2, 1897, a seemingly insignificant event took place. The S. S. McClure Company accepted his first story, "The Miracle of Lava Canyon," although he never saw it in print.

O. Henry's future was to be constructed on a new basis. His motive was no longer "What do I get out of this?" but "What can I do for someone else?" The means, writing stories, that he was going to employ to the unselfish end of providing for Margaret was to be his key to fame. It was as if someone had decreed, "As soon as you rid yourself of base motives and unworthy desires, you will become the possessor of new talents and energies whereby you will attain success and victories. Out of dead hopes living values shall arise which shall revolutionize your life. Then your example shall become a monument, an ideal by which others may live and progress."

III

On April 25, 1898, O. Henry entered the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus, where sullen men were regimented and herded about like animals. Here in the prison inferno an entirely new experience awaited him—much different from North Carolina, Central America or Texas. He was brought into direct contact with suffering humanity, chained to the rock of misery.

Upon entering the jail he was asked, "What is your occupation?"

"I am a newspaper reporter," he answered.

"What else can you do?"

"I am a registered pharmacist," he said. This was a fortunate reply, because it qualified him for work in the prison drug department. Otherwise he would have been sent to the thirteen-hour a day prison sweatshop, which likely would have been beyond his physical strength to endure. The work at the drug counter made him an eye witness to the after effects of prison sadism and brutality. Shortly after he entered, he described some of the horrors:

"I never imagined human life was as cheap as it is here," he wrote in a letter, May 18, 1898. "The men are regarded as animals without soul or feeling. They work thirteen hours a day and each man must do a certain amount or be punished. Some few strong ones can stand the work, but it is simply slow death to the majority. If a man gets sick and can't work, they take him into a cellar and turn a

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powerful stream of water on him from a hose that knocks the breath out of him.

"Then a doctor revives him and they hang him up by his hands with his feet off the floor for an hour or two. This generally makes him go to work again, and when he gives out and can't stand up, they bring him on a stretcher to the hospital to get well or die, as the case may be."

Needless to say, he found the prison life to be intolerable. "I have tried to reconcile myself to remaining here for a time," he wrote, "but am about at the end of my endurance. There is absolutely not one thing in life at present, or in prospect that makes it of value. I can stand any kind of hardships or privations on the outside, but I am utterly unable to continue the life I lead here. I know all the arguments that could be advanced as to why I should endure it, but I have reached the limit of my endurance. It will be better for everyone else and a thousand times better for me to end the trouble instead of dragging it out any longer."

The gloomy side of O. Henry, which is almost entirely left out of his short stories, is amazingly expressed in his early letters written from prison.

"It is a melancholy place," he wrote, July 8, 1898, "misery and death and all kinds of suffering around one all of the time. We sometimes have a death every night for a week or so. Very little time is wasted on such an occasion. One of the nurses will come up from a ward and say, 'Well, So and So has croaked.' Ten minutes later they tramp out with So and So on a stretcher and take him to the dead house. If he has no friends to claim him, which is generally the case, the next day the doctors have a dissecting bee and that ends it.

"Suicides are as common as picnics here. Every few nights the doctor and I have to strike out at a trot to see some unfortunate who has tried to get rid of his troubles. They cut their throats and hang themselves. Most of them plan it well enough to succeed."

O. Henry was doomed to three years and three months in this degrading environment. No longer did he sing. Back in Texas he had been a member of a church choir and of a quartette. The crushing experience of doing time behind a stone wall did nothing constructive for his health or happiness. It not only undermined his strength, so that he lived only about ten years after his release, it almost broke his

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spirit, leaving him a placid defeatist and a reactionary toward social problems.

He became the more secretive and went about his duties like an automaton. Dr. George W. Willard of the medical staff wrote: "Toward everyone he was quiet, reserved, almost taciturn. He seldom spoke, unless in answer. He never told me of his hopes, his aims, his family, his crime, his views of life, his writing; in fact, he spoke of little save the details of his pharmaceutical work, in which he was exceptionally careful and efficient."

The chief physician, Dr. John M. Thomas, wrote, "I have never known a man who was so deeply humiliated by his prison experience as O. Henry." One day he was questioned by Dr. Thomas about some alcohol that was missing. He became very excited. "I am not a thief," he exclaimed, "and I never stole a thing in my life. I was sent here for embezzling bank funds, not one cent of which I ever got. Someone else got it all and I am doing time for it."

He resigned himself to prison as best he could. When Joseph Conrad's "Lord Jim" was published, he remarked, "I am like Lord Jim because we both made one fateful mistake at the supreme crisis of our lives, a mistake from which we could not recover."

O. Henry, master of the short story with a surprise ending, had a surprise waiting for him even in the penitentiary. Al Jennings, whom he never expected to see again, landed in the same place.

One day, after Jennings had been in the Ohio prison about a month, he went up to the drug counter, where he heard a familiar voice say, "Colonel, we meet again." It was O. Henry. The greeting was against prison rules. "Be careful of the friends you choose," O. Henry whispered, "have no confidants." But Al Jennings did not heed this warning and spent six months in solitary confinement as a result.

Jennings was taken completely by surprise. "In all my life," he wrote, "there has never been a tenser moment than when Bill Porter spoke that simple greeting. It caught me like a stab in the heart. I felt like crying. I could not bear to look him in the face. I did not want to see Bill Porter in convict stripes. For months we shared the same purse, the same bread, the same glass. We had traveled through South America and Mexico together. Not a word had he said of his past. The proudest man I have ever known was standing outside a barred door, dispensing quinine and pills to jailbirds."

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However great a torment or disgrace the prison inferno was to O. Henry, the renewal of his friendship with Al Jennings made things a little better. He could confide in Al Jennings. "I can't drag it out any longer," he confessed on one occasion. He used "to come into the post office, and sit for hours, dumb with a bleak and aching despair."

In order to get away from the monotony of the place, O. Henry, Al Jennings and a few of the smarter convicts formed a "Recluse Club," which was strictly against the rules and regulations. Each Sunday afternoon they met secretly and discussed topics of general interest. At one of the meetings Al Jennings announced that he knew a good way to break up the boredom of prison routine. He was writing a story of his life. O. Henry put in a few words to the effect that he also was interested in writing.

"Do you write?" Al Jennings exclaimed.

"No, I'm not writing. I'm just practicing," was the modest reply. In all the years that they had been friends, Al Jennings had not the least suspicion that O. Henry was interested in writing. At a later meeting of the "Recluse Club," O. Henry read one of his short stories, "The Christmas Chaparral." It touched the emotions of the prisoners so deeply that they broke down and cried. When he sent it to an editor, it came back.

The opening passage of "The Poet and Peasant" suggests this episode. The story begins, "The other day a poet friend of mine, who has lived in close communion with nature all his life, wrote a poem and took it to an editor.

"It was a living pastoral, full of the genuine breath of the fields, the song of birds, and the pleasant chatter of trickling streams.

"When the poet called again to see about it, with hopes of a beef-steak dinner in his heart, it was handed back to him with the comment, 'Too artificial.'"

This passage has the typical O. Henry twist. It leads us up to one climax, and then suddenly gives us another. Many of his stories are constructed along this plan. The passage is most likely based on his own experience with "The Christmas Chaparral," which made jailbirds cry, yet was perfunctorily rejected by the editor. The irony for which O. Henry is noted was deeply rooted in his own personal experiences and reactions to life. We are, like the editor, abrupt,

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defective in judgment and unjust. We do not recognize the good from the bad.

When hopes of getting an early pardon fell through, Will Porter turned seriously to writing short stories, adopting the pen name, O. Henry, to keep people on the outside from learning his real identity. Even his daughter, Margaret, did not know that he had ever been in prison till after he was released, when he told her where he had been. He kept up a correspondence with Margaret from prison, but she assumed that he was away some place on business.

O. Henry worked on the night shift at the drug counter. After midnight each night, when things were quiet, he settled down to writing, working from one to three hours at a stretch. By such discipline he developed his ingenious craftsmanship of the short story.

"There at that desk," wrote Al Jennings, "night after night, sat Bill Porter. And in the grisly atmosphere of prison death and prison brutality, there bubbled up the mellow smile of his genius, the smile born of heartache, of shame, of humiliation, the smile that has sent its ripple of faith and understanding to the hearts of men and women everywhere." Of all the short stories that he wrote from behind prison bars, only two were rejected.

Writing stories was a sublimation, a method of getting away from ugly reality. Instead of reporting the present and making use of the morbid jail background, as he did in his letters, he based his stories on past experiences in Texas and Central America. By recalling in his memory the days when he had been happy and free, he was able to relive his past. (He relied upon his memory for all details and never took notes.) In contrast to the worry and restraint of confinement, he raved about Central America: "The freedom, the silence, the sense of infinite peace that I found here, I cannot begin to put into words." His themes were romance, success, and adventure, which are never found in prison.

However great a personal misfortune jail was, it placed him in a situation where he had to begin writing at once if he was to do any writing at all. Outside, his energies had been taken up by financial worries and uncertainties. The monastic stability of prison relieved his mind from many petty anxieties that had formerly stood in his way. Taking away all other freedom, it gave him the freedom to devote much time to the short story.

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He did not keep up with his drawing, perhaps because cartooning is not as secretive an art as writing. Everyone wants to see a picture. It attracts attention and comment at once. If he had drawn any sketches, the prisoners might have ridiculed his work. But he could write in private, and only let a few intimate friends know what he was doing.

Prison gave him a splendid opportunity to study human nature. He took a particular interest in the Western outlaws, learning their life stories. Many of his best tales were drawn out in conversations with prisoners. This probably accounts for his opinion that a writer is a cad because he only records the suffering that other people have lived through.

Against the discord and tension of reality as he found it, O. Henry tried to escape into a fictitious world, where things aren't as bad as they seem, and where everything turns out all right in the end. Instead of expressing his deeper convictions outright, he played the rôle of Samuel Smile. Instead of being simple and direct, as he was in his speech, he was obliged to adopt the superficial pose of the Gilded Age, when he wrote a story. His genius comes out in spite of his sentimental approach to art. He was Pollyanna in prison.

"This place becomes more unendurable to me each moment," he confided to Al Jennings. "I try to write at night. Some wretch, racked with unbearable pain, screams out. It goes like a cold blade to the throat. It comes into my story like a death rattle in the midst of a wedding. Then I can work no longer."

In October, 1900, O. Henry was given a promotion, an easy job in the steward's office, the kind of job that other prisoners had paid as much as \$1,000 to get, but which he got entirely on merit. It left him more time to devote to writing and he regarded it as the turning point of his life. Yet it precipitated a personal crisis of grave consequences. Everything would have been all right, had he not discovered that petty grafting was going on, which he termed "a mess so foul a leper would fight shy of it."

He resolved to resign his easy job at once and report the corrupt state of affairs to the prison authorities. But first he discussed his plans with Al Jennings.

"Bill, you're up against it," Al Jennings advised. "You might as well be graceful about it. It would be easier for you to tear down

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these stone walls with your naked hand than to overthrow the stone masonry of political corruption. What can your protests accomplish? The system of legitimate stealing from the government was here long before we arrived. It will survive our puny opposition."

"Caged beasts are free compared to us," O. Henry reflected. "They aren't satisfied to stunt our bodies, they damn our souls. I'm going to get out."

But O. Henry had no choice in the matter. He was caught in the straitjacket of prison fraud. In order to keep his easy job in the steward's office, with its special privileges, and to get the early pardon which he wanted, he was forced to keep quiet against his will. He had to let orders pass through which he knew were not on the level. Realizing what was involved, he said bitterly, "We are but slaves in their roguery."

Sometimes a man is punished for telling a lie, sometimes he is punished for telling the truth. In this case, if O. Henry had come out with the truth, he would have been severely punished. His protests likely would have been utterly ignored, and he would have been taken down to the cellar and beaten to the point of death, or else placed in the torture cell of solitary confinement.

Al Jennings, who knew what it meant to be placed in a dark cell month after month, persuaded him to hold his peace at any cost. O. Henry's helpless position in this crisis confirmed him in his fatalistic attitude to life. After the unwilling decision, "he became more aloof than ever." The absolute frustration of prison had done a harm to his personality that could never be undone. It made him a vastly unhappy man. It was exhausting even for him to contemplate the vigorous injustice of the world.

When it came near time for him to be released, he got into an argument on prison reform with Al Jennings.

"Just consider the energies that go to the devil in here," said Jennings. "Under a better plan, prisoners could be punished without being damned."

"Colonel, you're fantastic," said O. Henry, now a confirmed reactionary toward social issues. "What sort of fourth dimension jail would you suggest?"

"When you get out, you can bring the matter before the public. With your gift, you can do wonders to break down the system."

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"I shall do nothing of the kind," he replied. "I shall never mention the name of prison. I shall never speak of crime and punishments. I tell you I will not attempt to bring a remedy to the diseased soul of society."

IV

On July 24, 1901, after having served three years and three months, he was set free. His sentence had almost been cut in half because of good behavior. He had been a model prisoner. Had he not kept secret the graft and corruption that was going on?

Now he could speak. He had seventy dollars in his pocket, money received from stories written behind bars. He could expose the prison graft and even name the officials who were involved in it. But he maintained a discreet silence. Perhaps it was because he forgave the failings of his fellowmen. At any rate, he was so glad to get away that he could think of nothing else. "When he left the penitentiary," wrote Al Jennings, "he slammed the door on his past. He went to New York, burning with the shame of imprisonment, and determined to hide his identity behind the name of O. Henry."

The decision to keep his past a secret was an unfortunate one because he let his fear of exposure become a barrier between himself and the world. His closest friends could not make him out. "He was a childlike individual," observed Robert H. Davis, "absolutely without guile and at times utterly helpless. He shrank from the extended hands of strangers, blushed at spoken approval, and avoided conversations about himself."

His reticent behavior gained him the reputation of being extremely modest. A friend wrote, "The very gloves that he wore, and the gold headed cane that he always carried in his hand were in themselves a kind of armor against intrusion."

O. Henry pretended that he had never been in prison. His friends pretended that they did not know the truth in his presence. After his death, Will Irwin exclaimed, "Why didn't someone speak out? Why did we all keep up the polite pretence of ignorance? Why didn't some one of us go up to him and say, 'Bill, we know all about it, and it doesn't make the slightest difference. Snap out of your mood. Stop trying to hide yourself from strangers for fear of running across someone with the knowledge of a secret that is no secret at all.'"

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However great an obstacle his secretiveness was to personal happiness, it gave his life an element of melodramatic suspense. He allowed his imagination to torture him. He may even have enjoyed this feeling of insecurity, because it kept him always on the defensive, always on the lookout for a surprise. Wherever he went, fear followed him. He once said, "Every time I step into a public café, I have the horrible fear that some ex-con will come up to me and say, 'Hello Bill, when did you get out of the O. P.?' " (Ohio Penitentiary).

The suspense that he felt all of the time in his personal life was transplanted into his story plots. He became infernally clever in trick endings. His stories are built on events that lead up to an unexpected climax. They are ingeniously constructed, and what takes place has more than one explanation. The reader does not know how it is going to turn out till the last page. William Johnston of "The New York World" said, "His letters explaining why the stories were late in being delivered, show almost as much his powers of invention as do the tales themselves."

There was no reason for O. Henry to feel ashamed because he had been unjustly imprisoned. He made needless trouble for himself when he resolved to keep his past hidden. If he had said, "These are the facts, now what of it?" he would have had the upper hand. As it was, he was never sure of himself. Behind his urbanity, there was always that hunted feeling. Free from prison, he imposed upon himself a life sentence of fear and uncertainty. He maintained the "gift of silence," a hang-over from prison days. At times he would eat an entire meal with a friend and hardly speak a word. Speaking at meals was against the prison rules.

Before going to New York, O. Henry went to Pittsburgh, where his daughter was located. He spent the winter of 1901-02 in the smoky city, but did not like it there, calling it "the low downest hole on the surface of the earth."

He went to New York at the earliest opportunity, which came in the spring of 1902, thanks to Mr. Gillman Hall, of "Ainslee's Magazine," who forwarded enough money for him to make the trip. At once he began to mount the ladder of literary popularity, having something new, something the editors were looking for. His early stories were laid against the background of Central America and the Southwest. Few writers could write with authority about these remote

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places. He had the edge on writers of Western stories who sit in steam-heated New York apartments; he had lived on a ranch. One critic thought that his Central American stories, published in the volume "Cabbages and Kings," in 1904, were "too literal, too much a bare recital of things as they are."

So immediate was his success that he could sell his stories as fast as he could write them. Editors were so eager to get stories bearing the pen-name O. Henry that they would send him checks in advance. But he remained loyal to the editors who had encouraged him in his early days when he was struggling for recognition. One publishing house, which had rejected his manuscripts when he was obscure, sent him a check for \$1,000, one of the largest offers he ever had for a single story. They said they would print anything that he submitted. But O. Henry was an incorrigible sentimentalist rather than a money-grabbing opportunist. He returned the check to them without a word of comment.

In the height of his early success, he did not forget his old friend, Al Jennings, who was still in prison. Jennings volunteered to supply the information for a true-to-life story about robbing trains.

"Describe the facts and details," O. Henry wrote in a letter to Jennings. "Information is what we want. The main idea is to be natural, direct and concise. Get as much meat in it as you can, and by the way, stuff it full of genuine Western slang (not the Eastern story-paper kind). Get all the quaint cow boy expressions and turns of speech that you can think of."

When the story was accepted by "Everybody's Magazine," O. Henry wrote to Jennings, "I always knew you were a genius. All you need is to succeed in order to make a success." They went 50-50 on the profits. The story, "Holding Up a Train," begins with the note, "The man who told me these things was for several years an outlaw in the Southwest and a follower of the pursuit he so frankly describes. . . . I give the story in almost exactly his own words."

No better mixer ever lived than O. Henry. His method of gathering material for short stories was to go out and meet people from all walks of life, and draw them out in conversation until he got an idea for a plot. "You can't write a story that's got any life in it by sitting at a writing table and thinking," he said. "You've got to get out into the streets, into the crowds, talk with people, and feel the rush

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and throb of real life—that's the stimulant for a story writer. I have never met anyone but what I could learn something from him; he's had some experience that I have not had, he sees the world from his own viewpoint."

He preferred New York, "Noiseyville-on-the-Hudson," to the mountains for inspiration, and ventured to say that if Henry James had worked in a department store, he might have turned out the great American novel. "I could look at these mountains," he said, "a hundred years and never get an idea. But just one block downtown, and I catch a sentence, see something in a face—and I've got my story."

One evening H. H. McClure, the editor, met him at a lunchroom. "What are you going to do tonight?" Mr. McClure asked.

"I'm going to persuade a 'hobo' to give me three hundred dollars," he replied.

"On a bet?" said Mr. McClure, thinking he was joking.

"Not at all," he said. "That's the price of a story and I'm going to rub up against some tramps down on the Bowery until one of them suggests a plot to me."

O. Henry never refused a needy man and if a beggar rapped on his door, he would not only help him out, but would ask him to call again. Perhaps that was his way of repaying the downtrodden New Yorkers who furnished him with short story material. On one occasion he gave a man a coin which turned out to be a twenty dollar gold piece. The man returned to him and said, "Mister, I beg your pardon, but this is a twenty dollar gold piece."

"I know it," O. Henry replied, "but it's all I have."

For O. Henry was a disappointed man. Although he was himself a successful author, he could do nothing about the ugly and squalid poverty that was about him. He was generous, yet the very manner in which he gave money away was a gesture of despair. "What's the use?"

At its best New York was not a home, it was a mere existence. O. Henry had expected it to be the New Bagdad, a magic, a miraculous city. He had approached it with the reverence of a pilgrim arriving at the promised land. But he was a journalist, and the facts which he saw and which he was impelled to report were disheartening. He lived in dreary furnished rooms, and came in constant contact with such dismal types as eat in public restaurants. Although he could not

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turn out stories fast enough, he was nearly always broke and rushed for time. All about him he saw that poverty which is worse than death. He said, "No one who has not known it can imagine the misery of poverty."

Witter Bynner found him stranded and without funds in the spring of 1903. He was living in a single room over a restaurant on West Twenty-fourth Street. The room was almost bare and gave no suggestion of comfort, and O. Henry, seated gloomily in the corner, was flat broke. "The first impression," wrote Mr. Bynner, "never to be forgotten, was of a stoutly built man, seemingly plunged into the depths of despondency."

Although his stories were going over in a great big way, O. Henry was painfully aware of the misery around him. His writing is not intense or fiery because he was broken down by a sense of futility. His insight, his understanding, his sympathy for the twisted types that he wrote about, only increased his despair. A look into any one of the four million faces was enough to convince him that all was not well.

Whether he wrote about the underpaid shop girl, whose ambition was to catch a millionaire husband, or the city slicker who thrives by fleecing the strangers who come to New York, his types are sordid. They may be aggressive or cunning, but they are not happy. Their ambition for wealth arises out of a panic stricken fear of poverty. They mean well, but they are bewildered—as O. Henry himself was.

Pessimism is the human reaction to the wolfish struggle to get ahead and the poison of mutual distrust. "For in the New Bagdad," O. Henry reports, "in order to survive, one must suspect whosoever sits, dwells, drinks, rides, walks or sleeps in the adjacent chair, house, booth, seat, path or room."

The struggle to survive turns out to be a vicious thing. On first glance, however, the city seems to be a place of unlimited opportunity. It is each man for himself. The characters come, "to dig their fortunes out of the big city. . . . There is no resting between rounds, for there are no rounds. It is slugging from the first. It is a fight to a finish. Your opponent is the city."

Everyone enters into the spirit of it at first, with shouts of glee, having only contempt for the victims—those left behind in the cheerless get-rich-quick stampede. Silver, for example, in "Babes of the Jungle," the jungle being the city, exclaims, "There's so many ways

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we can make a million that I don't know how to begin. You see that bundle of printed stuff in the corner, Billy? That's gold mining stock. I started out one day to sell that, but quit it in two hours. Why? Got arrested for blocking the street. People fought to buy it. I sold the policeman a block of it on the way to the station house, and then I took it off the market."

The author's reaction to this state of affairs is expressed indirectly in the O. Henry twist. We observe that Silver was arrested for blocking the street, not for taking money under false pretenses.

The O. Henry type characters, whether they come from the West or the big city, are all one hundred per cent. American. They are convincing. Even the comic types are inherently tragic. There is Bryan Jacks who "had mastered every art, trade, game, business, profession and sport in the world, had been present at, or hurrying on his way to, every headline event that had occurred between the oceans since he was five years old. You might open the atlas, place your finger at random on the name of a town, and Jacks would tell you the front names of three prominent citizens before you could close it again. He had learned everything the world could teach him, and he could tell you about it.

"He was a telegrapher and station-an-express-agent at seventy-five dollars a month. Why a young man who knew everything and could do anything was content to serve in such an obscure capacity, I could never understand, although he let out a hint once that it was a personal favor to the president and stockholders of the S. P. Ry. Co."

Dry Valley Johnson, a Texas sheepman, makes good and then finds out that he has never learned to relax or to enjoy life. He sells his ranch for \$18,000 and moves to Santa Rose to live a life of gentlemanly ease. But he is old beyond his years. "Dry Valley had no youth," O. Henry writes. "Even his childhood had been one of dignity and seriousness. At six he had viewed the frivolous gambols of the lambs on his father's ranch with silent disapproval. His life as a young man had been wasted. The divine fires and impulses, the glorious exaltations and despairs, the glow and enchantment of youth, had passed above his head. . . . He tried—oh, no man ever tried so hard to be young as Dry Valley did. He did not know how to dance, and his smile lacked spontaneity."

Then there is Jeff Peters, the itinerant grafter, whose main problem in life is to formulate some commercial sophistry by which he can

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take money from the people, and yet keep out of all trouble with the police that a five dollar bill and a cigar could not square. He sells "resurrection bitters" to a gullible public and even puts on a "scientific demonstration" for the mayor for \$250, making use of "the great doctrines of psychic financing, of the enlightening school of long distance subconscious treatment of fallacies and meningitis, of that wonderful indoor sport known as personal magnetism."

With all his skill in plot construction and type character creation, O. Henry was a despairing artist. At times he expressed a contempt for his own work. "When he was at the height of his success," Robert Davis wrote, "O. Henry said to me, 'I'm a failure. I always have the feeling that I want to get back somewhere, but I don't know just where it is. My stories? No. They don't satisfy me. Sometimes I feel that I'd like to get into some business; perhaps some clerkship; some place where I could see that I was doing something tangible, something worth while.'"

An artist cannot create a great work, even if he is capable of it, as long as he feels that it is meaningless. In order to become a popular success, O. Henry accepted the Philistine view that art is ornamental and has no deep social significance. This restricted him. He limited himself to the superficial aspects of reality. Detached from social issues, art loses its vitality. Talent and despair are one. Cleverness replaces inner fire and conviction. Sentiment replaces intellectual honesty. The artist must express himself indirectly, like the king's jester who flatters a stupid monarch with double meaning jokes. He must evade controversial themes. The story must be as trite as the advertisement in the column next to it. Ornament or plot replaces character development.

O. Henry was not disturbing in his analysis of social problems because he did not go deeply into causes and effects. He may allude to social injustices, and even go so far as to suggest that the department store employer who pays girls six dollars a week is worse than the man who sets fire to an orphan asylum or murders a blind man for his pennies, but he himself was resigned. He did not penetrate the inevitability of such exploitation or challenge it.

To see an injustice, to sympathize with the victim and then be able to do nothing about it is agonizing. That was O. Henry's position. His love of humanity was blind. He conquered the city while the city was conquering him.

Lighting—Then and Now

By W. H. CLARK, WINTHROP, MASSACHUSETTS



WHATEVER may have been the beginnings of the human race, it is certain that for untold ages the species was held as subservient to natural conditions as any animals. Our ancestors were doubtless more intelligent than brute creation but, just as did the prehistoric creatures, mankind starved or feasted as the bounty or drought of Nature dictated, even as we sweltered or shivered whenever the weather became extreme.

According to biology, one of the most fundamental drives of all living tissue, from the single-celled plants to man himself, is the instinct of self-preservation. This instinct, reduced to lowest terms, is nothing but the attempt to create more favorable environments, the moulding of circumstance to a happier condition. Bacteria accomplish this by encysting themselves against heat and dryness. Animals accomplish this either by running away from danger or burrowing into the ground beyond the reach of harm. And mankind accomplishes the same thing by the tremendously intricate business called civilization.

Wrapped in the armor of our social organizations, we are amazingly well protected against Nature. So well, indeed, that, provided we do not destroy ourselves, the world and all that is in it, is ours to enjoy and exploit forever.

Of the multitude of physical factors which have gone to make this civilization practicable, probably no one is of greater importance than artificial light. Today, when lighting is so commonplace and universal in its various forms, it may be difficult to appreciate what a great leap forward the first controlled flame was. Beyond doubt, primitive man knew fire. Volcanoes must have belched their fury for ages, and lightning bolts fired the forests, but that moment when some hairy man somewhere discovered how a fire could be created at will, either by a spark or by friction, and, more important, continued by feeding with fuel, marked the beginning of civilization. Not only was the heat of the flame vital in giving warmth in winter and heat for cooking and the reduction of metals, but the radiant light created at once multiplied man's importance.

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Light set him apart from all other life. It made him master of his environment. The leaping flames held beasts of prey at bay; behind a curtain of fire, humanity could sleep safely while terror walked the night. The blazing heap of fuel created a social focus about which groups could gather, sharpen their wits each upon the other to the better destruction of all other species. And, in time, this focus of fire became, first, the family, then the clan, the tribe and, finally, the nation. All this light accomplished—sunrise and sunset no longer limited humanity. Instead of sharing a common twelve-hour day with all other life, mankind in one mighty stride accomplished the means of making the day as long as need or desire dictated. Literally, no other physical achievement of man surpasses artificial lighting in importance—practically everything we have done and everything we do is either conditioned by or directly dependent upon our ability to continue our activities after the sun departs.

MAKING LIGHT

Despite the many forms of light-giving apparatus in use today, from remote country sections with their still primitive devices, to the ultramodern gas-filled high-frequency vacuum tubes painting the bright cheeks of our cities scarlet and purple, there is still, as in the beginning, only one way of making light. This way consists of causing electrons in the atoms of many diverse substances to either vibrate very rapidly in their position or else to shift their positions either within the atom or outside of the atom.

This reaction of the electron is ordinarily obtained in just two manners. First, heating the electron. The simplest example of this is the heating of a metal such as iron. At ordinary temperatures, iron does not give off light. Its electrons are in a condition of vibration, of course. Each electron is distant from its fellows within the iron molecule about 10 to the minus 8 th power centimeter. Thus they bounce back and forth over a space probably not more than 10 to the minus 9 th power. The resulting vibrations are of such a character that they are perceptible to the human organism only as heat. However, as the iron is heated progressively, the electrons dance about proportionately faster until they are in a mad whirl which gives out vibrations which the eyes can at last be sensitive to—red light. As still more heat is furnished, the electrons increase their speed and,

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successively, the iron glows brighter and brighter until it is white hot. That means the electronic vibrations are of such rates that they not only cause the eye to recognize wavelengths characterized by the red reaction, but also yellow, green, blue and violet reactions—the whole uniting to give the composite white (or colorless) sensation.

It is this heating of the electrons of substances which gives light from such sources as candles, wood fires, oil lamps, incandescent gas burners and the ordinary filament electric lamps.

The second way of obtaining light from the electron is not by heating them alone, but by driving them away from their fellows. Because of intricate physical relationships, whenever an electron is split away—or displaced—and is then permitted to return, light is emitted. Electrical energy is the only practical means of accomplishing this. In the electric arc, light is produced both by simple heating and by this electronic displacement. In the mercury vapor lamps and in the newer neon lamps and sodium lamps, the heating is reduced to a comparatively insignificant amount and practically all the light is that of simple electronic displacement.

METHODS OF LIGHTING

The electronic displacement method of creating light is, of course, only a few seconds old, in comparison with the age-old heating of electrons. Undoubtedly, light was first created by burning wood and subsequent improvements consisted only in finding new substances to burn which could be more readily controlled, more economically supplied and more efficient in their light-giving. Indeed, it was not until electricity was developed sufficiently to make apparatus practicable for both heating and electronic displacement that modern lighting became possible.

This new method is called "cold light" to distinguish it from the original method of creating light through the use of heat. Of course, no light source yet used by man is cold. All light either depends upon heat or gives off heat as well as light. It may be possible some time to create light by the mysterious processes displayed by certain insects, such as the common firefly, or by certain fish, such as those weird creatures of the deepest glooms of the ocean abyss. Such light is really cold light. For each quantum of energy consumed, very nearly one hundred per cent. radiation of light is obtained. In contrast, human

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appliances are most wasteful. For example, an ordinary vacuum tungsten filament lamp gives but 1.32 per cent. return in light for the electrical energy it drinks and our most efficient light, the mercury hot-cathode lamp, yields only 6.4 per cent. These are an improvement over the early carbon filament electric lamps, which gave a mere half of one per cent. return—but they are a long way from being efficient.

Even so, these electric lights are vastly superior to the burning sources they have displaced the world over—wherever electrical energy is available. However, for unmeasured ages, humanity did depend upon burning substances as the only means of heating their electrons to incandescence and—while no measurements are available—it is very probable that the majority of humanity is still dependent upon burning materials rich in carbon to keep the dark hours at bay.

The chemistry of this combustion as a source of light is comparatively simple, although, like everything else, there are, behind the observed behaviors, mysteries that cannot be measured, and complexities that cannot be comprehended.

The burning of a hydrocarbon is perhaps the simplest illustration of the use of combustion to give light. Other fuels, such as wood, are more complex in their chemistry, although the essential detail is identical. As in a candle, the process is simply that of combining the hydrogen and carbon in the wax with oxygen in the air. Once set into a high rate of vibration, through the agency of a match flame, the union of the candle's substance with the gas in the air proceeds automatically.

The heat of the flame, gleaming on the top of the wick, melts by radiation of heat the wax directly below. The liquid wax, by capillary action, climbs up the wick into the flame in an amount proportionate both to the size (and heat) of the flame and the character of the wick.

In the flame each molecule of wax is at once associated with twenty-six molecules of oxygen. The double molecules then burst into a violent production of heat as they form seventeen carbon dioxide molecules and eighteen molecules of water.

This battering to bits of the wax molecules continues until the hydrogen molecules are entirely separated from the carbon molecules, which were associated originally to make the wax. The eighteen hydrogen molecules are burned with oxygen to make water, leaving the carbon molecules alone. The energy of the uniting hydrogen and

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oxygen in the production of water heats these bits of pure carbon so much that they unite enthusiastically with the air at the edge of the flame and are reduced to the colorless gas, carbon dioxide. Before the carbon is thus reduced, it glows in the midst of the candle flame in a rich yellow-white color; at the edge of the flame, where the carbon unites with free oxygen in the air, the combustion is so much hotter, that the carbon, as it vanishes into its gas, burns blue-white.

This same chemistry follows through, with unimportant variations, in the burning of oils, also hydrocarbons, in lamps. All improvement in lamps consisted in supplying more air, that is, free oxygen, to the flame, or in causing the flame to heat some substance other than carbon to incandescence. The first improvement, that of supplying more air, was worked out by enclosing the flame in a glass chimney which, being open at the top and bottom, utilized the heat of the flame to create a convection current of air through the flame area.

The second method, that of using the energy of the flame to heat some substance in addition to the carbon in the burning wax or oil, or gas—which is a hydrocarbon, also. The trouble with incandescent carbon is that its light emission is comparatively poor. Of all the substances in the world, the two that give the most light, when heated, are the oxides of thorium and cerium when associated in intimate physical mixture. Why this is so, no one knows—but they do.

A textile fabric, made either of nettle plant fibers, or artificial silk, is sewn into a small bag called a mantle. This bag is soaked in saturated solutions of the two metals in the form of their nitrates, plus a seasoning of the nitrates of calcium, magnesium and beryllium for tensile strength. Dried, the nitrate bags are stretched over glass thimbles and then burned. This removes the textile fabric, reduces the nitrates to oxides, and leaves only what amounts to a skeleton of the salts. Before being removed from the thimbles, the mantles are sprayed with a cellulose solution which protects them from breaking until they are suspended over a flame ready for use.

The heat of the flame, whether it be oil or gas, burns off the cellulose fixative and leaves the salt skeleton ready for business. Since the hotter the flame, the brighter the thorium and cerium will glow, these flames are always supplied with oxygen under forced draft—as in the Bunsen burner. This superabundance of oxygen immediately oxidizes all the carbon of the burning hydrocarbon, giving a colorless,

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or blue flame which does not deposit any carbon to injure the mantle. Unfortunately, while the gas mantle light is about the cheapest source of abundant radiation known, the mantles are so delicate and perishable and the electric filament bulb so dependable in contrast, that the mantles are almost unknown today—save in country districts beyond the power lines, where an oil flame is used in place of gas.

MANNERS OF LIGHTING

Beyond all doubt, the first manner of making light was that of burning wood. Studies by anthropologists of present backward races, such as the aborigines of Australia, as well as by archeologists of such relics of ancient times as have been discovered, leave no doubt of this. For untold centuries, even when civilization, in its broadest sense, was well advanced, burning wood supplied the only light. Lamps, candles and the rest are actually all recent inventions. Indeed, there are still tribes in the waste places of the earth who depend upon the light of heaped piles of wood in their rude homes, and upon burning torches, carried in the hand, mere clubs of resinous wood, for portable light. The smoke of crackling wood still darkens the life of many millions of humans today as down the long corridor of the ages.

The means of kindling these fires also still survives; here and there in the remote places of the earth can be found the history of igniting combustion. African savages in sober earnest start their fires by rubbing wood together, the friction producing heat, just as every Boy Scout knows. And, in other sections, sparks are still dropped upon rag-tinder or carefully dried bits of moss and plant fibers, from clashed bits of quartz and steel. Even the child's toy, the burning glass, remains a firemaking tool in remote sections. Indeed, it is only yesterday, even as brief human time goes, that matches came into being, crude sticks dipped into white or yellow phosphorous first emancipating humanity from flint and steel, tinder box and burning glass. Known by 1680, phosphorus matches were not generally used, even in Europe, before 1700, and it was not until 1850, actually, that the safe "red" phosphorous match came into commercial production.

Thus, in all nations, and far back into the dimness of mythology, can be tracked these old means of creating light. Tinder boxes, many of them richly ornamented and preciously substed, as in China and in France, testify to the universality of this age-old means of kindling

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a light—and probably, today, natives of remote Siberia, the barrens of Canada and the wastes of Southern Argentina, no less than sections of Africa and isolated islands of the South Sea, are just as proud of their cherished tinder boxes as some bejeweled Chinese mandarin or painted French noble were centuries ago.

As for the burning glass, a lens which concentrated the heat of the sun sufficient to ignite tinder, it may not be as old as flint and quartz, but it also goes back into the mists of antiquity. We know the Egyptians could make glass and, as even a crudely cast lens will concentrate the sun's light sufficiently to create flame, it is likely that the toilers who reared the pyramids five thousand years ago were lighted to their toil by torches ignited from central fires of wood lighted whenever necessary by a burning glass. Of course, everyone remembers how Archimedes is credited with destroying ships at Syracuse by focusing sunlight upon them with a burning glass (probably a concave silver mirror, if the story is not a myth altogether), and Aristophanes, the Greek dramatist, about 400 B. C., did use a burning glass as part of the machinery of his play, "The Clouds."

And, by the way, modern cigarette smokers, particularly those of the gentler sex, have revived the old tinder box—for their "lighters" are nothing but a steel wheel biting against a flint with the resulting spark igniting an oil-soaked wick.

Naturally, a blazing fire on the ground has its limitations as a source of light and a torch, being only a splinter of wood, naturally rich in wax or pitch, has likewise its faults. So, undoubtedly, minor improvements were made eventually.

Probably the first development of the use of burning wood as a source of light, as distinguished from a general fire, was the placing of small fires about a room or cave, and even their being placed on shelves or in niches in the stone walls. And later, as metal became generally available, baskets of strap iron were made and hung from supports by chains. In these baskets chips and splinters of wood were burned. Even in medieval times such baskets, sometimes called cressets, were used to light the archways into castles and to point the path for armies walking by night. Some of these cressets were mounted on poles and thus acted like torches—their value being in that, unlike a torch, they gave more light and could be kept burning as long as was necessary.

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Naturally, the smoke and sparks from these cressets, or baskets, of burning wood limited their use indoors. Thus one of the very first lighting developments for use indoors was that of the splinter—a refined and small torch. Even today, in Canada, hunters and lumbermen will save certain straight grained lengths of pitch pine to dry and split into long splinters. These, lighted at one end, will burn for some time with a dull and richly smoky light. In olden times these splinters were used just as candles came to be utilized. Metal or pottery stands, often shaped like human heads, or animals, were formed and many small holes drilled into them. In these holes splinters were stuck and, when a score or more of them were burning, the light must have been satisfactory—even if it was smoky.

But wood is a coarse and very unpleasant material to use for light. How really unhappy its use was is shown by our own literature of the American Colonial period. When the settlers came here they found the Indians using two substances, chiefly, for portable light. One was the torch made of birch bark, rolled about the end of a pole. This torch yields an abundant light but its smoke is terrific. Nevertheless, hunters still use birch bark torches in the forests even today. The other material the Indians used was pine knots—hard nodules of tissue formed in pine timber when a branch is overgrown by the spreading layers of wood as a tree grows to large size. These knots are very rich in pitch and other hydrocarbons and they burn furiously. Indians used them in stone and pottery holders, both as portable lights and as stationary lamps in their huts and teepees.

Lacking the candles of home, the first settlers found the pine knots the best substitute available and generations of Americans, as the frontier moving ever westward perpetuated primitive existence, were born, lived and died by the light of pine knots. Lincoln is popularly supposed to have studied by his family fireside, aided by a few pine knots skewered on nails by his side.

But, while light was necessary and pine knots gave it, they were a wretched makeshift. Their smoke, even in the somewhat well ventilated early houses, was suffocating and, in addition, the burning oils dripped dangerously. On earthen floors this also was of small importance, but when wooden floors were accomplished, pine knots had to be sheltered. Thus, metal boxes and angles were provided to catch the drip and to cause better combustion. However, these improvements

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were of small value and, in most Colonial homes, the pine knots were banished to the interior of the fireplaces. There, in those great stone caverns, six feet or more wide, four and five feet deep and a man's stature in height, the pine knots could smoke and drip as much as they pleased—the smoke went up the chimney and the dripping oils fell onto the burning logs below.

While pine knots thus lighted the frontiers of America and wood fires illuminated earlier times in Europe and Asia, improvements began to be made, improvements which were to lead to the lamp and the candle—the two major means of light which, starting in some unknown place at some unknown time, but probably not long since, as human time goes, existed side by side, as they still do, until modern science gave gas and electricity as light sources.

The first development was probably the addition of oils to torches and splinters—the beginning of the candle. In the Far East and in the South Sea, the first European explorers reported that the natives made torches by wrapping the leaves of a certain resinous palm about poles and, in Rome, Pliny mentions that Egyptian custom of burning reeds soaked in oil was being changed from a funeral ceremony to a common means of lighting private homes. These reeds, or rush lights as they came to be called in England and in America, were a combination of the lamp and the candle.

Rushes or reeds were cut and stripped to their main stalks and wetted in water until the outer coverings could be peeled away in part. This left the central pithy fibre in long strips held together by threads of chitinous tissue. Then, after being thoroughly dried, the reeds were soaked in grease, obtained from the kitchens. To burn the reeds, a contrivance was adopted which was simply a standard rising out of a heavy base with a series of clips arranged perpendicularly. The reed was clutched in these clips and burned away smokily and feebly, but with some light. It is recorded that a yard length of grease-soaked reed would burn for nearly an hour. And then it was found that if grease was placed about the base of the reed, some of the oil would be melted and would pass up the reed, like a wick, prolonging the life of each reed to an entire evening.

These rush lights were very primitive and feeble, but they were as inexpensive as wooden splinters and far more brilliant and longer lived—and thus the reed light endured for centuries in Europe and Asia and was brought across the Atlantic to America by the Colonists.

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While the rush light was developing the lamp was also coming into being. Even while, as in the Indies, waxy seeds were being burned as pine knots were in the forests of Scotland and Germany, split fish in Alaska and dried sea-bird carcasses (both very oily) were used as lamps in the Orkney Islands, the Mediterranean people, as well as the Chinese, were developing the lamp.

No time can be fixed for the first emergence of the lamp in its primitive form, because at the time history first was written lamps were in use. Lamps at least four thousand years of age have been dug up in the ruins of Mediterranean civilizations and, oddly enough, they do not differ in any great respect from those used as late as the fifteenth century even by wealthy nations. This is so because, after all, a lamp is nothing but a reservoir of oil in which a wick is suspended.

Only two developments are exhibited by lamps previous to modern times, because size means nothing. Ancient cities in Asia and Africa are known to have used great metal and pottery jars containing as much as a hundred weight of oil or fat and using a score of wicks, just as the same people and those that came after them used lamps which held but a few ounces of fuel and had but one wick.

The first improvement was in the fuel. The first substance used was undoubtedly grease from animals. Then it was discovered that oils pressed from various nuts and berries were less smoky and, indeed, gave off fragrant odors. The animal oils were found to be even better, odor aside, and so ships chased sea mammals into the remotest fastnesses of the Arctic and Antarctic for their oil. Indeed, late in the eighteenth century and during the first half of the nineteenth century, whale oil, particularly the kind obtained from the head of the sperm whale, was the world's best illuminant and the sturdy whalers of Nantucket and New Bedford, Massachusetts, made fortunes in supplying this fuel. The only rival sperm oil had was colza oil, a more expensive fuel pressed from rape seed in Europe.

Then, in 1853, mineral oil, soon to be kerosene, came into use and the modern oil lamp, even as multitudes of homes in modern America know it this hour, came into being.

The use of whale oil and kerosene brought about the first real development in the lamp. The first lamps, as used in America, were nothing but shallow metal basins with a chain or hook attached with which to hang them from a support and a spout at one end in which

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the wick was supported. These lamps are commonly known as Betty lamps and, although they were smoky and gave but little light, they would burn any oil or grease and were thus cheap to use.

Ben Franklin first improved the Betty lamp. He made a lamp in the shape of a vase and hung two wicks down into the oil, finding that two wicks, placed only a little distance apart, gave a better light than two wicks widely separated. The Franklin vase type lamp was soon very generally used and as soon as Colonial glass manufacture was perfected, expensive lamps were made of glass.

Some of these Colonial lamps were very beautifully designed and are rare collectors' pieces today.

Until mineral oil distillation was perfected sufficiently to make the extraction of kerosene cheap, the whale oil lamps reigned unchallenged, as raw petroleum burns very darkly. But, once kerosene was marketed, it drove all other forms of illumination out of being, particularly when some unknown genius discovered that by placing a glass chimney over the kerosene flame, the light was multiplied and smoke was utterly eliminated, providing the wick was properly adjusted. No better light than that of this mineral distillate was known and, although it is so inconvenient and dangerous, compared to electric light, that it has disappeared in cities, wherever electrical energy is not available kerosene still remains the best source of light and the kerosene lamp still lights the toil and recreation of millions of Americans, no less than that of Chinese, Russians and South Americans.

To go back, the only other improvements made in the lamp through the ages were in portability and in construction. The first lamps were but bowls or vases filled with fuel. Eventually, ears or handles were fitted to the bowls to make it possible to carry them about and then chains were devised to hang them overhead.

As for construction, the first materials were either stone or clay—stone bowls laboriously ground to shape and rude pottery bowls baked in wood fires. The Esquimaux of the Arctic still use the stone lamp today and it is probable that in isolated parts of the Orient the original Chinese lamp, of a section of bamboo, is not unknown.

But as soon as metal came to be worked, the development of the lamp took many forms. Many of them were made of precious metals and decorated with jewels and intricately enameled and engraved. Indeed, the lamp was a precious utensil and rich with religious signi-

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ficance, so upon it was showered all the artistic genius of mankind. Perhaps they were second in attention value only to religious symbols.

But if lamps had to wait until kerosene in 1853 made modern development possible, the contemporary of the lamp, the candle, flowered into its perfection very rapidly; and, as it is used today to light the dinner tables of electric-light-weary epicures, its form is no different from that which has persisted from the beginning—for a candle is merely a wick of porous material surrounded by a solid hydrocarbon.

Descendant of the rush light in prehistoric times, the candle has played its part ever since. The Romans certainly used them and it is said those great sea traders, the Phœnicians, spread the candle over just about all the civilized world known in their day. Only two substances seem to have been used for candles in the beginning—beeswax and tallow. Tallow, being but the clarified fat of some domestic animals, was, of course, very inexpensive and formed the bulk of candles used. However, it did not have a pleasant odor, and wealthy citizens, who could afford to pamper their noses, burned the wax candle. The first wicks were the pith of rushes, but various other natural fibers twisted into a string were soon adopted and the linen or cotton wick was doubtless in early use.

Wax remained the best candle material until 1750, when spermaceti, a fat from the sperm whale, was put to use by some unsung genius. Sperm candles burned delightfully and the hunt for the spermaceti gave employment to large numbers of whalers. Then, about 1854, paraffin wax, made from petroleum, was first used and at once replaced all other substances. Today candlemaking is something of a science, as paraffin is mixed with stearine to lessen the brittleness characteristic of the paraffin, and some fats from vegetable sources are added for fragrance's sake—as the wax from the bayberry shrub, sacred to New England.

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If for long centuries the candle and lamp, plus more primitive torches and wood fires, remained the world's only source of light, within the last generation, certainly within the memory of everyone now more than thirty, the business of lighting has undergone tremendous development—and the end is certainly not yet even approached.

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This development was made possible by two things—gas and electricity.

Of gas it is not essential to say much. There was a time, in the first part of this century, until about World War time, when gas was an important source of light. As an illuminant it had, of course, been known for many years previously. However, the cost of putting down pipe lines to deliver gas to consumers limits its use sharply to congested regions and thus, even when European and American cities had the considerable capital necessary, the use of gas failed to expand very widely.

Whatever may be the value and future of gas as an industrial and domestic source of heat, as an illuminant it is definitely past history now. The flickering yellow flames of the "fish-tail burners" and the roaring white brilliance of the "mantle-burners" are things we may all remember with ease but which we fail to remember with regret. Electricity, in one sudden upsurge, has captured the business of modern illumination—for no source of light has ever been at once so abundant and so simple in operation as the electric light.

The first electric light was developed about 1850—the electric arc. In essence it is simply two electrodes of carbon. Carbon is so resistant to the flow of electricity that it heats, particularly at the point at which the two electrodes touch each other lightly. This heat causes the carbon to "arc," to begin to burn. And then, once the arc is established, the electrodes can be drawn a few inches apart while the arc continues to pass, being a bridge of electrons flying between the two electrodes. In this arc the atoms of carbon are subjected to such fierce activity that they are jarred out of their alignment, displaced indeed, so that the second type of light, electronic, is added to that of the incandescent carbon itself.

For this dual reason the light of the electric arc is very brilliant and it became widely used for outdoor illumination, instantly changing city streets from dark, crime-rife hazards to brightly lighted passages in which citizens were as safe at midnight as at noonday.

Unfortunately, the arc light was too hot and too noisy to be used in the home or in any limited indoor area and thus, while ideal for outdoor illumination, home lighting had to wait until after 1879, when Thomas A. Edison perfected the incandescent light. In itself this

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lamp was one of the greatest accomplishments of human genius, crude as it may seem now sixty years after.

To begin with, everyone knew that several substances, because of their resistance to the passage of electric energy, would heat when a current was passed through them. But this knowledge did not make a light. Too many problems stood in the way. First was the difficulty of obtaining sufficient current in constant supply. Edison solved this by perfecting the older forms of the dynamo and working out technical matters of distribution.

And then the lamp itself had to be created. After a multitude of experiments, Edison picked out a carbon thread as the best material to use for heating to incandescence. It was difficult indeed to find out how to manufacture a thread of such a brittle and soft material as carbon—but Edison accomplished the desired end. Next, he had to find a way to heat the filament hot enough to give light and yet find a way to prevent it from uniting with oxygen and so destroying itself. He solved this final problem by sealing his filament of carbon in a glass bulb and then removing the oxygen by pumping out all the air, or as much as he possibly could. When this was done, Edison saw the first incandescent electric light burn on his laboratory bench and, whether he realized it or not, a new era in civilization had begun—for light in its most perfect form, so far, had been created.

The carbon filament presented many difficulties, however. It was fragile and it broke easily. Then, since all the air could not be removed from the bulbs, the carbon eventually burned away.

At first no one knew just how to improve upon Edison's filament and attention was focused upon the improvement of the carbon arc. The worst fault of the original carbon arc was the rapidity with which the carbons were consumed, necessitating not only daily renewal of the electrodes, but also constant adjustment. In 1893 the enclosed arc was brought out to meet this objection. A glass tube was placed about the carbons. This kept much of the air away with the result that carbons burned more slowly, lasting for as much as a week without renewal. Of course, the early arcs were all of the direct current type, in which the positive electrode gave out most of the light. When alternating current began to be manufactured commercially, it was at once adapted to arc lights with more light resulting.

However, the greatest improvements in arcs came with the introduction of various chemical salts into the lights. Strontium, which

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gives a bright red flame; calcium, which burns a brilliant yellow; and barium, which is rather white, have been the most used. These arcs are called flame types and have a wide variety of uses in outdoor lighting, particularly now that carbon electrodes have been replaced with other substances which burn less rapidly. A common arrangement is that of the luminous arc—the negative electrode is an iron tube packed with magnetic iron oxide and titanium oxide; the positive electrode is of copper. The iron vaporizes readily and the titanium gives the resulting “flame” a sparkling brilliancy.

These arcs have wide fields of service today and their usefulness will undoubtedly widen. Motion picture studios depend upon them—the “Kliegs”—and so do photoengraving plants, for the arcs are rich in the ultra violet rays necessary to photographic reactions. Also, there is a widening field in the manufacture of various chemicals—as the rich light is a source of chemical reactions of marked strength and adaptability.

One other “arc” is of particular importance. This is the mercury arc, developed by Cooper Hewitt. It functions because mercury in a vacuum tube forms an “arc” several feet long when electrical energy is passed through it. This mercury arc is, however, lacking in red and yellow light and pours out mostly blue and violet light—a ghastly glare. It is very useful in photography but, although one of the richest sources of light for the energy consumed, no one has yet succeeded in correcting this blue fault.

For many years engineers and inventors, realizing the limitation of the arc lamps, worked to improve Edison’s incandescent filament lamp. Improvements were made but they were of small importance until 1903, when tantalum was first used. It was better than carbon, but still not good enough. Then, in 1905, the osmium filament was perfected by Welsbach, the German inventor, whose name is forever associated with the gas mantle. Osmium was the best material yet put into use, but it was still so brittle that the life of the lamp was not satisfactory.

And then, thanks largely to intricate experiments undertaken by the General Electric Company, the tungsten filament was perfected. The difficulty with tungsten was that no one knew how to draw this brittle metal into a wire thin enough for an incandescent lamp. Finally, in a triumph which emphasized the modern importance of organized

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research over the garret geniuses of the past, the problem was solved and tungsten lamps were placed on the market—lamps that were at last brilliant, strong and long wearing.

Still other problems remained, however. One of these was the blackening of the glass consequent to the evaporation and radiation of tungsten from the filament. Study showed that this was caused by the metal being radiated away because of the high vacuum in the bulb. Accordingly, instead of seeking to prolong filament life by means of a vacuum, new studies were prosecuted by which a process was developed in which, instead of the air being pumped out of a lamp, the air is replaced with an inert gas, such as nitrogen. This at once prevents the filament from burning away and checks the evaporation of the filament which formerly blackened the glass.

With the tungsten gas-filled lamp, research had finally perfected the ideal home light. It is not perfect, of course, and research is constantly under way to bring about more efficient and brighter light for the current consumed. Out of this research constant developments are coming. Such are the photo-flash bulbs which have replaced the flashlight powder photographers used to startle the universe with. Such are the new high wattage incandescent lights which are so brilliant that they can furnish the light energy for lighthouses, headlights for trains, searchlights for ships and anti-aircraft batteries, not to mention floodlighting projects by which night is turned into day for manufacturing ships and for playing football, polo and baseball in hours when all the world is resting and can come to see the sport.

Probably one of the most promising, and certainly the most striking, new type of lighting developed is the so-called neon lamps. Poor in their illuminating qualities, they are so attention arresting in their color that they are ideal for advertising purposes and, almost overnight, cities the world over have been turned scarlet, crimson, yellow and purple, with manufacturers and storekeepers fighting to attract the eye of might-be purchasers.

The neon lamp is really a gas discharge lamp. They are very efficient in that they give five times as much light for the money spent for current as do filament lamps. If only they were white—they would be perfect. Their principle is that of the displaced electron. When an electron jumps from one state to another, a quantum of light is produced. The color of the light, its wavelength, depends upon its

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energy. Since each electronic arrangement has its characteristic amount of energy, each substance emits a characteristic color of light when its electrons are displaced. Just as sodium gives out its yellow, so does neon gas, in a tube subjected to a high frequency electric current, give out red light at about one-twentieth of an atmosphere of pressure and orange light at lesser pressure. When a little mercury is put into the tube, the light becomes a hideous blue.

While at present these colored lights seem to be limited to advertising, there are indications that, in the future, wider fields will be found. Sodium vapor is so brilliantly yellow that it is being experimented with in connection with highway lighting, and gas lamps which are rich in the infra-red region of the spectrum seem to have a future in air navigation for, as beacon lights, their waves apparently penetrate fogs and mists far more successfully than do ordinary white lights.

Probably the most astonishing feature of lighting is the marvelous manner in which it has developed within the present generation. For untold ages, wood fires and wood torches were humanity's only source of light. Then, for perhaps four thousand years, lamps and candles met the need, culminating in the kerosene lamp. And now that electrical energy has become cheap and abundant and widely distributed, and the organized inventive and scientific genius of mankind has been harnessed to face the problems electric lighting offers, progress has been so rapid that apparently we are on the threshold of a new world—one in which lights will be used not only to lengthen the day, but also to serve us in many social, medical and industrial methods and manners, probably in ways about which we have, as yet, no conception. Ours is a universe of light physically—after long ages we seem to be coming into a man-made creation in which, also, light is the characteristic feature.



Bryant and the Sedgwick Family

BY CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG, PH. D., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



HE long friendship that existed between Bryant and the Sedgwick family forms an interesting chapter in the literary history of America during the nineteenth century. The poet was indebted to the Sedgwick tribe for many favors and kindnesses generously extended to him when he was a struggling and discouraged country lawyer. Had Bryant, at a critical period in his life, not received the material encouragement and influential assistance of the Sedgwick brothers, it is doubtful whether he would have gone to New York on the chance of securing literary employment there. The whole course of his career would thus have been changed profoundly. The strands of personal destiny, however, are too closely and intricately interwoven to be disentangled and traced separately to their source. After all, character, to a very large extent, does mold fate. If Bryant had not possessed commanding talent as a poet, if he had not been the author of that astonishing masterpiece, "Thanatopsis," if he had not, at the solicitation of Miss Sedgwick, contributed some admirable hymns to a collection then being prepared, that family would never have taken any interest in him. At any rate, after he had transferred his law office to Great Barrington in 1816, Bryant made the acquaintance of Miss Sedgwick, then unknown to the world though nursing literary aspirations. It was with a mingled feeling of hope and despondency that he had moved to Great Barrington, which was the residence of Miss Sedgwick. In later years he still recalled the shining beauty of Nature in this section of the Berkshires—the glistening green meadows on the banks of the Housatonic, the waters of which were dappled and blended with the gold and crimson reflections of the trees overhanging them.¹

It was Charles Sedgwick, a member of the Berkshire bar, who first introduced Bryant to the Sedgwick family. Charles Sedgwick,

1. For Bryant's description of this scene as well as his impressions of Miss Sedgwick, see the article, "Reminiscences of Miss Sedgwick," by William Cullen Bryant, in "The Life and Letters of Catherine M. Sedgwick," ed. Mary E. Dewey (New York, 1871), pp. 437-38.

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like his brothers, possessed a genial, agreeable personality, and he soon made Bryant feel at home. The poet was made specially welcome by Miss Sedgwick, who gazed with respect and admiring curiosity at one who had gained fame so early. Bryant, on his part, beheld a young woman, somewhat inclined to plumpness, with features that were regular and eyes that had a bright benevolent look in them. She immediately persuaded him to write several hymns for a collection then being edited by Henry D. Sewall.² From then on, she seemed to feel that Bryant's hopes of literary success should by all means be encouraged. He was certainly not at home in the legal profession. In him she recognized the true type of poet, and when the time came she used her good offices to liberate him from the bondage of the law.

Bryant's correspondence with some members of the Sedgwick family shows that they were partly instrumental in reawakening his dormant creative instincts. The old resolution that he had made, not to allow literature to interfere in any way with his legal pursuits, was conveniently forgotten. On July 30, 1820, we find him writing to Charles Sedgwick:

DEAR SIR

I have altered the second stanza of Paine's Ode in the following manner—

In a clime, whose rich vales feed the marts of the earth,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The fleets of the world to the land of your birth
Shall come—as the billows come in from the ocean.
But should pirates invade, &c.

The other exceptionable passage I have altered in two ways, neither of which exactly pleases me—You may chuse, or think of something better—

Then unite, heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
In a vow to the God of the ocean and land
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia &c.

2. Writing to Bryant on August 29, 1820, Henry D. Sewall thanked him for sending the hymns and suggested suitable subjects for further contributions. He also mentioned the fact that he had taken some liberties in revising a few lines. On January 2, 1821, he wrote again. Not having heard from Bryant, he had begun to fear that the poet had taken umbrage at his unwarranted act of tampering with the text of the hymns. He felt guilty about these alterations and stated that he had scrupulously restored the original reading. Both letters are in the New York Public Library.

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—which however does not mend matters much.—More devoutly and tamely thus—

And ask of the God of the ocean and land
That ne'er *may* the sons of Columbia &c.—

I am Sir

Yours Sincerely

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.³

Spurred on to new literary efforts by the appreciation and kindly encouragement of his friends, Bryant earnestly set about composing a farce for the stage. The plot was based on a duel which had recently been fought, the purpose of the author evidently being to satirize the practice of dueling itself. The farce was a failure, not because Bryant, as some critics seem to feel, was lacking in humor,⁴ but because he was sadly deficient in dramatic power. It could not very well be put on the stage. Charles Sedgwick, who sat in judgment on the merits of "The Heroes," was doubtful of its success. Neither he nor his brother, Henry Sedgwick, felt that Bryant was capable of tapping the vein of humorous dramatic satire. On February 14, 1823, Charles Sedgwick wrote to Bryant:

Yr feelings in regard to the farce are just what I supposed they would be. It is perhaps one of the best properties of a superior mind to estimate justly its own performance. In regard to the satire of the play we both know that it is excellent. As to its success neither you nor any body else can tell before hand. There are so many considerations about it arising from the lapse of time, the squibs & jokes, the farces, &c. &c. that possible without any regard to the merits of the performance the public may reject it being already tired. But I shall certainly try it & I think N. Y. is the best Theatre for such a show. My brothers will hear it in a few days & will do their best with it.⁵

Henry Sedgwick failed to be impressed by the farce; indeed, he was highly amused at the thought that the grave and sedate author of "Thanatopsis" had attempted the composition of a humorous dramatic piece.⁶

3. William C. Bryant to Charles Sedgwick, Great Barrington, July 30, 1820, in the Pierpont Morgan Library.

4. See article, "Bryant the Poet of Humor," which appeared in the July, 1935, issue of "Americana."

5. Charles Sedgwick to William Cullen Bryant, February 14, 1823, in the New York Public Library.

6. Charles Sedgwick to William Cullen Bryant, March 23, 1823, in the New York Public Library. Letter quoted in Parke Godwin, "A Biography of William Cullen Bryant" (New York, 1883), I, 188n.

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The failure of "The Heroes" did not disturb the friendship that existed between Bryant and the Sedgwick family. On July 10, 1824, Bryant wrote a sprightly letter, which is full of hearty praise for the work of Miss Sedgwick:

MY DEAR SIR

I send you the April No. of the "N. A. Review," which Mrs. S. & yourself expressed a desire to read. For Greenwood's article I must bespeak a favourable perusal beforehand; for I once heard it censured by one who was yet *Wordsworthian* enough, as I found afterwards, to speak of the tie that associates natural and moral beauty, and of the voice of the divinity issuing from the eloquent places of Nature.

I did not want a writ of partition in the School District case—partition having already been made in due form by three disinterested and discreet freeholders, resident in the County of Berkshire. But the statute provides, that the return of the partitioning Com^{ee} upon being accepted, shall be recorded in the Clerk's office & also in the Office of Register of Deeds. If you ever do such a thing as to let such a paper go from your hands I should like to have it sent to me that I may get it recorded here.

I believe your sister, Miss Sedgwick, sometimes interests herself in what is going on in the literary world. Will you tell her a piece of literary news, that my last advice from Cambridge informs me that a certain work entitled "Redwood," the production of an anonymous writer, whose name was so well concealed that it did not come to the knowledge of the public much sooner than the work itself, is in such high esteem there that it is absolutely dangerous and unsafe not to admire it—that the critic who is sufficiently hardy & unreasonable to find fault with it suffers an immediate forfeiture of reputation in matters of taste; and what is better still that those who for some reason or other (probably religious prejudices) did not like the *New England Tale* have come out its decided and redoubtable champions.

In the midst of these acclamations of praise which I hear from all quarters, it is a matter of no small pride to me that the unexpected and flattering honor which the author had done me in dedicating the work to me has permitted me to

"Pursue the triumph & partake the gale,"

as Pope says.

I have scribbled you a slovenly letter; but we do not always dress to see our friends.

Yrs. truly

W. C. BRYANT⁷

7. W. C. Bryant to Charles Sedgwick, Great Barrington, July 10, 1824, in the Pierpont Morgan Library.

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Since "Redwood" was dedicated to him, Bryant was reluctant to review it, but finally consented when he was urgently pressed to do so by the editor of the "North American Review." In his next letter to Charles Sedgwick, Bryant writes that he has completed his review of "Redwood":

MY DEAR SIR

I finished the work I told you I had undertaken, a day or two before the first of December, and forwarded it immediately. I would have been glad to have had more time for it—but to have delayed it till another number of the N. A. would have been quite too bad—for the Article will be late enough in all conscience—that is if Sparks concludes to print it—and if he does not, he will I hope furnish a better.

Since writing the article I have been twice to New Haven as a witness in an action against one of my neighbors. This must be my apology for not earlier attending to your second call for the Report of partition Com'tee in the case of the Cent. School Dist. in this Town. I have found it in the Registers Office but owing to some mistake of the Agent who left it, it is not recorded—I will send it as soon as it is recorded.

As for my plans for the future you are so kind as to inquire about, they are much in statu quo. I am fixed to leave this beggarly profession. I am obliged to you for your counsel to see what I can do in New York and I think I shall reconnoitre the ground in the spring.—Mr. Hillhouse who called on me about three days since told me that he thought there would be no obstacles in the way of my success, &c. &c.—

I'm quite obliged to Mrs. Sedgwick for the honour she is doing me, and am proud of the opportunity of supplying the deficiency in her collection by the Copy of M. M. which I enclose.⁸

You have seen I suppose the extract which the last "L. Gazette" contains from a notice of "Redwood" in the "New Monthly Magazine."—Indeed, I think it cannot fail with the English public.—A faithful picture of our domestic manners, drawn by a writer of genius, in addition to that celebrity which is created by qualities which must delight at all times and in all countries, must have, with English readers, the more piquant and popular attraction of novelty and of the promise it holds forth of gratifying a curiosity in relation to our country that is every moment more & more highly stimulated.—In the mean time, I am gratified at seeing so many handsome things said of it on both sides of the water—and must confess that the other day it gave me no little pleasure to see in a letter from a certain literary

8. Bryant enclosed an autograph of the poem, "Monument Mountain."

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gentleman at the eastward an apprehension expressed that Miss Sedgwick was in some danger of remaining stationary in her literary progress from the *indiscriminate* commendation as he called it, bestowed upon her last work—it was a remark that showed at least that the book was in great favour with the public.

Yrs. truly
W. C. BRYANT⁹

In his highly favorable review of "Redwood," which he felt was his "most ambitious attempt in prose up to that time,"¹⁰ Bryant advised Miss Sedgwick to go back to the early history of America, when hardy adventurous men explored the land. She could then have utilized the incidents of Colonial life, of settlement, and the record of the heroic struggle for independence. Instead, she had made a more hazardous experiment by exploring contemporary life. This, Bryant declared, was more difficult because the novelist found more obstacles in dealing with the humble life of the present than with that of the rich and romantic past. "There is a strong love of romance inherent in the human mind. We all remember our childhood was captivated with stories of sorcerers and giants. We do not, in our riper age, forget with what a fearful and thrilling interest we hung over tales of the interpositions of supernatural beings, of acts of desperate heroism, followed by incredible successes, of impossible dangers, and equally impossible deliverances."¹¹ Every one retained, to some degree, this love of excitement and suspense, of adventures in strange lands and among strange peoples.

Romantic stories, too, had this advantage: they aroused curiosity; they stirred the imagination to follow extraordinary trains of adventure. A novel based on local and current events called for precise descriptions and fidelity to facts. Besides, the writer had to exert himself in order to make his tale vivid and stimulating. A mere description of everyday life would have little appeal; it must be supported by an effectively constructed plot, natural dialogue, and well-drawn characters.

In this somewhat lengthy review Bryant proves himself a sound and sagacious critic. America, he believed, provided both the set-

9. William C. Bryant to Charles Sedgwick, Great Barrington, December 21, 1824, in the New York Public Library.

10. "Life and Letters of Catherine M. Sedgwick," p. 440.

11. "The North American Review," XXII, 246 (April, 1825).

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ting and the historical traditions for the writing of romance. The triumphs of Cooper, he assured the reader, had not exhausted the field. The writers of fiction, "of which the scene is laid in familiar and domestic life, have a rich and varied field before them in the United States."¹² He was of the opinion that works of this type could succeed in America. There were always universal themes and feelings and impulses to be utilized. "Wherever there are human nature and society, there are subjects for the novelist. The passions and affections, virtue and vice, are of no country."¹³ Moreover, these universal themes were modified in manifold ways by the effect of politics, law, environment, culture, tradition, and climate. Only a native writer could hope to do justice to the abundant materials that lay unused in the teeming womb of this vast land. The novelist must endeavor to portray with insight and verisimilitude how character is shaped and changed by the influence of indigenous forces.

Through ostensibly reviewing a novel, Bryant is in reality making an energetic plea for a truly national literature. To those who objected that American civilization was too active and utilitarian; that Americans were too deeply engrossed by the cares of business and the making of money "to have leisure for that intrigue, those plottings and counterplottings, which are necessary to give a sufficient degree of action and eventfulness to the novel of real life";¹⁴ that the writer, in order to find salvation, must be exempt from the necessity of economic effort, Bryant replied that the novelist need not be an idle butterfly, a social dilettante. On the contrary, the writer must remain in the bracing and salutary atmosphere of real life. Social intrigue and machinations need not form the staple of novel writing. In a country marked by the spirit of enterprise, where men worked with passion and perseverance, and where distinctions of rank did not count—in such a country stories dealing with the life of significant and representative men would be far more valuable. Character, that is to say, must be depicted in terms of its basic qualities.

Finally, Bryant contended that the free institutions of this country supplied ample material for plot and characterization. The American mind was noble, sturdy, independent. A democratic land gave birth to an infinite variety of forms of character. Differences of char-

12. *Ibid.*, p. 248.

13. *Ibid.*

14. *Ibid.*, p. 251.

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acter and custom were not suppressed but were encouraged to develop naturally. Sectional peculiarities thus flourished. A little hamlet, in a few seasons, passed through greater changes "than a European village can furnish in a course of ages."¹⁵ After praising Miss Sedgwick's delineation of character and her fidelity to local detail, Bryant concluded by saying that the plot of a novel was, after all, "little more than a convenient contrivance to introduce interesting situations and incidents, well drawn characters and fine sketches from life and nature."¹⁶ Later, in old age, Bryant was not a little amused at the tone of magisterial finality with which, in this review, he passed critical judgments and dispensed praise and blame.

II

By 1824, Bryant had had enough of that beggarly profession, the law, and he was persuaded by Henry Sedgwick to try his fortunes in New York. Accordingly, Bryant visited that city in the early part of 1824. Miss Sedgwick found him greatly buoyed up by his prospects. "I never saw him so happy, nor half so agreeable," she wrote.¹⁷ It was impossible, she felt, that a man of his ability and reputation should not be able to earn a living with his pen. Early in 1825, Bryant planned to visit New York again, and he wrote to Charles Sedgwick, who was supposed to accompany him:

MY DEAR SIR,

I did not hear from you last Friday as I expected—I took it for granted, therefore, that you had not made up your mind not to go with me to New York next week, and wrote to your brother in such terms, that he will probably expect to see us both. You will not I hope disappoint either his expectations or mine. As it depends upon you whether I shall have a very solitary uncomfortable journey, or a very pleasant one I hope that, all other circumstances being equal, you will take the humane side of the question.

I have made some inquiries about the Stages between Hudson and New York. They run every day and set out from Hudson at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. On Wednesday and one other day in the week (I forget which) comes along another Stage which travels all night for the dispatch of the mail. If you go I hope you will come down Monday night, and if we can get to Hudson the next morning by

15. *Ibid.*, p. 255.

16. *Ibid.*, p. 269.

17. Parke Godwin: "A Biography of William Cullen Bryant," I, 190.

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eleven o'clock, *à la bonne heure*, well and good—if not we have the next day before us—but we will talk of these things when you come.

Believe me,

Ever truly

Yours &c.

W. C. BRYANT.¹⁸

Bryant had come to a momentous decision. Charles Sedgwick had informed his brother Henry of the poet's intentions, and Bryant immediately received a letter inviting him to the home of Henry Sedgwick in New York. Though Henry Sedgwick hesitated to offer advice on matters involving a change of residence and of profession, he felt that life in New York possessed certain important advantages. "Life is here so miscellaneous that any description of talent may find not only occupation but diversity of application. . . . At all events it could not be amiss for you to come down & spend a week or fortnight with us to see what could be done."¹⁹ A week later Bryant received an even more heartening letter from Henry Sedgwick, who proposed a more or less definite plan. "If your business will admit of it, I think you ought to lose no time in coming here, for the purpose of making arrangements at least. The time is peculiarly propitious. There is just now a rage for the 'Athenæum' (just instituting) & of course any literary enterprise would be likely to attract attention. There has been a suggestion of setting up a Journal connected with the 'Athenæum' or under its patronage. The 'Atlantic' has pined until recently when it has begun to attract attention & favour. It has been transferred to Doct Anderson a young man of great attainments, industry & merit, who indulges the pride (or whim) of supporting himself altho' his father is a man of wealth. He had intended shortly to change the plan of the 'Athenæum' (& probably the name) & make it chiefly a 'Review.' I do not believe however that he will be able to conduct the work alone. I have not yet been able to see him & learn his views—but I do know that the Proprietors (Bliss & White) would like to have you associated with him. They now give him \$500 a year & allow him the same sum in addition to pay other contributors. . . .

"I should think it likely by remodeling the 'Atlantic,' connecting it in some way with the 'Athenæum,' & adding your name as one of

18. William Cullen Bryant to Charles Sedgwick, Great Barrington, February 9, 1825, in the Pierpont Morgan Library.

19. Henry Sedgwick to William Cullen Bryant, New York, January 16, 1825, in the New York Public Library.

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the Editors, a great circulation might be obtained.—The present list of subscribers amounts only to about 350, so that you might still have a share of the labour & honour of establishing the work.”²⁰ Henry Sedgwick then went on to suggest that Bryant could earn extra money by teaching the English language to foreigners. In a postscript, which has ironic significance, he informs Bryant that he was disposing of his poems (the 1821 edition) at fifteen cents a copy, in order to increase their sale.

III

Early in 1825, Bryant at last took the decisive step and came to live in New York, where the Sedgwick family helped him to establish himself in the literary world. Henry Sedgwick not only treated him with kindness, but used all his influence, which was considerable, to gain him friends, recognition, and economic security. At the Sedgwick home in New York, Bryant met men of culture and distinction, the eminent literati and artists of the day, many of whom became his fast friends. It was there he met Verplanck, Cooper, Robert C. Sands, the versatile poet and clever wit, Hillhouse, author of “Percy’s Masque,” Halleck, Morse, who was then entirely devoted to his ambition of becoming a great painter, and Thomas Cole.

When Miss Sedgwick’s “The Travellers” appeared in 1825, Bryant, then one of the editors of “The New-York Review,” was glad to contribute a favorable review and to print some extracts from the work. Not only were books designed for young readers, and aiming to improve their minds, more numerous, but they were also better written. It was an important responsibility on the part of writers properly to educate the young. “It is only on the rising generation that we can feel any confidence that the lessons of virtue will not be lost; and if the age is to make any progress in goodness, if the world is ever to be reformed, it must be by the gradual influence of a judicious system of education.”²¹ He was, therefore, happy to see Miss Sedgwick employ her talents in such a useful sphere. In some respects, Bryant felt, the work of Miss Sedgwick was superior to that of the English novelist, Miss Edgeworth. For the pages of Miss Sedgwick, who sought to inculcate religious principles, were warmed with a deep tone

20. Henry Sedgwick to William Cullen Bryant, New York, January 23, 1825, in the New York Public Library.

21. “The New-York Review,” I, 34 (June, 1825).

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of feeling and imagination, whereas the writings of Miss Edgeworth, intended for youthful readers, held enthusiasm in check and reduced the motives of conduct to worldly prudence. Such a materialistic philosophy, Bryant argued, "excludes all religious influences, and with them, those generous impulses of the heart, which carry us out of ourselves, and prompt us to do good to others without caring for personal consequences. What is commonly called enthusiasm, is often only a fervid and active disinterestedness. It was, without doubt, exceedingly annoying when directed to trifling or impracticable objects; and very dangerous, when it mistakes hurtful for beneficial ones; but it has been, and we apprehend will always be, the spring of nearly all the noble and illustrious actions which dignify the history of the human race."²² Though Bryant was consistently opposed to romantic excess, the entire absence of enthusiasm, he felt, betokened an imperfection of human nature. The imagination should be regulated but it must not be stifled and regimented. In a manner highly "Wordsworthian," he declares: "That faculty which spreads brightness and beauty over the face of nature; which connects moral associations with inanimate objects; the exercise of which makes society cheerful, and even turns solitude into a kind of society, is certainly to be looked upon, not merely as an innocent, but as a most useful and valuable faculty."²³

After Bryant became connected with the New York "Evening Post," he was able on numerous occasions over a period covering almost half a century, to pen laudatory reviews of the work of Miss Sedgwick. On June 19, 1827, he reviewed "Hope Leslie," a novel which dealt with the early settlement of New England about the middle of the seventeenth century. Bryant reiterates his belief that the Colonial history of this country could supply ample material for a novel of great beauty and power. The peculiar character of the settlers, the theocracy under which they lived, the savage natives of the wilderness, the dangers that the Colonists had to undergo, afforded not only a rich soil for plots but also an excellent field for the delineation of character. "Extraordinary periods produce extraordinary characters, and bring out and set in strong relief both the good and bad qualities of our nature. The early times of New England were well fitted to form these strong marked minds. No men could be

22. *Ibid.*, p. 35.

23. *Ibid.*

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more devout or self-denying, or generally more conscientious, or possess more bravery and presence of mind, than the first settlers of that country. But on the other hand, those who were disposed to cruelty in that age were more cruel than now, and hypocrisy when it was practiced was of a deeper dye. These men could inflict as well as suffer martyrdom, and a superstition which likened their condition to that of the Hebrews among the Canaanites, probably made them less observant of the dictates of natural justice towards the savage tribes around them. The austerity of their religious doctrines likewise not only influenced their individual characters, but showed itself in a somewhat cheerless and unnatural condition of society and domestic life. Their households were ruled in silence and fear."²⁴

Bryant held that "Hope Leslie" was superior, both in plan and execution, to "Redwood." The work was not free from minor faults, "but what work of fiction, since Homer's *Iliad*—which the ancient critics pronounced a model of perfection—has not been liable to this species of criticism? In the work before us probability is never outraged, and, in general, is skilfully preserved. And this, considering the fashion of the times, is no ordinary praise."²⁵

In the "Evening Post" on June 14, 1830, Bryant reviewed another novel by Miss Sedgwick, "Clarence," which he believed would prove more popular than her previous work. He was particularly pleased by those sections of the book which related to New York City, "its external aspect, its musements, its fashionable society, and its mode of domestic life among various classes."²⁶ Two years later, Bryant was associated with Miss Sedgwick and some other writers in the publication of "Tales of the Glauber Spa." Bryant continued to print commendatory reviews of Miss Sedgwick's works when they appeared. For example, on August 5, 1841, the "Evening Post" printed a favorable notice of "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home." The friendship that existed between the two writers grew closer with the passing of the years.

During the Civil War, Miss Sedgwick was a faithful reader of the "Evening Post." On December 7, 1863, she wrote to Bryant: "The Evening Post is a portion of my daily bread, & that portion of it 'comes with a blessing.' Thank God! my faith in our Future has not

24. "Evening Post," June 19, 1827.

25. *Ibid.*

26. *Ibid.*, June 14, 1830.

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yet faltered & cannot while I believe that our Institutions are sealed by Divine Wisdom and therefore must prevail against this second rebellion of Satan and his host."²⁷ But the trials and hardships of war, which had reduced her income, forced upon her a great self-denial; she was compelled to stop her subscription to the "Evening Post," "which has been a great consolation to me ever since my exile from my New York friends. It has been a sort of daily intercourse with the Bryants. . . . Since Bryant's editorship, I have looked upon it as my political text-book."²⁸ On learning the reason for Miss Sedgwick's discontinuance of her subscription, Bryant sent her the "Evening Post" for the rest of her life.

Deeply stirred by the events of the time, Miss Sedgwick wrote to Bryant on August 5, 1864. "Surely there must be wise heads & true hearts in the Nation. The hour surely has come that calls for such men of great brains & clean hands—men that c'd devise some better surer way to hon'ble peace than continued fighting—some way of saving us from sacrificing the fruits of past struggles & honest labor.—We have all been wrong & done wrong, north & south, east & west. Why not act like sensible Christians in common affairs? let bygones be bygones?—declare some boundary—agree upon some mode of settlement? What is the use of fighting like Kilkenny cats?"²⁹ On July 10, 1865, she again wrote to Bryant:

Lincoln wrought out of our Republican Institutions what seems to me the living seal of God upon them—I thank God that I have been permitted to be his contemporary.

I wish I could tell you what a value the "Post" was to me through those trying events when we so much needed sympathy.³⁰

Two years later, in July, 1867, Miss Sedgwick died.

27. Catherine M. Sedgwick to William Cullen Bryant, December 7, 1863, in the New York Public Library.

28. "Life and Letters of Catherine M. Dewey," p. 406. Catherine M. Sedgwick to the Rev. Dr. Dewey, Woodbourne, July 22, 1863.

29. Catherine M. Sedgwick to William Cullen Bryant, August 5, 1864, in the New York Public Library.

30. Catherine M. Sedgwick to William Cullen Bryant, July 10, 1865, in the New York Public Library.





Herndon

Herndon and Allied Families

BY MYRTLE M. LEWIS, RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY



AMONG the names inscribed in the Roll of Battle Abbey as having come into Britain, in 1066, with William the Conqueror, is that of Heiroms. He is the ancestor of the family of Herons, which for centuries were prominent in the land of their adoption.

One branch of the family, probably as a mark of distinction, assumed the suffix "don," which, some say, means "Hérons of the Hill," while others say "Hérons of the Valley." A member of this family went with Richard III to the Holy Land in 1193, for his escutcheon is carved on a stone gateway in Rhodes. A modification of these arms is also found in stained glass in Lincoln Sun Chapel, London.

(Records in possession of descendants of the family.)

Arms—Argent, a heron volant between three escallops sable.

Crest—An escallop sable.

(Arms in possession of the family.)

John and Rhodes Herndon, said to be the original emigrants, came early in the seventeenth century, one to Virginia and one to North Carolina. There is a record of William Herndon, who came from England and received a patent for lands in St. Stephens' Parish, New Kent County, Virginia, dated February 16, 1674. In 1677 he married Catherine, daughter of Governor Digges, of Virginia. Of their children there is recorded only one, Edward, born in 1678, died in 1743, and in 1698 married Mary Waller.

(*Ibid.*)

I. James Herndon, a probable son of Edward and Mary (Waller) Herndon, was born 1711, or before, and died before 1765.

James Herndon married Valentine Haley before August 27, 1741. She was a daughter of Edward Haley, who died between June 15, 1764, the date of his will, and February 6, 1765, the date of its probate. Valentine Herndon left a will, filed in 1799, in which she names her children. Children: 1. Lewis. 2. Reuben. 3. James. 4. Edward.

HERNDON AND ALLIED FAMILIES

5. John, of whom further. 6. Sarah, married Samuel. 7. Marye, unmarried. 8. Elizabeth, married Baker. 9. Catey, unmarried. A daughter-in-law, Mary Herndon, is also named in Valentine Herndon's will.

(*Ibid.*)

II. John Herndon, son of James and Valentine (Haley) Herndon, was born between 1750 and 1765, and died before July 16, 1821, the date of probate of his will.

A marriage bond, dated December 21, 1773, filed in Goochland County Courthouse, names John Herndon and Mary Clarkson. The census of 1810, Goochland County, gives: John Herndon, head of family, aged forty-five years and upward; his wife aged forty-five years and upward. The census of 1830, Goochland County, names Mary Herndon head of the family, aged between seventy and eighty years. In his will John Herndon names Mary, his wife, and children. Children, order of birth not known: 1. Thomas. 2. George. 3. James, of whom further. 4. Clarissa, married Scruggs. 5. Catherine, married a Mr. Hicks. 6. Elizabeth. 7. Nancy, married a Mr. Tugle. 8. Mildred, married a Mr. Ballinger.

(*Ibid.*)

III. James (2) Herndon, son of John and Mary (Clarkson) Herndon, was born in Goochland County, Virginia, August 12, 1791, and died at Carrollton, Missouri, April 26, 1857. He served in the War of 1812.

He moved with his family and slaves to Missouri in 1838, and upon the bluff of "Herndon Hill" built his Colonial mansion, with the big center hall, brass door knobs and high ceilings, a loving refuge for many in its garden spot, overlooking the three thousand acres on which he located his five sons and four daughters.

James (2) Herndon married, October 19, 1812, Ann Reed Perkins. (Perkins II.) Children: 1. Archelaus Mitchell. 2. John Gregory. 3. William J. 4. Grief Perkins. 5. Isaac Otey, of whom further. 6. Elizabeth. 7. Margaret. 8. Mary Ann. 9. Martha.

(*Ibid.*)

IV. Isaac Otey Herndon, son of James (2) and Ann Reed (Perkins) Herndon, was born May 1, 1824, in Goochland County, Vir-

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ginia, and died December 31, 1901, at the family home, Carrollton, Missouri. On October 3, 1863, at Lexington, Missouri, he married, as his second wife, Sarah Amanda Day, who was born April 21, 1836, and died October 30, 1915. The only child of this marriage was: 1. Cora, of whom further.

(Family records.)

V. Cora Herndon, daughter of Isaac Otey and Sarah Amanda (Day) Herndon, was born September 3, 1865, at the Colonial home of her grandfather, James Herndon, north of Carrollton, Missouri. She is an active member of the Baptist Church, of which her father and grandfather were deacons.

Mrs. Cora (Herndon) Painter secured from her State the first three thousand dollars to help mark the Santa Fé Trail. Afterwards, as State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, she marked the King's Highway and many other historic spots in her State. Her legislative work has been outstanding; it was through her efforts that the bill was passed making it mandatory to teach the Constitution in the public schools of the State. She secured for her State from the Saint Joseph Lead Company the gift of the old herculeaneum shot tower. For twelve years she served on the Capital Decoration Commission. She has been chairman of the Arrow Rock Tavern Board for twelve years, and was Chaplain of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution from 1929 to 1932.

Floyd C. Shoemaker, Secretary of the Missouri State Historical Society, says:

No woman in Missouri, or in the great Middle West, and few, if any, in the Nation, have worked harder for preserving a State's cultural past, stimulating the interest of all classes of citizens in concrete expression of love of State and National history, and in actual accomplishment along historical and patriotic lines, than has Mrs. Painter.

Cora Herndon married, January 12, 1888, William Rock Painter (q. v.).

(*Ibid.*)

William Rock Painter, son of Samuel L. and Sallie Ann (Rock) Painter, was born at Carrollton, Missouri, August 27, 1863. Samuel L. Painter was the son of Abram Painter, and was born in Virginia, and served in the Confederate Army. He moved to Missouri in 1857.

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His maternal grandfather, Captain Alexander D. Rock, was a soldier in the Mexican War.

William Rock Painter has lived practically all his life at Carrollton. He attended high school there when a boy, and in 1881 was graduated with the degree of Civil Engineer from the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy at Rolla, Missouri. For some years he was engaged in engineering, and in 1884 was elected for a four-year term as county surveyor. Since 1894 his time and talents have been fully occupied as editor and publisher of the "Daily and Weekly Democrat," giving of his best to the field of journalism, education and civic affairs and by his service becoming a foremost citizen and leader in every movement for the upbuilding of his town and county. Mr. Painter served nine years, three terms, as a member of the Carrollton School Board. In 1912 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, serving for the term of 1913 to 1917, and in 1923 was elected to the State Senate, being reëlected in 1927 for the term expiring in 1931. Mr. Painter has been a member of the Masonic Order since 1885, belonging to the lodge, chapter and commandery, and since 1892 has been a Shriner in Ararat Temple. He is an active member of the Presbyterian Church.

In May, 1936, he received a distinguished service medal from the school of journalism. In his acceptance speech, he paid this tribute to his wife:

There is only one mistake being made here today; the person who should receive this medal of honor is one who has made it possible for me to receive it. I refer to the real person who has so guided me in these years along the right road, who whispered words of encouragement to me when I faltered, who at all times saw that I walked the straight road; one who has been my companion for many years and one who has been honored for her work. I know she thanks you today and has as much pleasure as I in this honor. Dean Martin and the faculty, I thank you.

William Rock Painter married, January 12, 1888, Cora Herndon. (Herndon V.) Children: 1. Amanda, married E. F. Salisbury; children: i. William Painter. ii. Henry Houston. 2. Sallie Ann, married Hudson Cooper. They have a daughter: i. Sallie. 3. Isaac Herndon. 4. Herndon William, a volunteer in the World War, with the Naval Aviation Force, who secured an honorable discharge at his death, December 30, 1919.

(Family records.)

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(The Payne Line)

Arms—Gules, a fesse between two lions passant argent.

Crest—A lion's gamb couped argent, grasping a broken tilting lance, spear end pendent gules.

Motto—*Malo mori quam foedari.*

(In possession of the family. Crozier: "General Armory.")

Payne, a surname of baptismal origin, was very common from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. Its most popular forms, Paine and Payne, are derived from the "son of Pain," or the "son of Pagan." The name is probably of Norman origin, and in its softened form of Pagan, a countryman, is found in Chaucer:

The Constable and Dame Hermegild, his wife,
Were payenes and that country everywhere.

There were distinguished men in Colonial and military affairs bearing the name of Payne, especially numerous in Goochland County, Virginia. Dorothy (Payne-Todd) Madison, the beautiful Dolly Madison, wife of President Madison, is descended from John Payne, of Goochland County.

(C. W. Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames." "William and Mary College Quarterly," Vol. II, p. 89.)

I. George Payne, with his brothers, Sir William Payne and Robert Payne, afterwards Bishop, came from Lancaster, England, to Virginia, prior to 1700, and is the first of record in the Colony, of this Payne line. He died before 1744, the date of probate of his will in Goochland County, where he had settled and acquired a large landed estate and a number of slaves.

George Payne married, in 1704, Mary Woodson. (Woodson III.) One of their children was: 1. Josias, of whom further.

(Application for membership in National Society Daughters of the American Colonists, No. 1883, in possession of the descendants of the family. Family records in possession of the descendants.)

II. Josias Payne, son of George and Mary (Woodson) Payne, was born October 30, 1705, and died before December 19, 1785, the date of probate of his will. He was a member of the House of Burgesses from 1761 to 1765.

Josias Payne married, in 1730, Ann Fleming, of Pittsylvania County, Virginia, daughter of Tarleton Fleming, Jr., and granddaughter of

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Sir Tarleton Fleming. One of their children was: 1. Agnes, of whom further.

(*Ibid.*)

III. Agnes Payne, daughter of Josias and Ann (Fleming) Payne, was born in 1739. She married, in 1759, William Mitchell, born April 14, 1730, died in 1796, the son of Thomas and Mary (Gregory) Mitchell, and grandson of Thomas Mitchell, Sr., church warden and vestryman of St. Peter's Church, New Kent County, in 1687. William Mitchell was high sheriff of Goochland County, Virginia, and a justice in 1776.

One of the children of William and Agnes (Payne) Mitchell was Patsy Ann Mitchell, who was born in 1762, in Goochland County, Virginia. She married Major Archelaus Perkins. (Perkins I.)

(*Ibid.*)

(The Perkins Line)

I. Major Archelaus Perkins was born July 17, 1760, and died at Carrollton, Missouri, April 17, 1849. He was one of three brothers who, coming early in the seventeenth century, settled in Goochland County, Virginia, upon their large plantations lying together in triangular form.

Throughout his life he manifested a patriotism and a benevolence of character that animated the soldier and dignified the gentleman. At the age of sixteen he entered the Revolutionary Army, and was commissioned ensign of the 5th Virginia Regiment on September 11, 1780. A year later he was commissioned lieutenant. Later, he reported as Archibald Perkins, captain, and was granted two hundred acres for his services, the land now being a part of the city of Richmond. At the close of the war he was made major of the Virginia Troops, and later brigadier and inspector of Virginia State troops.

Major Perkins stood six feet four inches in height and was of distinguished mien, as were all of his sons. At the age of eighty he moved to Carrollton, Missouri, and made his home with his daughter, Ann.

Major Archelaus Perkins married, September 2, 1784, Patsy Ann Mitchell. (Payne III, child 1.) Children: 1. Archelaus. 2. Grief. 3. Isaac, married Miss Pleasants. 4. David. 5. Thomas, married Sally Ann Perkins. 6. Mary Gregory, married William Clai-

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bore Strange. 7. Ann Reed, of whom further. 8. Lucy. 9. John.
10. William.

(Records in possession of descendants of the family.)

II. Ann Reed Perkins, daughter of Major Archelaus and Patsy Ann (Mitchell) Perkins, was born October 10, 1793, and died November 7, 1872. She married James (2) Herndon. (Herndon III.)

(*Ibid.*)

(The Ferrers [Ferris] Line)

Arms—Argent, six horseshoes sable, pierced or, three, two and one.

(Burke: "General Armory." In possession of the family.)

The surname Ferris is probably a corruption of Ferrers, and the family is descended from Henry de Ferrers, a Norman knight, who came with William the Conqueror to England, and settled in Leicestershire.

(Records in possession of descendants of the family.)

I. Richard Ferris was born in England, came to Virginia, lived at "Curles," and died there. On October 21, 1637, there was recorded a grant of 1,750 acres of land at White Oak Swamp, to Richard Ferris, along with four others. He married, but the name of his wife is not recorded. One of his children was: 1. Elizabeth, of whom further.

(*Ibid.*)

II. Elizabeth Ferris, daughter of Richard Ferris, was born at "Curles," Virginia. She married Robert Woodson. (Woodson II.)

(*Ibid.*)

(The Woodson Line)

Arms—Per fess argent and azure a pale counterchanged, three eagles displayed or.

Crest—Out of a ducal crown or, flames issuing proper.

(Matthews: "American Armoury." In possession of the family.)

The origin of the surname Woodson is a subject of controversy, various etymological authorities suggesting different derivations. It is either a corruption of the patronymic, Woodson signifying a wood-cutter's son; or of the family name, Widowson, from the son of Guido or Widow, a Norman personal name. At the time of the Great Survey, William Filius Widonis, literally "William Wido's-son," was a tenant in chief in the Counties of Wilts, Gloucester and Somerset. In

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the register of the University of Oxford, in 1565, appears the name Alex Woodson, and in 1604-05, John Woodsonne.

(C. W. Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames." M. A. Lower: "Patronymica Britannica." Harrison: "Surnames of the United Kingdom.")

I. Dr. John Woodson, immigrant ancestor, was born in Devonshire, England, in 1586, and died at Fleur de Hundred some thirty miles above Jamestown, on the south side of the James River, in what is now Prince George County, on April 19, 1644. He matriculated at St. John's College, Oxford, March 1, 1604, his name being entered as John Woodsonne, Bristol, Gentleman. On January 29, 1619, the ship "George" sailed from England, and the following April landed at Jamestown, Virginia. This ship brought the new governor, Sir George Yeardley, and about one hundred passengers, of whom were Dr. John Woodson, of Dorsetshire, and his wife. Dr. Woodson came as surgeon to a company of soldiers, sent over for the better protection of the colonists from the Indians. In 1620 a vessel landed at Jamestown, having on board about twenty negro captives whom the Dutch skipper had kidnapped along the African coast. Dr. Woodson, soon thereafter, bought six of them, who were registered, in 1623, as part of his household at Fleur de Hundred. They were unnamed, but designated as I Negor to VI Negor, consecutively.

On April 18, 1644, the Indians, incited by chief Opechankano, made a sudden attack upon the settlement and killed some three hundred colonists before they were repulsed. It is a family tradition that on the second day of the massacre, Dr. John Woodson, returning from a visit to a sick family, was killed by the Indians in sight of his house. The Indians then attacked the house, which was barred against them, and defended by his wife, Sarah, and a man named Ligon, a shoemaker, who happened to be there at the time. The only weapon they had was an old-time gun, which Ligon handled with deadly effect. At the first fire he killed three Indians, and two at the second shot. In the meantime two Indians came down the chimney, but the brave Sarah scalded one of them to death with a pot of boiling water, which stood on the fire; then seizing the iron roasting spit with both hands, she killed the other Indian instantly. The howling mob outside soon took fright and fled, but Ligon fired the third time and killed two more, making nine in all.

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At the first alarm, Mrs. Woodson had hidden her two boys, one under a large tub and the other in a hole used for storing potatoes, hoping in this way to save them, should the Indians gain entrance.

Dr. John Woodson married in Devonshire, England, Sarah Winston. Children: 1. John, born at Fleur de Hundred, about 1632. 2. Robert, of whom further.

(H. M. Woodson: "Historical Genealogy of the Woodsons and Their Connections," pp. 20, 21.)

II. Robert Woodson, son of Dr. John and Sarah (Winston) Woodson, was born, according to his deposition, in 1634, at Fleur de Hundred, now Prince George County, Virginia. Nothing is known of Robert or his brother, John, from the date of the Indian massacre, in 1644, until 1679, when both of them are enumerated among the "tithables" at Curles, on the north side of the James River, in Henrico County, Virginia, which is just above Fleur de Hundred and, later, famous as the seat of the Randolph family. October 21, 1687, there is recorded a grant of 1,785 acres of land to Robert Woodson, Giles Carter, Richard Ferris, William Ferris and Roger Comins, at White Oak swamp on the north side of the James River. In 1707, Robert Woodson made a deed to his grandsons, William Lewis, Jr., and Joseph Lewis. The date of his death has not been ascertained, but it was soon after making this deed, as he was about seventy-three years old at that time. He has been frequently referred to as Colonel Robert Woodson.

Robert Woodson married, about the year 1656, at Curles, Elizabeth Ferris. (Ferris II.) Children, all born at Curles: 1. John, born about 1658; married Judith Tarleton, daughter of Stephen Tarleton, of New Kent County. 2. Robert, born about 1660; married (first) Sarah Lewis; married (second) Rachel Watkins. 3. Richard, born about 1662; married Ann Smith, daughter of Obadiah Smith. 4. Joseph, born about 1664, died in October, 1735; married his cousin, Mary Jane Woodson. 5. Benjamin, born about 1666; married Sarah Porter. 6. Sarah, born about 1668; married, 1688-1689, Edward Mosley. 7. Elizabeth, born about 1670; married William Lewis. 8. Judith, born about 1673; married William Cannon. 9. Mary, of whom further.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 23-27.)

HERNDON AND ALLIED FAMILIES

III. Mary Woodson, daughter of Robert and Elizabeth (Ferris) Woodson, was born about 1686, at Curles, Henrico County, Virginia. She married George Payne. (Payne I.)

(*Ibid.*, p. 27. Records in possession of descendants of the family.)





American Historical Society

Steel Engraving by M. J. Conn.

F. C. Kirchner

Frederick Conrad Kirchner, Inventor, Industrialist

BY WALTER S. FINLEY, CLEVELAND, OHIO



WIDELY known as an inventor and as one of the founders of the Mazda Lamp Company, at Youngstown, Ohio, Frederick Conrad Kirchner came to occupy a position of leadership and standing in his city and among its people. His help in giving Youngstown one of its important industries caused him to be respected and honored here, and his remarkable contribution to industrial life brought him confidence in an ever-widening circle of acquaintance. In his personal relationships and in all the affairs of life he was kind, generous, fair-minded and sympathetic, and his life was rich in the benefits that it rayed everywhere about it.

Mr. Kirchner was born April 4, 1872, in Württemberg, Germany, son of George and Christina Kirchner, both now deceased. His parents came to the United States after spending the early part of their lives in their native land, here passing a year at Belleville, Texas, and then removing to Brooklyn, New York. In Brooklyn the father was engaged in the manufacture of ornamental iron work. He and his wife were the parents of nine children.

One of these children was Frederick Conrad Kirchner, who arrived in this country with his family in 1877, at the age of five years. He had no knowledge of the English language until, in the following year, he went to Brooklyn. But in later years he mastered English so perfectly that few people who did not know his nationality of birth would never have guessed that he was not born in this country. He attended the public schools of Brooklyn, and afterward studied electrical engineering, partly through correspondence courses. His first formal employment was as an errand boy, and he easily learned the glass-blower's trade. At the age of nineteen years he became manager of a department in a glass-blowing plant. For a time he was employed in the manufacture of five-gallon cans for the Standard Oil Company. Then, for eight years, he was with the Sawyer and Mann Company, an incandescent lamp manufacturing house, attending night school classes during a part of this period with this organization.

FREDERICK CONRAD KIRCHNER

There followed two years with the Sunbeam Lamp Works in Chicago. Then he was with the Steuben Lamp Works in New York for about two years, going next to the New York State Electric Company. Next he was associated with the old Orient Electric Company, of Youngstown, after which he organized, with Norman L. Norris, who is now retired, the old Banner Lamp Works. The Banner works was taken over eventually by the Mazda Lamp Company, which was consolidated with the General Electric Company. Mr. Kirchner was considered general manager of the Banner company, though at one time his title was that of general superintendent. Mr. Kirchner's labors with these different organizations was a significant one, bringing him wide respect and admiration.

Perhaps his most important activity was in the realm of mechanical inventiveness. Possessing remarkable talents along these lines, he was credited with discovering several manufacturing processes which materially improved the product of his company. When questioned by relatives or friends regarding his inventions, he would simply say, "Oh, it's just a process of manufacturing." So did he dispose of any subject relating to his own achievements, preferring to go his own unostentatious way rather than to sing his own praises like so many of the business men of our times. Nonetheless, a large degree of prestige accrued to him as the years went on, and particularly in the ranks of those who worked under his direction were his accomplishments and talents appreciated. A group of associates who had been guided by him in Youngstown presented him a memorial some years ago, a document that read, in part:

You instilled in us in the early days of our business training the cardinal virtues of coöperation, loyalty, moral courage and thoroughness, for which you and your organization have always stood. Your attitude toward us is an inspiration to make our lives as helpful to others as yours has been to us.

The tribute was signed by M. L. Sloan, general manager of the incandescent light department of General Electric; D. P. Wright, assistant manager to Mr. Kirchner; J. R. Petty, manager of the Warren plant; E. C. Van Buskirk, manager of the General Electric plant in Italy; and H. W. Ellis, production manager of the Youngstown plant. Everyone who entered Mr. Kirchner's office could see, inscribed above the door, "I'd rather make men than money."



Emma R. Kirchner.

FREDERICK CONRAD KIRCHNER

Mr. Kirchner's whole philosophy was one that placed much importance in ideas of the human being as such, and it was a philosophy that led him forward along the paths of constructive work. When not preoccupied with the affairs of his own business, he helped a number of social and civic organizations, including the Rotary Club and the Chamber of Commerce of Youngstown. He was a member of the board of directors of St. Luke's Lutheran Church, and treasurer of the congregation. He was especially interested in extending assistance to crippled children.

On October 14, 1896, Frederick Conrad Kirchner married Emma R. Mauser, daughter of Christian and Lucinda (Krum) Mauser. Her father was born in Germany, and for many years was successfully engaged in the contracting business after coming to America. The Krum family were pioneers in the Youngstown district. The old Krum farm was situated at the Ohio-Pennsylvania State line, and John Krum, father of Mrs. Lucinda (Krum) Mauser and grandfather of Mrs. Kirchner, was especially well known in this region, as was his twin sister, both of whom lived to a ripe old age. The following children were born to Frederick C. and Emma R. (Mauser) Kirchner: 1. Lucinda C., who became the wife of Clyde Dyson; they have four children: Jacquelyn, Gloria, Frederick and Mary Joan Dyson. 2. Hiram L., who married Ruth Pitzer; their children are Bettie Jane, Margaret Ruth, and Wilma Mary Kirchner. 3. Alice R., wife of Thomas J. Stubbins; their children are Clinton Thomas and Winifrede Alice Stubbins. 4. Karl Frederick, who married Cornelia Mallock; they have a daughter, Joan Emilie Kirchner. 5. Norman A., who married Ruth Winter; they have one child, Gerald Clyde Kirchner. 6. Josephine Emma, wife of Robert Eugene Shotts. 7. Mary Ottilie, twin of Mrs. Shotts and wife of William Henry Loftis.

The death of Frederick Conrad, or "Fred," Kirchner, as he was known to so many friends, occurred on March 25, 1936, in Youngstown, Ohio, and was an occasion of most profound sorrow. A man who seldom permitted himself time for recreation as recreation is ordinarily known, he lived a life that was a splendid example to young men and women planning their future. For truly he left the world a better place than he found it, richer in a material way and finer in those spiritual treasures that are to be found only in the mysteries contained in the hearts and the works of men.

Paine and Allied Families

BY HEROLD R. FINLEY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND



PAINE, and its numerous variants, including Pain, Payn, and Payne are baptismal names signifying "the son of Pagan." The Paine family is of Norman origin and the name is frequently mentioned in the Domesday Book, old forms being Pagan and Pagen. During the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, these names were great favorites among font-names.

"He never knew pleasure who never knew "Payn," has been said of several jovial bearers of the cognomen.

(Dr. H. D. Paine: "Paine Family Records," Vol. I, p. 149. H. B. Gruppy: "Homes of Family Names in Great Britain," p. 50. Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames.")

Paine Arms—Argent, on a fesse engrailed gules between three martlets sable as many mascles or, all within a bordure engrailed of the second, bezantée.

Crest—A wolf's head erased azure charged with five bezants saltireways.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

I. Stephen Paine, who was born in County Norfolk, England, and made his home there for many years, residing in Great Ellington, died in August (he was buried on August 21), 1679. He was a miller by occupation and came to the New World from the neighborhood of Hingham, sailing in the ship "Diligent," of Ipswich, England, John Martin, master. He brought with him his wife, Rose, three children, and four servants. They settled in Hingham, Massachusetts, where he had land granted to him. About the year 1643 they went to Rehoboth, Massachusetts, where Stephen Paine was one of the proprietors and founders. His estates in Rehoboth and neighboring sections were extensive and he was prominently identified with local affairs. In 1639 Stephen Paine was made a freeman. In 1641-42 he and four others of Hingham, Massachusetts, made application to the authorities of Plymouth Colony for permission to settle at Seekonk. Their request was granted, and with his family he removed there in 1643-44. Stephen Paine was one of the first to receive land in Rehoboth in 1641. His estate in 1643 was valued at £535. Only two others of the fifty-eight proprietors had a higher valuation. In 1644

PAINE AND ALLIED FAMILIES

he was elected townsman and in 1645 was chosen Deputy to the Court at Plymouth. He retained that position until 1660, and was elected at various times previous to 1671.

Stephen Paine married (first) Rose, who died in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, January 20, 1660. He married (second) Alice, widow of William Parker, of Taunton, Massachusetts. She died December 5, 1682. Children: 1. Stephen, Jr., of whom further. 2. Nathaniel, born in England, died in 1678; married Elizabeth. One other.

(Dr. H. D. Paine: "Paine Family Records," Vol. I, pp. 19-21, 23; also "Chart of the Paine Family," No. 1, and "Pedigree of Stephen Paine, of Rehoboth, Massachusetts," p. 1. J. N. Arnold: "Vital Record of Rehoboth, Providence, Rhode Island," p. 857.)

II. Stephen Paine, Jr., son of Stephen and Rose Paine, was born in County Norfolk, England, September 29, 1629, and died in Rehoboth, Massachusetts. He was buried January 24, 1677-78. He was nine years old when he accompanied his father to New England. He went from Hingham to Rehoboth in 1643-44, and took the oath of fidelity in 1657. He was prominent in local affairs and held several minor offices. Stephen Paine, Jr., followed the occupation of tanning. Both he and his father owned land in Swansea, Massachusetts, and may have lived there for a time. The younger Stephen Paine was active in King Philip's War in 1675, contributing £10-11-5, and giving his services in the ranks under Major William Bradford. Stephen Paine's name is listed among those who served in the first or Mount Hope campaign under Captain Prentice, August 27, 1675, and on June 24 of the following year he was listed as a trooper under Lieutenant Edward Oakes.

Stephen Paine, Jr., married "ye 3 of the 9mo 1652" Ann Chickering, who married (second), in December, 1679-80, Thomas Medselfe (Metcalf), of Rehoboth. Children: 1. Stephen, born September 29, 1654, died in 1710; married (first) Elizabeth Williams, (second), August 12, 1707, Mary Brintnall. 2. Rebecca, born October 20, 1656; married (first), December 24, 1673, Peter Hunt, Jr.; (second), November 21, 1677, Samuel Peck. 3. John, of whom further. 4. Mary, born May 11, 1660; married, October 29, 1678-79, Enoch Hunt. 5. Samuel, born in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, May 12, 1662, died in Woodstock, Connecticut, May 11, 1735; married (first),

PAINE AND ALLIED FAMILIES

December 16, 1685, Anne Peck; (second) Mrs. Abigail Frissell. 6. Elizabeth, born August 27, 1664; married, February 10, 1685, Jacob Pepper. 7. Sarah, born October 12, 1666, died April 17, 1711; married, November 23, 1688, Daniel Aldis. 8. Nathaniel, born September 20, 1667, died in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, March 18, 1718; married, May 1, 1694, Dorothy Chaffee, who died May 16, 1718. 9. Benjamin, born March 9, 1674-75, died in Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1698.

(Don G. Hill: "Record of Births, Marriages and Deaths in the Town of Dedham," p. 120. James Savage: "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," Vol. III, pp. 335-36. J. N. Arnold: "Vital Record of Rehoboth, Providence, Rhode Island," pp. 274-75, 857. Dr. H. D. Paine: "Paine Family Records," Vol. I, pp. 21-23. George M. Bodge: "Soldiers in King Philip's War," pp. 81, 85.)

III. John Pain (as he spelled his name), son of Stephen Paine, Jr., and Ann (Chickering) Paine, was born in Rehoboth (now East Providence, Rhode Island), April 3, 1658, and died September 26, 1718. He was living in Swansea, Massachusetts, in 1683. With John Crabtree and Thomas Wood, he was chosen surveyor of highways for the town of Swansea in 1686. After removing to Rhode Island he held no public office. April 11, 1711, he purchased land from Richard Phillips and the deed describes him as John Paine, weaver, of Swansea. John Pain (or Paine) owned a farm of more than one hundred acres in the part of Providence now called "Elinwood." Part of the property bordered on the "great pond of Mashapange." His house on an upland had a full view of the pond. The old homestead was replaced by one built later by his grandson; it was still standing in 1883. John Pain left no will. He did, however, leave a statement in writing concerning his wishes in regard to his property, but the estate was not finally settled until 1733.

John Pain (or Paine) married (first) shortly after February 3, 1680, Elizabeth Belcher, daughter of Josiah and Urania Belcher, of Boston. She was born July 10, 1663, and is believed to have been living in 1709 since in May of that year a Mrs. Elizabeth Paine was admitted to communion with the church at Bristol. Swansea was the next town and since John Pain was a proprietor of Bristol as early as 1680 by inheritance from his father, Stephen Paine, Jr., and from

PAINE AND ALLIED FAMILIES

his brother, Benjamin, and since his cousin, Nathaniel, was one of the leaders in that church and town, there seems little doubt that the record refers to Elizabeth, wife of John Pain. He married (second), probably about 1710, Martha, who married (second), April 30, 1719, Abel Potter, whose first wife, Rebecca, was the second daughter of John and Elizabeth (Belcher) Pain. Children of first marriage: 1. Elizabeth, born July 12, 1682; married Thomas Waite. 2. John (2), of whom further. 3. Stephen, born June 5, 1686; married (first) Sarah Wallet; (second) Martha Smith. 4. Josiah, born March 17, 1688, died January 16, 1763; unmarried. 5. Joseph, born May 3, 1693, died in 1718; unmarried. 6. Rebecca, born May 1, 1694, died in 1718; married Abel Potter. 7. Solomon, born June 21, 1696, died May 3, 1752; married Abigail Owen. 8. Benjamin, born in 1699; married (first) Elizabeth; (second) Ann Arnold; (third) Anne Morey; (fourth) at Smithfield, April 30, 1751, Jemima Esten or Easton. (Easton III, child 3.) 9. Nathan, born in 1701, died May 12, 1725; married Hannah. 10. Gideon, born in 1703, died in 1756; married Rebecca Corses. 11. Urania, born in 1706, died between 1770 and 1773; married Uriah Morey. Children of second marriage: 12. William, born November 11, 1711. 13. Abijah or Abigail, born October 18, 1713. 14. Ezekiel, born August 26, 1715; married Ruth Seely. 15. Lemuel, born July 22, 1716. 16. Samuel, born November 22, 1717.

(Dr. H. D. Paine: "Paine Family Records," Vol. I, p. 22; Vol. II, pp. 210, 214. "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. LX, p. 129. J. N. Arnold: "Vital Record of Rhode Island," Vol. II, pp. 236, 271; Vol. III, p. 32.)

IV. John (2) Paine, son of John and Elizabeth (Belcher) Pain or Paine, was born in Rehoboth, in February, 1684, and died July 19, 1723. He was the administrator of his father's estate. In 1712 he removed to Providence, Rhode Island. In his own will, John Paine left to his son John the estate in Cranston, which he had inherited from his father. The will also provided for four daughters, and his widow, Hannah, was made sole executrix. One daughter is known to have been named Mary. The Christian names of the others are unknown, but according to tradition, their husbands were a Sayles or a Sears, Noah Whitman, and an Appleby.

PAINE AND ALLIED FAMILIES

John Paine married (first) Mary Davis, and (second) Hannah. Children: 1. John (3), of whom further. 2. Mary. Three other daughters.

(Dr. H. D. Paine: "Paine Family Records," Vol. II, p. 233. J. N. Arnold: "Vital Record of Rhode Island," Vol. II, p. 271.)

V. John (3) Paine, son of John (2) and Mary (Davis) Paine, was born in 1719 and died in Cranston, Rhode Island, in 1794. Following the death of his father, he made his home with an uncle until coming of age, at which time he came into possession of the estate in Cranston left to him by his father. He was commissioned lieutenant of a military company in 1753, and in 1754 he became a captain.

John Paine married, in 1738, Hannah Poole. (Poole IV.) Children: 1. John, born July 18, 1740, died, unmarried, before his father's death. 2. Isaac, of whom further. 3. Sarah, born June 13, 1744; married Asa Franklin. 4. Hannah, born February 11, 1748; married a Williams, of Providence, Rhode Island. 5. Oliver, born December 12, 1754, died December 29, 1819; married Anne Thornton. 6. Rebecca, born May 4, 1757; married Abner Field. 7. William, born November 5, 1759, died January 14, 1830; married Amy Clark, who died April 13, 1841, aged seventy-six.

(Dr. H. D. Paine: "Paine Family Records," Vol. II, pp. 233-35. M. E. Poole: "The History of Edward Poole, of Weymouth, Massachusetts," p. 12.)

VI. Captain Isaac Paine, son of John (3) and Hannah (Poole) Paine, was born August 21, 1742, and died in 1796. He resided in Scituate, Rhode Island, during the Revolutionary War, and was a soldier in the struggle for independence, serving first as a lieutenant in Captain Isaac Hopkins' 4th Company, 3d Regiment, Providence County, with Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Kimball as commandant, in May, 1779. In June, 1780, Isaac Paine was a lieutenant in the same company and regiment, while in May, 1781, he was a captain in the same company and regiment, Scituate, Providence County, with Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball still serving as commandant. For some years his home was in Foster, Rhode Island.

Captain Isaac Paine married, January 14, 1762, Hannah Williams, daughter of Thomas Williams. Children: 1. Elijah, of whom further. 2. Uriah. 3. Andrew.

(Dr. H. D. Paine: "Paine Family Records," Vol. II, p. 234. James N. Arnold: "Vital Record of Rhode Island," Vol. II, Cran-

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ston Marriages, p. 18. "Representative Men and Old Families of Rhode Island," Vol. I, p. 445. J. J. Smith: "Civil and Military List of Rhode Island, 1647-1800," pp. 378, 388, 401. "D. A. R. Lineage Book," Vol. XXXVIII, No. 37746, p. 263; Vol. XLII, No. 41618, p. 232.)

VII. Elijah Paine, son of Captain Isaac and Hannah (Williams) Paine, was born January 3, 1777, and died February 7, 1820. He married, March 5, 1801, Susanna, who died January 23, 1816. Children: 1. Roba, born November 3, 1801, died April 29, 1819 (or 1879). 2. Elisha, of whom further. 3. Diana, born January 28, 1806. 4. Aaron, born May 16, 1808, died May 28, 1851. 5. Savalla Ann, born December 26, 1812, died November 5, 1826. 6. Reuben, born March 12, 1813.

("Representative Men and Old Families of Rhode Island," Vol. I, p. 445. George T. Paine: "Paine Manuscript," p. 81.)

VIII. Elisha Paine, son of Elijah and Susanna Paine, was born in Foster, Rhode Island, April 2, 1804, and died August 8, 1854. He received his education in Foster, and when he was twenty-four years old he removed to Providence, where he engaged in the teaming business for many years.

Elisha Paine married Mercy Easton. (Easton VII.) Children: 1. James B., of whom further. 2. George W., died unmarried. 3. Mnason, died April 20, 1889, aged fifty-five years, unmarried. 4. Susan, died young. 5. Angeline A., born April 6, 1838, died June 25, 1877; married Robert A. Pierce, and they had two children, Helen F., who is living in Providence, Rhode Island, and Ella M., who is now deceased. Mr. Pierce was for many years a journalist connected with the Boston "Globe," and was a Past Master of What Cheer Lodge, No. 21, Free and Accepted Masons, of Providence, until his death, July 15, 1900. 6. Henry E., died July 24, 1904; married Catharine Loveland, of Dixon, Illinois, and was a prominent citizen and physician there for more than thirty years; they had one daughter, Avis Loveland, who is now the wife of Dr. Fenton B. Turck, of Chicago, Illinois.

(*Ibid.* Family data.)

IX. The Hon. James Brown Paine, son of Elisha and Mercy (Easton) Paine, was born in Foster, Rhode Island, November 11, 1828, and died in Providence, Rhode Island, November 17, 1924.

PAINE AND ALLIED FAMILIES

He was held in high esteem and affection by a host of his fellowmen during the long years of his useful career. His strict integrity, his eagerness to help others, and his willingness to participate in many different phases of the life of his State and Nation: these were the qualities that, in Providence and wherever he was known, attracted to him a large number of friends and acquaintances who, once they came to know him, always trusted him and relied upon him and his judgments with the confidence that his sympathetic and loyal character always bred in others.

In his infancy his parents removed to Providence; from the age of ten to fourteen years, James Brown Paine lived with his grandfather, Henry Easton, in Foster, and for the next three years he worked for his father on a farm on Broadway in Providence. He next learned the moulder's trade, which he practiced for four years. Then for a few years he was in a market on Broad Street, until, after the death of his father, he continued in the teaming business for a time. He built the store at Nos. 233-35-37 Cranston Street, and established a hardware store, which he conducted for many years until he sold it in 1888.

In all of his business enterprises Mr. Paine was eminently successful, but his activities by no means ended here. It was most natural that a man of his abilities and talents should devote more of his time to public pursuits and to the fulfillment of civic duties than the ordinary man whose interests were centered in his own business affairs. In his political alignment Mr. Paine was a staunch Republican. At one time he served as warden of Providence. He was also active in the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and served as a member of its finance committee. He was the oldest director, at the time of his death, of the High Street Bank, and in addition he was president of the Citizens' Savings Bank, of Providence. He resigned this office July 1, 1919, and was made honorary president. His first connection with the Citizens' Savings Bank was at a time when its deposits were about \$900,000; in his years of official life in that organization, he saw its deposits grow to more than \$9,000,000. For almost a half a century, Mr. Paine was a member of What Cheer Lodge, No. 21, Free and Accepted Masons, which was the lodge of his father, and he belonged also to the Royal Arch Masons and Masonic Veterans' Association. He was a member, too, of the West Side Club, of Providence.

PAINE.

Arms—Argent, on a fesse engrailed gules between three martlets sable as many masles or, all within a bordure engrailed of the second, bezantée.

Crest—A wolf's head erased azure charged with five bezants saltireways. (Burke: "General Armory.")

POOLE.

Arms—Azure, a lion rampant argent between eight fleurs-de-lis or.

Crest—A stag's head cabossed gules, the attires barry of six, or and azure. (Matthews: "American Armoury.")

SHAW.

Arms—Argent, a chevron ermines a canton gules.

Crest—A falcon volant proper. (Burke: "General Armory.")

KING.

Arms—Sable, a lion rampant ducally crowned between three crosses crosslet or. (Burke: "Encyclopædia of Heraldry.")

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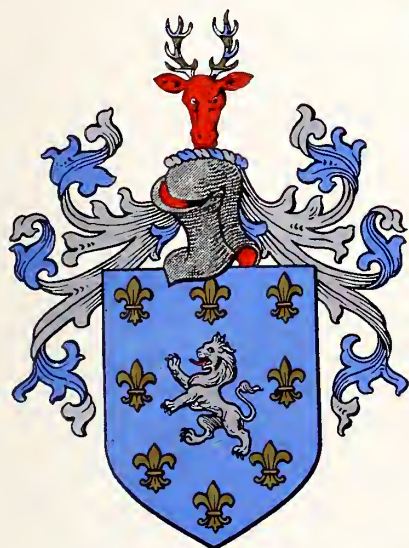
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Paine



Poole



Shaw



King

PAINE AND ALLIED FAMILIES

The Hon. James B. Paine married, in Providence, Rhode Island, October 19, 1882, Mary Anna Simmons, who was born in Providence, June 19, 1843, and died there January 20, 1929, daughter of George and Ruth (Angell) Simmons, and granddaughter of John and Sarah (Chase) Angell. Mrs. Paine was descended from some of the oldest families of Rhode Island, her ancestors on both the paternal and maternal sides of the house having been among the earliest settlers of New England. She was in the sixth generation in direct descent from Daniel Williams, second son of Roger Williams, Daniel Williams' daughter, Mary, having married a Mr. Olney, by which union there was a daughter, Martha. Mrs. Paine's religious faith was that of the Baptist Church, her parish having been the Central Baptist, of Providence. She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Rhode Island Woman's Club, and the Ex Club. Like her husband, she was a Republican. In 1892, ten years after their marriage, Mr. Paine built the home, beautiful in design and comfortable in its furnishings, which is situated at No. 110 Bridgham Street. Miss Helen F. Pierce, niece of James B. Paine, now makes her home at this residence.

The death of the Hon. James B. Paine was a cause of widespread sorrow among his friends and fellow-citizens of Providence, as well as among all the people who knew him in various walks of life. A careful, conservative business man, Mr. Paine's judgment in financial matters was regarded safe and sound and practically unimpeachable; on many occasions his associates and the people of his city came to him to seek his valued and seasoned opinions on matters relating to their own welfare and business procedure. He was always prodigal with his time and advice on such occasions, and if he did give a great deal of his valuable time in such ways, he gained hosts of friends for his efforts. His quiet and modest manner, his genial and pleasant personality, the unruffled calm of his disposition: these traits, at all times uppermost in his human relationships, endeared him to many. For these traits he will be remembered in years to come, and his name will go down in the history of his city as one of the most helpful residents and a most substantial citizen.

(*Ibid.*)

(The Easton Line)

I. Thomas Esten (or *Estance Thomas*), ancestor of this branch of the Easton family, was born in County Hertford, England, in July,

PAINE AND ALLIED FAMILIES

1612, and died, probably in Providence, Rhode Island, after 1691. He emigrated to America from County Hertford, October 2, 1665. April 27, 1668, he was called "Astin Thomas, the Welchman," in the description of the bounds of a grant made to Walter Rhodes by Providence Township. The land of the said Astin Thomas was described as "by the highway that goeth to Pawtucket." December 23, 1668, he sold to John Pitt, for twenty shillings, a lot of two acres, calling himself husbandman. He signed "Estance Thomas," and Ann Thomas signed with him. He usually signed Eustance Thomas, but sometimes Thomas Eustance, and when he and his son deeded land together, he called himself Eustance Thomas and his son Thomas Eustance. (It was an early custom in Wales for children to adopt their father's baptismal names as part of their own, for identification, in place of a surname.) In the next generation, Eustance was kept as a surname, being spelled Eustance, Estance, and Esten. In other instances the name has been called Easton and Asten.

June 13, 1674, Eustance Thomas and Thomas Eustance purchased of Catherine Rice, of Providence, for £12, a parcel of land and a six-acre lot and dwelling house. The same year they bought land jointly from Stephen Paine. February 12, 1686, Eustance Thomas deeded to his son, Henry, for his "well being and settlement," the dwelling house where the father lived, a mile and a half north of town, which "lieth upon a small brook called 3d Lake." On the same date the son Henry deeded his father and mother half of the south end of the house and part of the orchard, with three acres of planting ground and enough meadow to make a load of hay. This was a life deed to the parents.

In 1688, Eustance Thomas gave, in the joint estate of himself and two sons, £35 4s. 3d., *viz.*: two oxen, six cows, two three-year-olds, six two-year-olds, a horse and two sows. He also returned four acres planting ground, four acres orchard, two acres meadow and five acres more of enclosed lands. December 1, 1691, he deeded to his son, Henry, a sixty-acre piece of land.

Thomas Esten (Estance Thomas) married Ann, who was living in 1686. Children: 1. Joanna, born June 1, 1645, died March 23, 1733; married John Martin. (Martin II.) 2. Thomas, born February 17, 1647, died November 5, 1708; married Priscilla Harding. (Harding III, child 4.) 3. Henry, of whom further.

(J. O. Austin: "The Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island," pp. 294-97.)

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II. Henry Esten, or Easton, as the name became, son of Thomas and Ann Esten, was born, probably in Wales or England, January 11, 1651, and died in Providence, Rhode Island, March 23, 1710-11. He resided in Providence. November 18, 1685, he and his wife, Elizabeth, had eleven and three-fourths acres laid out to them in the right of Edward Manton, deceased. February 20, 1689, Henry Esten bought sixty acres of Josias Wilkinson, while on December 20, 1708, he accepted the custody of his niece Mercy's half-share of her father's estate, as she was under age. (She was a daughter of his brother Thomas.)

In his will, dated March 11, 1711, and probated April 20, 1711, Henry Esten named his wife, Sarah, executrix, bequeathed to his two sons, Henry and Cornelius (when of age) lands and a house in Providence, stating that Henry would be fourteen on August 29, and Cornelius thirteen on March 9 next. The son Henry was to have first choice of half of the above real estate. To his daughters, Elizabeth, Amey, and Rebecca, he left £5 each, to be paid by his sons when of age, "and they are to have 20s. each paid immediately by executrix." The daughters were to have also a cow each when the sons were of age. All of the remaining estate of Henry Esten's first wife, Elizabeth, was left to daughters Elizabeth and Amey, while wife Sarah was to have the rest of the moveables and privilege of the house. Inventory of personal property amounted to £172 12s. 4d. In 1731, the son, Cornelius, was administrator of widow Sarah Esten's estate; inventory, £2 12s.; "as widow Jemima Estance saith," including two tables, two sheep, sheep's wool, etc.

Henry Esten married (first), before 1683, Elizabeth Manton, who died between 1685 and 1694, daughter of Shadrach and Elizabeth (Smith) Manton. He married (second), before 1695, Sarah Harding. (Harding IV.) Children of first marriage: 1. Elizabeth, born April 8, 1683, died August 18, 1718; married, May 29, 1713, Azrikim Pierce. 2. Amey, born June 1, 1685, died February 8, 1764; married, July 26, 1716, Joseph Randall. Children of second marriage: 3. Rebecca, born May 9, 1695, died February 13, 1787; married, May 13, 1714, Peter Ballou. 4. Henry (2), of whom further. 5. Cornelius, born March 9, 1699, died January 11, 1776; married (first), December 7, 1726, Sarah Jenckes; (second), November 17, 1736, Rachel Jenckes.

(J. N. Arnold: "Vital Record of Rhode Island," Vol. II (Providence), p. 265. *Ibid.*)

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III. Henry (2) Esten or Easton, son of Henry and Sarah (Harding) Esten, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, August 29, 1697, and died there, April 30, 1730. He lived in Providence during his entire life. May 17, 1716, he had sixty acres of land laid out and, December 11, 1718, he made his choice of half the real estate left by his father's will, taking land on the east side of the highway, and leaving for his brother, Cornelius, the land on the west side of the highway, with the house. In 1730, his widow, Jemima, was administrator of his estate; the inventory, including sixteen head of cattle, a mare, twenty-three sheep and lambs, nine swine and pigs, books, cheese press, grain, etc., amounted to about £225.

Henry Esten married, February 6, 1724, Jemima Salisbury. (Salisbury III.) She married (second), November 13, 1735, Elijah Hawkins. Children: 1. Henry (3), of whom further. 2. John, born October 29, 1727, "about an hour after the great earthquake, which was on the first day of the week at about ten o'clock in the evening"; died, June 21, 1805, leaving a large family; married, in Gloucester, Rhode Island, August 24, 1749 (by Richard Smith, Justice), Lydia Colwell. 3. Jemima, born August 21, 1729; married in Gloucester, April 30, 1751, Benjamin Paine. (Paine III, child 8.)

(J. O. Austin: "The Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island," Additions and Corrections; Supplement, p. 2. J. N. Arnold: "Vital Record of Rhode Island," Vol. III (Gloucester), pp. 17, 56; (Scituate) p. 41.)

IV. Henry (3) Esten, or Easton, son of Henry (2) and Jemima (Salisbury) Esten, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, January 25, 1726. The Rhode Island census of 1774 showed Henry Esten living in Scituate, his family consisting of two males over sixteen years (one being himself), one male under sixteen, one female over sixteen, and five females under sixteen years. The 1790 census of the town of Foster, Providence County, Rhode Island, showed the following:

Henry Esten, one male over sixteen (himself), one male under sixteen, two females; King Esten, one male over sixteen, one male under sixteen, one female; Obadiah Esten, one male over sixteen, two males under sixteen, six females; Theophilus Esten, one male over sixteen, two males under sixteen, and five females.

In a deed dated April 10, 1801, involving Obadiah Easton (Esten), son of Henry Esten, and Obadiah's son, Captain Henry

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Easton, the latter is called "Jr.," and he is also so designated in May, 1807, when he is listed as captain of the Second Foster Company of Militia. This seems to indicate that Captain Easton's grandfather, Henry Esten, was still living in 1807.

The following abstracts from Foster, Rhode Island, deeds, definitely establish the relationship between Henry Esten and his three sons, King, Theophilus, and Obadiah:

To All People, etc. I Henry Esten of Foster yeoman—In Consideration of Love Good Will & Natural Affection which I have and do bear towards MY SON KING EASTON of the Town aforesd. Husbandman & for Divers Other Good Causes & Considerations etc.—Give grant 32 Acres of land, lying in Foster aforesd. & Is ON THE SOUTH PART OF MY HOMESTEAD FARM WHEREON I NOW DWELL, Bounding S. on the land heretofore Given by Deed to MY SON THEOPHILUS EASTON—W. on land put into Gov. West's LOTTERY & E. on Land of ROUND, & to Extend so far N. with a Equal Width at E. and W. Ends as to Make up the sd. Quantity of 32 acres.

To have and to hold—In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal 9th day of December, 1790.

JOHN WESTCOTT

HENRY ESTEN.

her

REBECKAH X ESTEN

mark

To all People I OBADIAH EASTON of Foster etc. yeoman—In Consideration of 20 lbs. pd. by KING ESTEN of Town aforesd. yeoman—Give grant 10 acres of Land in Foster aforesd & IS LOTT No. 7 on Platt No. 5—as mentioned in the scheme of a Lottery Granted by the GENERAL ASSEMBLY to WM. WEST ESQ. for Disposing of Land etc. & Was Drawn by Caleb Alverson of Johnston & Conveyed to ME THE GRANTOR BY DEED OF SALE DATED MAY 10, 1788—Reference to sd. SCHEME & DEED being had will fully appear.

To have and to hold. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal 19th day of March, 1791.

OBADIAH ESTEN.

JOHN WESTCOT

HEZEKIAH SEAMANS

To all People etc. I KING EASTON of Foster yeoman—In Consideration of 40 lbs. pd. by Hezekiah Seamans of Town aforesd. yeoman—Give grant One Certain Tract or Parcel of Land Lying in Foster aforesd.—containing by Estimation 20 acres more or less—& IS A PART OF THE LAND I THE GRANTOR HOLD BY A DEED OF GIFT FROM MY HOND. FATHER HENRY, & is bounded S. on land of THEOPHILUS EASTON—E. on land of Benj. Round, N. on land of sd.

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HENRY EASTON & W. on CROSS HIGHWAY—BEING ALL THE LAND I NOW OWN E. FROM SD. HIGHWAY.

To have and to hold, in witness whereof, my hand and seal 19th day of March 1791.

KING EASTON

JOHN WESTCOT
OBADIAH ESTEN.

To all People etc. I HENRY ESTEN of Foster, etc. yeoman—WHEREAS I have Settled a Line with ROBERT DAVIS, JR. of same town yeoman and DORCAS DAVIS, WIDOW WOMAN—Admr. of the Estate of Jeremiah Davis, of Foster, Deceased—In Consideration of 15 Lbs.—I do hereby acknowledge Myself therewith fully satisfied & Contented with sd. Line hereafter Described—To wit—Beginning at Stake & Stones on or Near N. W. Corner of My Land & being abt. 5 Rods and N. W. Corner of My Present Improvement—then Running S. 5 degrees W. 110 Rods, or to S. Side of THEOPHILUS ESTEN'S LAND & I Do Quit All the Land with the other Priviledges belonging thereunto etc.

WHEREAS I the sd GRANTOR hereunto set my hand and seal 27th day of June 1791.

HENRY ESTEN.

JOHN WESTCOT
KING ESTEN

To All People etc. I OBADIAH ESTEN of Foster yeoman—In Consideration of 75 lbs. pd. by MY BROTHER THEOPHILUS ESTEN of the Town aforesd. yeoman—give grant One Certain Tract of Land Lying in Foster aforesd. Containing 20 acres by Estimation more or less & is bounded as Follows: *Viz.*—S. on land of sd. THEOPHILUS ESTEN & E. on land of BENJ. ROUND, thence N. 32 rods—then W. to the HIGHWAY & is the same Land that I the Grantor hold by Deed from Hezekiah Seamans.

To have and to hold. In witness whereof WE have hereunto set OUR hands and seals 18th day of February 1793.

HEZEKIAH SEAMANS
JAMES COLE.

OBADIAH ESTEN
JOANNA ESTEN

To all People etc. I THEOPHILUS EASTON of Foster etc. yeoman—In consideration of 15 lbs. pd. by KING EASTON of Town aforesd. yeoman, Give grant one Certain lot or parcel of land in Foster Containing 10 acres & Is THE LOT No. 8 in the PLATT No. 5 & is the same lot of land that I the Grantor Hold by Deed from Elisha Bowen Jr.

To have and to hold. In witness whereof, We have hereunto set our hands and seals this 18th day of February 1793.

HEZEKIAH SEAMANS
JOSIAH SEAMANS.

THEOPHILUS EASTON
ORPAH X EASTON

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Records of Rhode Island Revolutionary soldiers at the State House in Providence, Rhode Island, show that Theophilus Easten served as a substitute for his father, Henry Easten, and in the pension record of Theophilus the place and date of the latter's birth are given as Scituate, Rhode Island, 1756. His older brother, Obadiah, also served in the Revolutionary War and, in the abstract of his pension record, quoted in the following generation, it is recorded that he was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1749. It would appear therefore that Henry Esten (Easton) and his wife were living in Providence in 1749 and in Scituate in 1756, while from deeds it is learned that in their later years they made their home in Foster, Rhode Island.

Henry Esten or Easton was married, in Glocester, Rhode Island, November 13, 1748, by Richard Smith, Justice, to Mary King. (King IV.) Children: 1. Obadiah, of whom further. 2. Theophilus, born in Scituate, Rhode Island, in 1756; a soldier in the Revolutionary War; became a resident of Foster, Rhode Island, where he appears in various real estate transactions; was of Killingly, Connecticut, adjoining Foster, Rhode Island, in 1832; married Orpha. 3. King, living in Foster, Rhode Island, where his name appears in real estate transactions.

(J. N. Arnold: "Vital Record of Rhode Island," Vol. III, (Glocester) p. 17; (Scituate) p. 41. J. R. Bartlett: "Census of the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, 1774," pp. 12, 17, 132. "Heads of Families at the First Census of the United States, 1790, Rhode Island," p. 28. Rhode Island Military Census of 1777. "Foster, Rhode Island, Deeds," Book II, pp. 270, 294, 295, 472, 497, 556. Rhode Island Pension Records, No. 2249. J. O. Austin: "Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island," p. 297.)

V. Obadiah Easton, son of Henry (3) and Mary (King) Esten or Easton, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1749, and died in Foster, Rhode Island, August 7, 1842. Like his father and two brothers, he participated in numerous real estate transactions, recorded through deeds at Foster, from which the following abstracts are taken:

To all People etc. I SIMEON LEWIS of Hopkinton in the Co. of Washington & State of R. I., etc. In Consideration of \$125 Pd. by OBADIAH EASTIN of Foster Town yeoman, in the State aforesd.—

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Do give grant, absolutely acquit all my Right & Title, etc. that I Have to All the Land that Ezekiel Lewis Late of the Town of Foster & State of R. I. Deceased, was possessed of—

To have and to hold—In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 22nd day of September 1795.

WM. SHELDON
JONATHAN SHELDON

SIMEON LEWIS
SUSANNA SHELDON

To all People, etc. I JOB GREENE of Foster etc.—Carpenter—In Consideration of \$100 PAID BY MY HOND. UNCLE OBADIAH EASTON of the same town, yeoman, Give grant 20 acres & one quarter of an acre of land—Situate in Foster aforesd. and is Bounded—

Beginning with the bounds of a Certain Piece of land, Re-measured and laid out to MY HOND. FATHER DANL. GREENE on 27th day of June 1794 etc.

To have and to hold—in witness my hand and seal this 16th day of Jany. 1796.

DANL. EDDY
SIMEON SEAMANS

JOB GREENE

To all People, etc. I Levi Davis of Foster in County of Providence, etc. yeoman—In Consideration of Two Dollars paid by OBADIAH EASTON of same town, yeoman, Give Grant One Certain Small Piece of land lying in sd. Town of Foster & bounded as follows; beginning at a Stake & Heap of Stones at N. W. Corner of the Frye LOT so-called, where there was formerly a White Oak Tree—a bound of Sd. Fry's LOT—also a bound of the FARM WHERE OBADIAH EASTON NOW DWELLETH & Thence N. with sd. Easton's Line abt. 4 Rods to Stake & Stones; thence W. with sd. EASTON'S LINE to a Long Stone in the Ground, being sd. EASTON'S S. W. Corner of the FARM whereon he now Dwelleth & from thence with a Straight Line to first mentioned Bound.

This Lot contains abt. one quarter of an Acre—be the same more or less—within above mentioned Bounds.

To have and to hold. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal 25th day of February 1796.

ELIPHALET CORLIS
SIMEON SEAMANS

LEVI DAVIS

Earlier in life he was a resident of Killingly, Connecticut, adjoining Foster, where he lived after the Revolutionary War. During the Revolution, he served with the Connecticut troops, as is shown by his pension record, on file in the office of the Rhode Island State Record Commissioner at the State House in Providence :

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OBADIAH EASTEN (EASTON) R. I. 2249

Declaration 7 Aug. 1832. Providence County. Obadiah Easten resident of Foster, aged 83. Born in Providence June 30, 1749, record kept by father in my possession. Lived in Killingly when first called, since Revolution in Foster. 9 Sept. 1776 volunteered Capt. Joseph Cady's Company. Col. Danielson's (?) Regiment, Connecticut State Troops, Major McLellan (?). Mustered at Killingly and marched to West Chester, N. Y., crossed river at Bergen, N. J. Latter part Sept. British in possession of New York. In Bergen a fortnight then marched to English neighborhood, short distance from Fort Lee when Fort Washington was taken by enemy. Heard guns and expected to be taken over but British shipping prevented. In English neighborhood until beginning of Dec. 1776. Discharged served three months. Latter part of Dec. 1776 enlisted for 2 months in Capt. Sylvanus Perry's Company, Connecticut Militia and marched from Killingly to Providence, R. I. and stationed there 2 months. Quartered in college. Feb. or March 1778 drafted Capt. Ephraim Warren's Company Connecticut Militia and marched to Providence. There 2 months. Quartered north part of town. No documentary evidence. Capt. John Day, of Killingly.

Affidavits Daniel Hopkins, Simon Hopkins, Luke Phillips. Nathan Wood for character. William Watson, Clerk.

Deposition Theophilus Easton of Killingly. Acquainted 65 years. Know that Obadiah Easten in state service of Connecticut during Revolution, and in said service at Providence. Before William G. Stone, J. P.

According to another record his pension commenced March 4, 1831, and at the time of the 1840 census of pensioners Obadiah Easton was living, "June 1, 1840, age 90." Regarding the inventory of his estate, the following abstracts are taken from entries appearing in Foster, Rhode Island, records:

An inventory of the Estate of Obadiah Easton Late of Foster deceased—taken and apprised upon oath by us the Subscribers, duly appointed on 7th day of November 1842.

At a Court of Probate holden within and for the Town of Foster on the 5th day of December 1842—Alpheus BOWEN admr. on Estate of Obadiah EASTON DECEASED, presented the foregoing inventory.—

Obadiah Easton married Joanna or Johanna. Child: 1. Henry, of whom further.

("Foster, Rhode Island, Deeds," Book I, p. 319; Book II, pp. 656, 671. Rhode Island Pension Records, No. 2249. "Rhode Island Pension Roll, 1835," p. 34. "Census of Pensioners, 1840," p. 47. "Foster, Rhode Island, Wills," pp. 446, 447.)

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VI. Captain Henry Easton, son of Obadiah and Joanna or Johanna Easton, was born in Connecticut in 1776, and died in Providence, Rhode Island, September 11, 1859, aged "83 yrs., 10 mos. & 2 days."

His military title was derived from his service with the Rhode Island Militia, 2d Foster Company, 13th Regiment, 2d Brigade of Providence County, of which company he was listed as captain in May, 1807. He was a mason and spent the greater part of his life in Foster, Rhode Island, but eventually became a resident of Providence, where he resided, at the time of his death, at No. 9 Dexter Street.

In 1801 Captain Easton acquired a tract of land at Foster, by purchase from his father, as is shown in the following abstract of the deed:

To all People etc. I OBADIAH EASTEN of Foster in the Co. of Providence, etc. Yeoman—in Consideration of \$50 PAID BY MY SON HENRY EASTON JR. of same Town, Give grant One Certain Lot of Land Situate in Foster containing 26 acres—Bounded Beginning at N. E. cor. of sd. Lot at Stake & Stones Standing on east side of the HIGHWAY that Leads from MY HOUSE TO KING ESTIN—thence S bounding with sd. HIGHWAY 46 Rds to a Stake and Stones Standing in N. line of the sd. KING EASTEN'S LAND—Thence W 12 degrees N 15 Rods, to a Long Stone Set in the Ground—thence N 17 degrees W 9 rods to Stake & Stones thence E 10 degrees N 23 rods to a Stake & Stones & from Thence with a Straight Line to first mentioned Bound & is THE SOUTH END OF MY HOMESTEAD FARM WHEREON I NOW LIVE.

To have and to hold. AND JOANNA EASTON WIFE OF THE ABOVE Grantor doth hereby surrender Right of Dower etc.

In witness whereof WE have hereunto set our hands and seals this 10th day of April, 1801.

CHLOE EASTEN
PETER EASTEN
HEZEKIAH SEAMANS.

OBADIAH EASTON
JOANNA EASTON

Captain Henry Easton married Charity Vincent, who was born in Foster, Rhode Island, in 1776, and died at her home on Dexter Street, Providence, Rhode Island, January 5, 1851, aged "75 yrs., 9 mos." Children: 1. Obadiah 2d, married, April 22, 1822, Zilpha Wood, daughter of Captain Jonathan Wood. 2. William, married, Novem-

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ber 23, 1828, Susanna Slater, daughter of Dr. Daniel Slater. 3. Mercy, of whom further. Possibly others.

("Record of Deaths, City of Providence, Rhode Island," Book IX, p. 19; Book X, p. 102; Book XVII, p. 122. "Foster, Rhode Island, Deeds," Book III, p. 437. J. N. Arnold: "Foster Marriages," Vol. III, p. 12. Smith: "Civil and Military Lists of Rhode Island," Vol. II, p. 109.)

VII. Mercy Easton, daughter of Captain Henry and Charity (Vincent) Easton, was born at Foster, Rhode Island, February 13, 1805, and died at Providence, Rhode Island, December 1, 1888, aged "83 yrs. 9 mos. & 18 days." She survived her husband by more than thirty-five years, and at the time of her death was residing at No. 191 Cranston Street, Providence.

Mercy Easton married Elisha Paine. (Paine VIII.)

("Records of Deaths, City of Providence, Rhode Island," Book IX, p. 128; Book XVI, p. 122.)

(The Poole Line)

Poole Arms—Azure, a lion rampant argent between eight fleurs-de-lis or.

Crest—A stag's head cabossed gules, the attires barry of six, or and azure.

(Matthews: "American Armoury.")

Among the Teutonic names that crept into Norman French is that of Poole. The family is of Norman ancestry and the surname was doubtless at first applied to one who owned land near a lake. An early form was De La Pole. Representatives of this name settled in Devon, England, in the Parish of Tiverton, the seat of the Poles from the time of the Norman conquest for several generations. The name was Anglicized into Poole following the arrival of the first of the family, who is said to have entered England with William the Conqueror.

(Murray Edward Poole: "The History of Edward Poole, of Weymouth, Massachusetts," pp. 4-5.)

I. Captain Edward Poole was born in the locality of Weymouth, England, in the year 1609. This assumption is based on the fact that Rev. Joseph Hull's Company, with which he came to America in 1635, came from towns near Weymouth, England, and after arrival here founded the town of Weymouth, Massachusetts, Rev. Joseph Hull being their religious leader.

Poole fled from religious persecution in England and spent the remainder of his life in Weymouth, Massachusetts, where he died in

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1664. He acquired extensive property. His wife was made executrix of his will, which was dated August 22, 1664, and probated September 16, 1664. In this document Captain Poole names his wife and children. Inventory of the will was taken September 16, 1664, and mentions a dwelling house and land, also about one hundred additional acres of land, etc.

Edward Poole was twenty-six years of age when he came to America. He was granted several plots of land and was spoken of as a sawyer.

It is known that Captain Edward Poole married, between 1641-1645, Sarah Pinney (Pynney), daughter of John and Protesia (Holidich) Pinney, of Exeter, England. Children: 1. Samuel, died in 1669; married Mary; he inherited the homestead. 2. Isaac, married Elishama. 3. Joseph, of whom further. 4. Benjamin, born in Weymouth, Massachusetts, died July 31, 1676; a soldier on the Connecticut River in King Philip's War in 1676. 5. John, died in 1691; married (first) Elizabeth; married (second) Joanna Smith. 6. Sarah, born July 28, 1661, at Weymouth, Massachusetts. 7. Jacob, born about 1663, died at Braintree, before February 25, 1686-87; unmarried.

(Murray Edward Poole: "The History of Edward Poole of Weymouth, Massachusetts," pp. 7, 8-10. "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. XIII, pp. 12-13; Vol. XX, p. 241. George Walter Chamberlain: "History of Weymouth, Massachusetts," Vol. IV, pp. 473, 474.)

II. Captain Joseph Poole, son of Captain Edward and Sarah (Pinney) Poole, was born about 1656 and died in Weymouth, Massachusetts, between April 11 and May 16, 1706.

Captain Joseph was a large land proprietor and mill operator. He was the owner of the second sawmill in the town, erected in 1700 on the Hersey River not far from Little Comfort. He made his home in Weymouth, where he died. His will, dated April 11, 1706, was proved May 16, 1706. He and his wife are mentioned in the settlement of the estate of John Shaw, father of Elizabeth, March 11, 1705-06.

Captain Joseph Poole married, about 1673, Elizabeth Shaw. (Shaw III.) Children: 1. Elizabeth, born in Weymouth, Massachusetts; married, June 7, 1694, James Lovell. 2. Susanna, born in Wey-

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mouth, Massachusetts, December 17, 1679. 3. Mary, born in Weymouth, Massachusetts; married, April 25, 1704, Samuel Cary. 4. Benjamin, born February 9, 1682; removed to Bridgewater, Massachusetts. 5. Margaret, born April 22, 1688. 6. Samuel, died in 1785; married Sarah Nash. 7. Joseph, died May 18, 1746; married Ruth Humphrey. 8. Abigail. 9. Isaac, of whom further.

(Murray Edward Poole: "The History of Edward Poole, of Weymouth, Massachusetts," pp. 9, 10-12. Lucy Hall Greenlaw: "The Genealogical Advertiser," Vol. IV, p. 64. George Walter Chamberlain: "History of Weymouth, Massachusetts," Vol. IV, p. 475.)

III. Isaac Poole, son of Captain Joseph and Elizabeth (Shaw) Poole, was born in Weymouth, Massachusetts, about 1690, and died there June 19, 1759. He and his family settled in South Bridgewater, Massachusetts. He was received into full communion with the South Church, December 5, 1725, and was a soldier in the French and Indian War in 1755.

Isaac Poole married (first) Mary or Mercy, who died March 22, 1733. He married (second), at Weymouth, Massachusetts, January 2, 1734, Bethiah Beal, who died in 1766, daughter of Jeremiah and Esther (Farrow) Beal, of Hingham, Massachusetts. Children: 1. Hannah, born at Weymouth, Massachusetts, May 18, 1716, died before May 19, 1720. 2. Isaac, born at Weymouth, Massachusetts, November 13, 1717; married, in 1743, Sarah Leonard. 3. Hannah, of whom further. 4. Joseph, born at Weymouth, died before March 14, 1724. 5. Mary, born at Weymouth, April 8, 1723, died before March 14, 1724. 6. Joseph (twin), born at Weymouth, March 14, 1724; married Rebecca. 7. Mary (twin), born March 14, 1724, died before April 15, 1727. 8. Mary, born April 15, 1727; married, December 3, 1761, Jacob Washburn. 9. Mecah (Micah), born at Weymouth, Massachusetts, June 4, 1731.

(Murray Edward Poole: "The History of Edward Poole of Weymouth, Massachusetts," pp. 12, 14, 15. Lucy Hall Greenlaw: "Records of Second Church of Christ in Weymouth, Massachusetts in the Genealogical Advertiser," Vol. III, p. 102. "Vital Records of Weymouth, Massachusetts," Vol. I, p. 215; Vol. II, p. 141.)

IV. Hannah Poole, daughter of Isaac and Mary or Mercy Poole, was born May 19, 1720. She married John Paine. (Paine V.)

(H. D. Paine, M. D.: "Paine Family Records," Vol. II, pp. 233-34. Murray Edward Poole: "The History of Edward Poole of

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Weymouth, Massachusetts," p. 12. George Walter Chamberlain: "History of Weymouth," Vol. IV, p. 477.)

(The Shaw Line)

Shaw Arms—Argent, a chevron ermines a canton gules.

Crest—A falcon volant proper.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

The surname Shaw is of local origin, "at the shaw," from residence beside a small wood or shaw. The word itself comes from the Anglo-Saxon *scua*, meaning a shade or a place shadowed or sheltered by trees. In very early records the name is variously spelled, several instances being: Schaghe, Schawe, Schagh' and Shaw.

(Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames." Lower: "Patronymica Britannica.")

I. Abraham Shaw, progenitor of the family in America, died in Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1638. He and his wife came from Halifax, England, about 1635. In October, 1636, his house and goods at Watertown, Massachusetts, were burned. He was a freeman on March 9, 1637, and one of the first subscribers to the Covenant in Dedham. He was elected constable of Dedham, September 6, 1638. The inventory of Abraham Shaw was dated 1638. His will, not dated, mentions no wife, but son, John, and daughter, Martha, infants; and son, Joseph, and daughter, Mary.

Abraham Shaw married Bridget Best. Children. 1. Joseph, baptized March 14, 1618. 2. Grace, baptized August 15, 1621. 3. Mary (or Maria), baptized June 18, 1626. 4. John, of whom further. 5. Martha, baptized January 6, 1632. 6. Probably Susanna, married Nicholas Byram.

(J. C. Frost: "Ancestors of Amyntas Shaw and His Wife, Lucy Tufts Williams," pp. 5, 6. "Representative Men and Old Families of Southeastern Massachusetts," Vol. I, p. 343. W. T. Davis: "Ancient Landmarks of Plymouth," Part II, p. 234. Savage: "Genealogical Dictionary of New England," Vol. IV, pp. 63, 64. Dr. Henry Bond: "Genealogies and History of Watertown, Massachusetts," p. 429. M. F. King: "Annals of Oxford, Maine," pp. 116, 265.)

II. John Shaw, son of Abraham and Bridget (Best) Shaw, was born in Northowram, Halifax, Yorkshire, England, February 16, 1628, baptized May 23, 1630, and died in Weymouth, Massachusetts, September 16, 1704.

John Shaw married Alice Phillips, daughter of Deacon Nicholas and Elizabeth Phillips, of Weymouth. Children: 1. Elizabeth, of

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whom further. 2. Abraham, born October 10, 1657. 3. Mary, born March 24, 1660. 4. Nicholas, born May (or March) 23, 1662. 5. Joseph, born April 15, 1664; married Judith Whitmarsh, daughter of John Whitmarsh. 6. Alice, born July 6, 1666. 7. Hannah, born April 7, 1668. 8. Benjamin, born June 16, 1670. 9. Abigail, born July 15, 1672. 10. Ebenezer, born April 24, 1674. 11. John.

("Weymouth, Massachusetts, Vital Records," Vol. I, pp. 269-70. J. C. Frost: "Ancestors of Amyntas Shaw and His Wife, Lucy Tufts Williams," p. 6. "Representative Men and Old Families of South-eastern Massachusetts," Vol. II, p. 828.)

III. Elizabeth Shaw, daughter of John and Alice (Phillips) Shaw, was born February 26, 1655. She married Captain Joseph Poole. (Poole II.)

(M. E. Poole: "The History of Edward Poole of Weymouth, Massachusetts," pp. 9-12.)

(The King Line)

King Arms—Sable, a lion rampant ducally crowned between three crosses crosslet or.
(Burke: "Encyclopædia of Heraldry.")

King is one of the most popular surnames in England and occupies numerous pages in the London Directory. It does not indicate that its bearers are of royal descent but that they are the progeny of men who acted as "kings" in the numerous festivals and mock ceremonials of mediæval times. That King should be so largely represented now, in America as well as in England, merely proves that every town and village had its festival, and that the "king" was proud of his title, as were his children, and thus the name became hereditary when surnames came into use.

(Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames.")

I. Clement King's name first appears in the records of Marshfield, Massachusetts, April 27, 1668, when, at a town meeting, he was chosen constable and authorized to direct the building of a new gallery in the church. April 12, 1669, the town granted him twenty acres for a homestead between the lands of William Holmes and Richard French. He was chosen constable a second time in 1670 and between then and 1674 various items in the town records refer to him. In 1681, Clement King was proposed for freeman and, June 6, 1682, was accepted for full rights of franchise. About 1686 he evidently sold

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his Marshfield farm to James McCall and removed to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, since his name appears as a member of the 4th Company or Train Band of Providence in January, 1686. In May, 1687, he bought one hundred acres of land, part of the estate of William Carpenter, within the bounds of Pautuxet (Pawtucket), but the deed, witnessed by Thomas Olney and John Whipple, was not recorded until April, 1712. In August, 1688, Clement King was taxed in Providence and his personal estate consisted of a horse, cow, five heifers, two four-year steers, and a team of oxen. He died in Providence about 1694. His signature, as witness to a deed of Josias Winston, Jr., is that of an educated man.

Clement King married (first) Susanna, whose death and burial are recorded under date of June 19, 1669. The death and burial of their daughter, Susanna, were recorded the same day. Clement King married (second) Elizabeth, who married (second) November 12, 1694, the Rev. Thomas Barnes, pastor of the Second Baptist Church at Swanzev. Rev. Mr. Barnes died April 8, 1706, his widow surviving him for two years. Inventory of her estate at Swanzev, December 27, 1708, included lands, clothing, and household goods, valued at £112 7s. 10d., and administration was granted to her son, John King, of Providence. Children, exact order unknown: 1. Susanna, buried in Marshfield, Massachusetts, June 19, 1669. 2. James, of whom further. 3. John, died in September, 1723; married, in February, 1713, Martha Vinson. 4. Joanna, born in September, 1675. 5. Ebenezer, of Tiverton, later of East Greenwich, Rhode Island; married and had a family. 6. A daughter. 7. Thomas, born in 1691, died in Providence, October 10, 1723; unmarried.

(G. A. Morrison, Jr.: "The King Families of New England," Vol. II, pp. 207-09, 211-15, 224-25.)

II. James King, son of Clement King, died November 19, 1759. He was of Providence and later of Glocester, Rhode Island. His name first appears on a tax list, June 16, 1713. August 10, 1719, he deeded one hundred and fifty acres of land to James Thornton for £88, while September 27, 1721, out of love and affection, he deeded a one hundred and fifty-acre tract to his son, James. He evidently owned considerable land, as January 12, 1724-25, as a yeoman, he deeded land at West Quadnaig to James Thornton, Jr.; September

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24, 1728, seventy-five acres to son Thomas; January 17, 1730, one hundred and ninety-eight acres to son Amos, and June 12, 1731, one hundred acres in Glocester, Rhode Island, to son Clement. These grants of land were probably made to his sons upon their coming of age. Other land records concerning James King also appear in Glocester records about this time.

James King married (first) probably Sarah Winsor. He married (second), in Glocester, October 13, 1734, with Elder Samuel Winsor officiating, Persis (Turpin) Brooks, daughter of William Turpin and widow of William Brooks. Children: 1. James, of Glocester, Rhode Island, died February 4, 1763; married (first), December 10, 1719, Phebe Ballou; (second) Susannah. 2. Thomas, of Glocester, Rhode Island, died about 1774; married (first), April 10, 1732, Margaret Hogg, who died in 1739; (second) Ann Eddy. 3. Jonathan, of Glocester. 4. Amos, of Providence, Rhode Island, died February 8, 1743; married Freelove, who married (second) Richard Sylvester. 5. Clement, of whom further.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 221-23, 243, 248-50.)

III. Clement (2) King, a child of James King's first marriage, was born, probably in Glocester, Rhode Island, and died there, December 25, 1754. He was admitted a freeman of Providence, January 27, 1723-24. June 12, 1734, he deeded to his father and his father's wife, Sarah, the use of the homestead for life. His will, dated December 23, 1754, and probated January 16, 1755, at Glocester, names wife Meribah, sons Benjamin and Clement, daughters *Mary Esten* and Rachel King, and one Anne King, daughter of Thomas King. He stated that no legacies were to be paid until after the death of his honored father, James King, who was to be maintained. Wife Meribah and son Benjamin were named executors of the will. Witnesses were Joseph Winsor, and Thomas and Lydia King. Inventory of his estate amounted to £528 9s. 6d.

Clement King married Meribah. Children: 1. Benjamin, born October 9, 1708; married, October 19, 1731, Mary Russell. 2. Clement, of Glocester, died there January 12, 1761; married, July 10, 1757, Content Chase. 3. Thomas, of Glocester. 4. Mary, of whom further. 5. Rachel.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 250-51, 277.)

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IV. Mary King, daughter of Clement (2) and Meribah King, married Henry Esten or Easton. (Easton IV.)

(*Ibid.* J. O. Austin: "The Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island," p. 297. J. N. Arnold: "Vital Record of Rhode Island," Vol. III, Part I (Glocester), p. 17.)

(The Salisbury Line)

Salusbury (Salisbury) Arms—Gules, a lion rampant argent ducally crowned or between three crescents of the last. (Burke: "General Armory.")

Salisbury, and its various spellings such as Salesbury, Salusbury, Salsbury, is a surname of great antiquity in England and Wales. The surname in England probably originated with persons "of Salisbury, Wiltshire," where, as early as 1273, Robert de Salisbyr' is found of record on the Hundred Rolls.

(Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames." R. M. Cutter: "New England Families," Vol. IV, p. 2123.)

I. William Salisbury was born in Wales, probably in Denbighshire, about 1622. On May 12, 1656, he deposed that he was thirty-four years of age. He came to America and was at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1648, removing later to Milton, Massachusetts, where he signed, May 18, 1664, an agreement of the inhabitants regarding the parsonage land. William Salisbury removed, in 1671, to Swansea, Massachusetts, where he was the first of the name in town. A list of eight soldiers, of Swansea, recorded at Plymouth, includes the names of William and John Salisbury. They are said to have been the first victims of King Philip's War and both were buried June 24, 1675. Administration on the estate of William Salisbury was granted August 25, 1675, to the widow.

William Salisbury married Susannah. She was admitted to full communion at the Dorchester Church, May 7, 1677, and was dismissed to the Milton Church, September 18, 1681. After her death, about November, 1684, her eldest son, "William of Swansea," was made administrator of her estate and that of his father. The son signed his name "William Salsbery." Children: 1. (Probably) John, slain by Indians in 1675. 2. William, born at Boston, Massachusetts, August 14, 1659; married, July 30, 1684, Hannah or Ann Cole, daughter of Hugh Cole. 3. Abigail, married, June 9, 1676, John Williston, of Milton, Massachusetts. 4. Susannah, born at Boston,

SALUSBURY (SALISBURY).

Arms—Gules, a lion rampant argent ducally crowned or between three crescents of the last.

(Burke: "General Armory.")

MARTIN.

Arms—Argent, two bars gules.

Crest—An estoile gules.

(H. J. Martin: "Notes, Genealogical and Historical of the Martin Family of New England." Burke: "General Armory.")

HARDING.

Arms—Argent, on a bend azure, three martlets or.

Crest—A falcon displayed proper.

(W. J. Harding: "The Hardings in America.")

SALUSBURY (SALISBURY)

Notes—Gives a long argument against the growth of the
three presents of the last.

(Burke: "General Answer")

MARTIN

Notes—A good two days' notes.

(Notes—An article on the

(E. J. Martin: "Notes on Geological and Historical

of the Martin family of New England: Burke

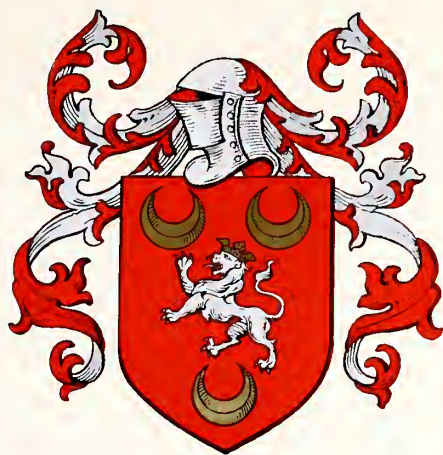
"General Answer")

HARDING

Notes—Gives a long argument, three or four days' notes.

(Notes—A long paper on the

(W. J. Harding: "The History of America")



Salisbury
(Salisbury)



Martin



Harding

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April 27, 1662. 5. Hannah, born at Milton, May 18, 1665, died in 1665. 6. Samuel, of whom further. 7. Cornelius, born at Milton, Massachusetts, October 7, 1668. 8. Hannah (again), born at Milton, Massachusetts, April 20, 1671. 9. Joseph, born in Milton, Massachusetts, May 5, 1675. 10. Elizabeth, mentioned in her mother's will. Perhaps others.

("Records of the Colony of New Plymouth in New England," p. 61. "Milton, Massachusetts, Records of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 1662-1843," pp. 53, 241. "Dorchester, Massachusetts, Births, Marriages and Deaths, to the End of 1825," Vol. XXI, pp. 7-8. R. M. Cutter: "New England Families," Vol. IV, p. 2124. James Savage: "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," Vol. IV, p. 5.)

II. Samuel Salisbury, son of William and Susannah Salisbury, was born at Milton, Massachusetts, May 17, 1666. He resided at Rehoboth, Massachusetts.

Samuel Salisbury married (intentions published October 28, 1699) *Jemima Martin*. (Martin III.) Child: 1. *Jemima*, of whom further.

("Milton, Massachusetts, Births, Marriages and Deaths, 1662-1843," p. 53. H. J. Martin: "Notes, Genealogical and Historical, of the Martin Family of New England," pp. 63-64.)

III. Jemima Salisbury, daughter of Samuel and *Jemima* (Martin) Salisbury, was born September 23, 1700. She married *Henry Esten* or *Easton*. (Esten or Easton III.)

(*Ibid.*)

(The Martin Line)

Martin Arms—Argent, two bars gules

Crest—An estoile gules.

(H. J. Martin: "Notes, Genealogical and Historical of the Martin Family of New England.") (Burke: "General Armory.")

Martin is a baptismal surname signifying the son of Martin. The family is of ancient lineage in Somersetshire, England, where the first of record was Martin de Tours, a Norman, who made a conquest of the territory of Cemmaes, or Kemeys, in Pembrokeshire, Wales, about the year 1077.

(Bardsley: "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames." H. J. Martin: "Notes, Genealogical and Historical, of the Martin Family of New England," pp. 25-26, 31.)

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I. Richard Martin came to New England probably about 1663 and settled in that part of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, which became Swansea. He was accompanied to America by his son John. H. J. Martin, in his genealogy of the family, says "there is little doubt that John Martin of Swansea was the son of Richard of Rehoboth, although direct evidence of the fact is wanting."

Richard Martin married and became the father of John, of whom further.

(H. J. Martin: "Notes, Genealogical and Historical, of the Martin Family of New England," p. 63. F. R. Holmes: "Directory of the Ancestral Heads of New England Families," p. clviii.)

II. John Martin, generally believed to have been a son of Richard Martin, was born in Somersetshire, England, in 1632-33, and died at Swansea, Massachusetts, March 21, 1713, aged eighty years. He came to America with his father and later in life was among the signers of the original proposals for the settlement of Swansea. On June 3, 1673, he was appointed surveyor of highways, and reappointed June 2, 1685. His will was dated at Swansea, Bristol County, Massachusetts, August 28, 1711, and names his wife, Joanna, and children. The inventory of his estate amounted to £534 14s.

John Martin married, April 26, 1671, Joanna Esten or Easton. (Esten or Easton I, child 1.) Children: 1. Jemima, of whom further. 2. Melatiah, born April 30, 1673; married, November 6, 1696, Rebecca Brooks. 3. John, born March 15, 1674-75; married (first), October 11, 1710, Marcy Hayward; (second), April 4, 1713, Marcy Thurber. 4. Ephraim, born February 7, 1676; married (intentions published October 28, 1699), Thankful Bullock. 5. Ann, born November 14, 1678; married, in 1701, Richard Round. 6. Manassah, born February 2, 1681, died without issue; married, October 6, 1706, Hannah Carpenter. 7. Joanna, born February 15, 1683; married, December 5, 1711, Philip Short. 8. Ebenezer, born February 16, 1684; married, November 29, 1716, Abigail Wheeler. 9. Judith, born November 13, 1686; married, December 24, 1713, John Luther.

("Representative Men and Old Families of Rhode Island," Vol. III, p. 732. J. O. Austin: "Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island," pp. 294-95; additions and corrections, p. 2. James Savage: "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," Vol.

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III, p. 162. H. J. Martin: "Notes, Genealogical and Historical, of the Martin Family of New England," pp. 62-64, 67, 187, 199.)

III. Jemima Martin, daughter of John and Joanna (Esten) Martin, was born May 29, 1672. She married Samuel Salisbury. (Salisbury II.)

(H. J. Martin: "Notes, Genealogical and Historical, of the Martin Family of New England," pp. 63-64.)

(The Harding Line)

Harding Arms—Argent, on a bend azure, three martlets or.

Crest—A falcon displayed proper. (W. J. Harding: "Hardings in America.")

Hardin is probably a Gothic word and is of very early date in Europe. It existed in Germany, Scandinavia, and Britain for centuries before the adoption of surnames. In 1086 Hardin and Harding were common names in England, and about that time they became names of distinction.

In 1658 Sir Ferdinando Gorges wrote "A Briefe Narration of the Original Undertaking of the Advancement of Plantations into the Parts of Amerika, especially showing the Beginnings, Progress and Continuance of that of New England." This work states that Captain Sir Robert Gorges, a son of Sir Ferdinando, for valiant services to the Crown during the "Venitian Wars," was appointed by the council of New England "Governor of the Plymouth Country" and was granted a tract of land four miles wide on Massachusetts Bay and extending thirty miles into the interior.

Before receiving this appointment Captain Gorges had for several years been married to Mary Harding, described in the work as "the daughter and heir of William Harding, Gent." Captain Gorges and his wife and "sundrie passengers and their families sailed from Harwich, County Essex, England, and the party arrived in America in August, 1623. Among the passengers with the Governor were John Harding, his wife and young sons, Joseph Harding, and Richard Harding and wife and young son. The author says all indications point to the presumption that Richard, Joseph, and John were brothers, and cousins of Lady Gorges, wife of the Governor. William Harding, father of Lady Gorges, is thought to be descended from the Hardings of Upcott, near Barnstable, England, who had

PAINE AND ALLIED FAMILIES

their seat at a very early period at Comb Martin, in Devonshire, deriving their descent from Fitz (son of) Harding.

(W. J. Harding: "The Harding Family in America," pp. 15-18. "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. XXVI, pp. 381-82.)

I. John Harding, the head of the following line so far as traced, left little information about himself except in a few public records of Northampton, England. His will, dated in 1636, granted certain real and personal property to his brother William and to his sons Richard, Amos, John, Lemuel, and Oliver. The will, filed March 3, 1637, bears a notation that the testator died January 14, 1637, and goes on to say that the testator was then in his seventieth year, thus indicating his birth date as 1567. He was undoubtedly a husbandman, according to W. J. Harding, and a direct descendant of Fitz-Harding. He was an elder brother of William Harding, father of Mary, who married Governor Gorges.

John Harding married and became the father of: 1. Richard, of whom further.

(W. J. Harding: "The Harding Family in America," p. 21.)

II. Richard Harding, son of John Harding, of Northampton, England, came to America with Governor Gorges in 1623. He was evidently the eldest son, and at that time about forty years of age. The Braintree records cover a limited part of his time, for we find, in the tax records, begun in 1633, that he was taxed with a small amount of property. On May 10, 1640, he took the freeman's oath, which implies church membership.

Richard Harding lived in South Braintree near Weymouth Landing, the ancient Wessagussett, where Governor Gorges planted his colony. His homestead rights there dated from an original grant by Governor Gorges. He is supposed to have been a mariner engaged in fishing, an occupation followed by his son, for his will shows that he owned no horses, oxen, or agricultural implements. The will, dated 1657, providing only for his widow, indicates that he had made provision for the sons during his lifetime, except for a small legacy to son John and granddaughter Mary.

Richard Harding's wife, who accompanied him to America (name not given) must have died before 1630 for in that year he married

PAINE AND ALLIED FAMILIES

Elizabeth Adams. Children of first marriage: 1. John, born in 1620, died in Weymouth, Massachusetts, in 1682; drew land in Weymouth in 1643; removed to Gloucester in 1652; returned to Weymouth in 1655; married, and had a daughter, Mary, who married John Whitmarsh, of Weymouth. 2. Stephen, of whom further. Child of second marriage: 3. Lydia, born in 1632; married, in 1651, Martyn Saunders, and had a daughter, Elizabeth.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 20-21, 23-24.)

III. Stephen Harding, son of Richard Harding, of Braintree, Massachusetts, was born about 1624 and died February 20, 1698. He is first mentioned in Providence, Rhode Island, records on March 28, 1664, at which time he had land laid out. He was called "the blacksmith of Providence." In order to join others in the settlements established by Roger Williams, he had left his father's house in Weymouth, Massachusetts. In the first settlement at Swansey, Stephen Harding became a member of the First Baptist Church, and going to Providence a little later, he was given the town right of an original grantee and drew many lots. This resulted in the settlement of many of his descendants there.

On October 27, 1665, Stephen Harding had a grant of twenty-five acres of the common land for ten shillings, and on May 24, 1675, he bought of William Hopkins seventy acres in Providence and deeded this plot to his son John on August 24, 1682. He also gave land to his sons, Stephen and Abraham. On April 12, 1698, administration of the estate of Stephen Harding was granted to his son John, of Newport, whose inventory of the estate amounted to £44 16s. 6d. Israel Harding, of Swansey, was bondsman.

Stephen Harding married Bridget Estance, "daughter of Thomas Estance, one of the earliest settlers of Swansey, and later of Providence." She was probably a sister of Thomas Esten. (Easton I.) Children: 1. John, born about 1652; married, and had sons, Israel and Richard. 2. Stephen, born about 1654, died at Providence, Rhode Island, May 31, 1680; married, January 28, 1672, Mercy Winsor, who died early in 1680. 3. Abraham, born in 1656, died November 23, 1694; married Deborah, who married (second), in 1695, Moses Bartlett. 4. Priscilla, died in 1708; married Thomas Esten or Easton. (Easton I, child 2.) 5. Sarah, of whom further. 6. Mary,

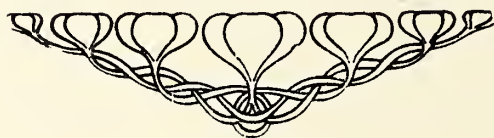
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married Samuel Winsor. 7. A daughter, who married Alexander Balcolm.

(J. O. Austin: "Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island," p. 92. W. J. Harding: "The Hardings in America," pp. 27-28.)

IV. Sarah Harding, daughter of Stephen and Bridget (Estance or Easton) Harding, died August 20, 1731. She married Henry Esten or Easton. (Easton II.)

(*Ibid.*)





At the Helm - in time of need

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933.

OF AMERICANA, published quarterly at Somerville, New Jersey, for October 1, 1937.

State of New York, }
County of New York, } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared M. L. Lewis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Americana, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The American Historical Society, Inc., Somerville, N. J., and 80-90 Eighth Avenue, New York City; Editor, Winfield S. Downs, 80-90 Eighth Avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, Marion L. Lewis, 80-90 Eighth Avenue, New York City; Business Manager, Marion L. Lewis, 80-90 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owners are: The American Historical Society, Inc.; Marion L. Lewis, 80-90 Eighth Avenue, New York City; Ed Lewis, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City; F. M. Keller, 80-90 Eighth Avenue, New York City; Benj. F. Lewis, Jr., 180 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Winfield S. Downs, 142 Glenwood Rd., Ridgewood, N. J.; Mrs. Andrew Payne, 1726 N. Los Robles, Pasadena, Calif.; Mabel E. Lewis, 501 Prospect Street, Nutley, N. J.; Myrtle M. Lewis, 142 Glenwood Rd., Ridgewood, N. J.; Mrs. O. L. Clappitt, 908 Central Avenue, Wilmette, Ill.; Marion L. O. Clark, Valparaiso, Ind.; James A. Dailey, Stanhope, N. J.; Ida E. de Murguiondo, Glen Rock, N. J.; Harry S. Hatch, Madison, Ind.; Bruce M. Lewis, 19 Coeyman Avenue, Nutley, N. J.; Mrs. Sanford L. Smith, 83 Alexander Avenue, Nutley, N. J.; Pauline Lewis, 722 E. California Street, Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. Ruth Lewis Brewster, Tower Apartment, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; L. Murray Ray, 287 Delaware Avenue, Toronto, Canada; Sanford L. Smith, 83 Alexander Avenue, Nutley, N. J.; L. W. Ray, 80-90 Eighth Avenue, New York City; Mrs. Bruce M. Lewis, 19 Coeyman Avenue, Nutley, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

MARION L. LEWIS, President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1937.

(Seal.)

ROSE HALPIN,
Notary Public, New York County,
Clerk's No. 12, Register's No. 8H83,
(Commission expires March 30, 1938.)



